

TABULA EXITII - CHRONICON TENEBRIS

PROJECT ANGELBOOK - VOLUME XIV - PART 22



EZEKIEL REDIK YARBROUGH

Tabula Exitii – Chronicon
Tenebris – Project AngelBook –
Volume XIV – Part 22
By Ezekiel Redik Yarbrough
(DBM ECLIPZE)

Tabula Exitii

– The Last Bookmark Before the System Boots

This volume is a threshold.

Tabula Exitii is the final detonation of raw, unfiltered intake – the dumping ground of my last singular bookmarks, deep dives, and inner scrolls before the grid clears and the true system begins. Pulled primarily from the haunted tunnels of 4plebs and my personal link labyrinths, this book is not a guide... it's a purge. A necessary overload.

The final memory dump before formal structure.

Every fragment here was too alive, too weird, too encoded to discard – so I encoded them instead. Each page pulses with the residual charge of the awakening process, the chaos of curiosity, and the untraceable journey from clueless seeker to system-builder.

Why This Book Exists

This is not the beginning of a new path.

This is the end of the wandering phase.

Everything up to this point has been padding – the background radiation of a system being born. Tabula Exitii finishes that padding, closes the loop, and clears the space for what's next:

- The Book of Links
- The Siguar Book System
- The launch of MagickOS 3.33

For the first time, the chaos will be mapped.

What Comes Next

MagickOS 3.33 is the first structured magickal OS that begins with the raw initiate – lost, curious, confused – and transforms them into an advanced practitioner through layered, modular systematization.

It's the full stack.

The map, the method, the myth.

But it couldn't exist until this book existed. Until the excess was expelled. Until the last unsorted pieces were honored.

Tabula Exitii is that honor.

One last transmission from the edge.

One last look back at the glitch before the system initializes.

What comes next is not a scroll.

It's a boot sequence.

– Ezekiel Redik Yarbrough

Architect of the Exit, Builder of the Siguar Protocol

Quoted By: >>41778679

Trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 15:57:13 No.41778679 Report

Quoted By: >>41778695

>>41778648

Query?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 15:58:11 No.41778683 Report

Aq

Will I ever be able to survive on my own or am I gonna have to live like the golden girls the rest of my life

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:00:48 No.41778695 Report

Quoted By: >>41778719 >>41778766

>>41778679

would it be best if I applied for SSDI (disability)? Or avoid it because it'll lock me in poverty. You?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:00:55 No.41778696 Report

trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:05:59 No.41778719 Report

Quoted By: >>41778733

>>41778695

Her feelings for me?

Starting when you confirm

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:09:08 No.41778733 Report

Quoted By: >>41778742

>>41778719

starting

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:12:25 No.41778742 Report

Quoted By: >>41778747

>>41778733

magician, 3 of wands, world rx, 6 of pent rx

sees you as very capable and resourceful and looks to the future with optimism about you and what you can do and all this potential but it seems to be blocked and just potential, she feels blocked somehow in progression or in advancing the relationship or expects it to not really advance, and might think there is some inequality between you two, or you make her feel inferior or you don't give enough to her to make it to the next step, something like that

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:13:26 No.41778746 Report

trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:13:28 No.41778747 Report

>>41778742

also finds you magnetic and enjoys future fantasizing but she might have arrested development because of past issues or there is some arrested development going on

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:13:30 No.41778748 Report

One card?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:17:23 No.41778766 Report

Quoted By: >>41778769

>>41778695

8 of pents rx, 5 of cups, sun rx, 2 of pentacles

It's not gonna leave you poor but whatever expectations you have for it won't be met.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:17:43 No.41778769 Report

>>41778766

thank you :3

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:19:41 No.41778780 Report

Quoted By: >>41778790

>>41778537

>>41778573

Lucario?

Lucario Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:22:54 No.41778790 Report

>>41778780

Sorry, left because I thought that wasn't going to be read at the thread speed. Starting your query

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:24:20 No.41778800 Report

Quoted By: >>41778809 >>41778907 >>41778934

Trading. My q is how does he see me right now and am I someone he wants to invest in or is this something I should let pass me emotionally.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:26:40 No.41778809 Report

Quoted By: >>41778865 >>41778889

>>41778800

My q:

Will they answer me in the next few days or should I just give up?

Lemme know when you start

Lucario Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:29:18 No.41778818 Report

Quoted By: >>41778834

>>41778573

Blue, black

If you use the spell it would work but taint the interaction so I'd advise against using it in the state you're in now.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:31:55 No.41778834 Report

Quoted By: >>41778968

>>41778818

Maybe I could use it when I'm in a better state ? ./ I'm tired of waiting on his ass

Could you clarify what you mean by taint the interaction? I can trade again

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:35:02 No.41778847 Report

Quoted By: >>41779565

Who made the dark spot on the full moon? Was it L or K

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:38:07 No.41778865 Report

>>41778809

Sorry!! Starting now!

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:42:38 No.41778889 Report
>>41778809

Time to let go. Seeing you're wasting energy by holding on to this and need to look at things clearly.

So unlikely to reach out and this person has dropped the effort- but advice here is to release this emotionally and move forward with a new leaf.

Seven of cups RX, seven of wands RX and five of cups
Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:45:32 No.41778907 Report
>>41778800

Will to do multiple trades for this question so I can compare reads. Anyone else have a q that can trade

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:46:59 No.41778912 Report
Quoted By: >>41778919
hi

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:48:13 No.41778919 Report
Quoted By: >>41779257
>>41778912

Hey did you leave or stay

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:51:21 No.41778930 Report
Quoted By: >>41779006
Air query or trade

Should I stay or go from the old place?
Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:52:16 No.41778934 Report
>>41778800
>knight of wands, 3 of cups rx, 7 of cups, 2 if cups rx

He has feelings for you but the feelings are quite weird and unstable. He wants to stay with you but at the same time, feels he shouldn't bother or that it's best to not be involved with you.

Overall, it just feels that it's a waste of effort and it's best to just let him be
Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:58:16 No.41778952 Report
Trading

Lucario Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:01:45 No.41778968 Report
Quoted By: >>41779015 >>41779095
>>41778834

Still here? I'll get started on that or another query if yes. And my query is will I be gifted gloves soon?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:09:58 No.41779006 Report
>>41778930

me when I ask the same query every day for weeks on end
Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:10:59 No.41779015 Report
Quoted By: >>41779056
>>41778968

Starting yours now. Any specifics on the gloves, like those light/rave gloves or just gloves?

HazySpell Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:17:25 No.41779044 Report

Quoted By: >>41779069 >>41779090 >>41779097 >>41779108 >>41779170

Doing 3 readings, Thoth deck. I need:

>age

>gender

>A pic of a cat that matches your mood

Rules

>Ambiguous questions, ambiguous answers

>Fast readings, 1 or 3 cards depending

>Trust the Synchronicity

Lucario Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:19:21 No.41779056 Report

Quoted By: >>41779095

>>41779015

Hand-knit gloves of a specific material. Though dang, I'd like to go out dancing again.

Reading: Blue, Black, brown, red

Forcing communications would make him angry without knowing why with how deeply his soul's impulses would be trapped in his subconscious. It would be so draining to him it would fuel further crash outs.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:20:29 No.41779063 Report

AQ with so many Americans moving to the country will fentanyl finally come to Brazil??

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace images (3).jpg, 26KiB, 588x414

The image is a close-up photograph of a cat in the midst of a yawn. The cat has a striped pattern with shades of gray and white, and its eyes are closed, indicating that it is in the process of yawning. The cat's mouth is open, and its tongue is visible, which is a common trait of cats when they yawn. The background of the image is blurred, but it appears to be a gray, textured surface, possibly a concrete or stone wall. The focus of the image is on the cat's face and the action of yawning, with the background serving to provide context but not detracting from the main subject. There are no texts or discernible brands in the image. The style of the image is realistic, capturing a candid moment in the life of the cat.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:21:42 No.41779069 Report

Quoted By: >>41779249

>>41779044

>F

>20s

>Am I getting a competitive job offer soon? Or do I stick with my slow, current employer?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:23:20 No.41779083 Report

Aq

Is S pregnant with M's child now or in the next 3 months?

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace e1xf50kbat661.jpg, 102KiB, 674x807

The image is a digital illustration featuring a character with a cat-like head. The character has dark hair and is wearing a blue jacket with white piping and a yellow scarf around the neck. The jacket has a high collar and appears to be buttoned up. The character has a neutral expression and is looking directly at the viewer. There are two red hearts above the character's eyes, and the character's mouth is slightly open. The background is plain white, and there are no visible texts or additional elements in the image. The style of the illustration is cartoonish, with a focus on the character's features and the heart symbols.

Lucario Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:24:00 No.41779090 Report

Quoted By: >>41779099 >>41779143 >>41779249

>>41779044

In all candor, am I like a cat? It is one of many things I feel are in my mix.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:24:48 No.41779095 Report

Quoted By: >>41779130 >>41779213

>>41778968

>>41779056

Knight of cups three of swords the devil five of pents

I took this as you feeling quite literally cold. I don't think anyone is going to give you them. You have to be kind enough to yourself to give them to yourself as the knight of cups suggests.

Very well, I will not force an interaction then and just focus on healing work in the meantime

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace r4qe3neknxi21.jpg, 1MiB, 2880x2160

The image is a close-up photograph of a small orange and white kitten resting on a concrete surface. The kitten is curled up with its eyes closed, appearing to be sleeping. Its fur is a mix of orange and white, and it has a soft, fluffy texture. The kitten is positioned on the left side of the image, with its body oriented towards the right. The concrete surface on which the kitten is resting appears to be a step or a raised platform. In the background, there is a wooden fence with vertical slats, and a few plants can be seen at the top of the image. The lighting in the photo is soft, and the focus is on the kitten, making it the central subject of the image. There are no visible texts or discernible brands in the image. The style of the image is candid and natural, capturing a peaceful moment in the life of the kitten.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:24:54 No.41779097 Report

Quoted By: >>41779249

>>41779044

21, male. Are my new servitors doing their job correctly?

Lucario Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:25:23 No.41779099 Report

>>41779090

Ah crap 31 Male.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace peace.jpg, 2MiB, 4032x3024

The image is a close-up photograph of a ginger cat standing on a concrete surface. The cat appears wet, with its fur glistening and dripping, suggesting it has been in the rain or has been in the water. The cat's eyes are closed, and its ears are perked up, indicating

alertness. The cat is facing the camera, and its expression is one of curiosity or mild irritation. The background features a door with a doorknob and a hinge, and there is a brick wall to the left of the door. The lighting in the photo is soft, casting gentle shadows on the cat's fur. There are no visible texts or discernible brands in the image. The style of the image is realistic, with a focus on the cat's features and the immediate surroundings.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:27:24 No.41779108 Report

Quoted By: >>41779260

>>41779044

21, F, how does E (22) feel about me after everything thats happened between us?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:31:22 No.41779130 Report

Quoted By: >>41779143 >>41779225

>>41779095

Are you a Black man? I feel like you are for some reason but don't worry about answering if that's uncomfortable. I've had nothing but pleasant interactions with you, which is why I assume.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:32:22 No.41779143 Report

>>41779130

>>41779090

This was meant for Lucario

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace IMG_0349.png, 253KiB, 400x400

The image features a collection of six cats, each wearing a unique hat, arranged in a grid-like pattern against a white background. The hats are of various colors and patterns, including green, orange, red, yellow, and black. The cats are all facing the same direction, and their eyes are visible, giving a sense of their alertness. The hats are designed to cover the cats' ears, and the patterns on the hats appear to be either fruit or vegetable-themed. The image is a playful and whimsical representation of cats in a playful and whimsical setting.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:36:36 No.41779170 Report

Quoted By: >>41780418

>>41779044

21,F

29, M

In what situation that I (F) meet him again?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:38:52 No.41779186 Report

Air query or trade

Are they going to pay out what I'm owed?

Lucario Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:43:27 No.41779213 Report

Quoted By: >>41779321

>>41779095

Huh. Was anything reversed in there or do you not read reverses? The cards you posted have a few other interpretation too.

Lucario Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:45:31 No.41779225 Report

Quoted By: >>41779263 >>41779321

>>41779130

Well, I'm a brown chameleon so I can probably say yes to every race except I definitely don't have Asian Earwax genes.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:49:38 No.41779247 Report

>>41778559

I have experience scrying and using water or fire gazing, what's your question?

Note that I'm in and out of threads right now so it may be a couple of hours before a response.

HazySpell Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:49:56 No.41779249 Report

Well well... some closed questions here, yes/no questions are really fast.

>>41779069

Ace of Cups. New job offer, but not competitive enough, you might need to focus in the "feeling" and not the money.

>>41779090

Prince of disks. More like a bull.

>>41779097

Ace of swords. Yes, but they are learning to do so.

And the extra... the not so closed question.

>>41779097

Prince of disks, Prince of Cups, The Priestess.

Still trying to connect... The physical and emotional aspects are there, but for now they're in an early stage. You both need to focus on building a deeper spiritual connection. It looks very promising, but you need to see the real person, not an idealized version

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:51:13 No.41779257 Report

>>41778919

wha?

HazySpell Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:51:33 No.41779260 Report

Quoted By: >>41779304 >>41779359

Sorry this was for

>>41779108

>Prince of disks, Prince of Cups, The Priestess.

>Still trying to connect... The physical and emotional aspects are there, but for now they're in an early stage. You both need to focus on building a deeper spiritual connection. It looks very promising, but you need to see the real person, not an idealized version

Lucario Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:51:56 No.41779263 Report

Quoted By: >>41779321

>>41779225

Also please don't be racist.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=USE86UbsV8c&>;

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace

63326f436b35261cfe60bdec7e3ce5ce.jpg, 41KiB, 736x552

The image shows a gift box with a decorative presentation. The box is made of a shiny, metallic material that reflects light, giving it a reflective quality. It is adorned with a ribbon that has a delicate lace pattern, and a large, pink flower with a green center is tied to the ribbon. The ribbon is tied in a bow, and the bow is tied in a bow again, creating a symmetrical pattern. The bow is embellished with small, sparkling rhinestones, adding a touch of sparkle to the overall design.

The word "Happy" is written in a cursive script, with the letters "H" and "E" in a different style than the rest of the letters, which gives the word a unique and personalized touch.

The text is placed on the side of the box, making it easily visible.

The background of the image is a plain, light-colored surface, which contrasts with the shiny, metallic surface of the box and allows the details of the box to stand out. The image is a close-up shot, focusing on the box and its decorative elements, and there are no visible texts or logos in the image. The style of the image is that of a product photograph, designed to showcase the item for potential buyers or viewers.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:52:38 No.41779269 Report

Quoted By: >>41779305 >>41779361

Doing 2 trades babes

Literates only

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:59:46 No.41779304 Report

Quoted By: >>41779383

>>41779260

Its okay lol I figured. It feels like they are trying to but then the last few times we've talked it's just felt like they're in this complete void just saying words until the conversation is over. honestly I just want to forgive them, but it feels like they just want to wallow in the horrors of what's been done. hopefully things can work out for us but alas life goes on. thank u for the read, i would say it resonates.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:59:46 No.41779305 Report

Quoted By: >>41779329

>>41779269

Starting when you send me your query.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:03:30 No.41779321 Report

Quoted By: >>41779448

>>41779213

I do read reversals but I also read based on how the cards are interacting with each other and I rarely get reversals because they have to be forced out that way. You can double check with someone else, I won't be offended.

>>41779225

>>41779263

I won't be racist haha I asked because I'm really comfortable trading with you and am also brownish so my "that's community" senses were tingling

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:04:04 No.41779329 Report

Quoted By: >>41779463

>>41779305

Starting when you send urs :3

I'm trying to live on my own. Can you tell me if a part-time + side hustle will allow me to survive alone and still go to college?

HazySpell Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:10:32 No.41779359 Report

Quoted By: >>41779383

>>41779260

Don't worry, love readings with a lot of princes are still immature. Buy hey! I draw The Priestess, focus on yourself now, it's the best you can do in this moment. The Priestess is a loner but a wise.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:11:18 No.41779361 Report

Quoted By: >>41779370 >>41779385

>>41779269

pretty picture

should I move out of my parents place this year? you?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:12:47 No.41779370 Report

Quoted By: >>41779408

>>41779361

Starting.

Gimme advice on how to really rake in the dough with my side hustle pls

HazySpell Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:16:06 No.41779383 Report

>>41779304

>>41779359

I'm still missing the comments lol

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:16:24 No.41779385 Report

Quoted By: >>41780722

>>41779361

4 of wands, knight of wands, 4 of pentacles

Looks like a yes. Moving out will make you like your parents a lot more because you don't have to deal with them, presumably. You appear to have the fiery, motivated energy of the knight of wands so you should be able to make it work. 4 of pentacles signifies that you're good with your money and are capable of financial security

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:20:25 No.41779408 Report

Quoted By: >>41779619

>>41779370

3 of wands rx, 6 of wands rx, moon, 7 of swords rx

get rid of any shortcuts or wasteful things, that are practical or how you think of thing or what takes up the most time and energy for least result, things that lose you time get rid of, things that cost you more in the long run. with moon theres a lot of confusion/delusion/illusion, and 7 of swords rx needs to face this head on and cut through things, be a completely transparent and honest business, and offer full

transparency, nothing shady. try boosting visibility if the 6 of wands rx shows up blocked, you might need a lot more appreciation and visibility, people need to be authentically engaged and things like sharing testimonials from buyers, or like works in progress, or just like idk, whatever to generate interest of behind the scenes or vlogs or authentic stuff of interest, be as realistic as you can about things and plan them out for long term success and get the details in order, check out what competitors are doing, or use that moon energy of creativity to try stuff out in small scale, to see if people like it, then upsize it and launch fullscale. try having a product with addition customization options or some side product idk.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:23:09 No.41779421 Report

Trading

Lucario Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:27:26 No.41779448 Report

Quoted By: >>41779457

>>41779321

As a mix, I feel alien to everyone. On the plus side, easier to relate to anime characters.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:28:37 No.41779457 Report

Quoted By: >>41779522

>>41779448

You're autistic

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:29:49 No.41779463 Report

Quoted By: >>41779619 >>41779635

>>41779329

>The Chariot, Reversed

>Ten of Wands

>Two of Pentacles

Going with a part-time job, side hustle and college all at once wouldn't give you much momentum towards trying to live alone. It would be a very big struggle for you and while possible, not the best way to go about things. You do have other options available, indicated by the Two of Pentacles, like having a full time job, going to school (part-time, in-person or online) and living with a roommate. Explore all of your avenues and what makes sense for you time and energy-wise.

My query is:

>In the near future, what circumstances lead to me meeting my next romantic and/or sexual partner?

Lucario Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:41:58 No.41779522 Report

>>41779457

Yes lol

HazySpell Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:43:05 No.41779528 Report

Quoted By: >>41779579 >>41779623 >>41779645 >>41779744 >>41779782

>>41779819 >>41780084 >>41780166 >>41780309

Kudos for others readers doing reversals.

You have an almost infinite array of positions in 78 upright cards. Plus different types of readings with specific positions for every situation, feeling, place and time.

Doing reversals is duplicating the interpretation you need to do in a combo. Thats a lot of mindwork.

I'm open for interesting queries. Using Thoth, no reversals. If you find Thoth much direct and cruel I can change to Rider Waite with all the bells and whistles.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:44:24 No.41779535 Report

AQ,

Will i succeed this month?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:45:19 No.41779544 Report

hi

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:49:08 No.41779565 Report

>>41778847

I need an answer

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:50:36 No.41779572 Report

AQ

Will I get the help I need in February?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:50:41 No.41779573 Report

Quoted By: >>41779617

Trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:50:54 No.41779579 Report

Quoted By: >>41779630

>>41779528

Am I doing everything I realistically can to improve my mental health?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:52:49 No.41779597 Report

may i have one card please?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:57:05 No.41779617 Report

Quoted By: >>41779631

>>41779573

Q?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:58:05 No.41779619 Report

>>41779463

Just saw this, starting.

Thank you! I'll try and find a roommate. Working full time is very unappealing to me at the moment. I wanna finish school so bad.

>>41779408

Also thank you for this one!!

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:59:04 No.41779623 Report

>>41779528

If you are taking reads I would like to ask:

Would it be better to replace that passport or go out of town to find it? Thanks.

HazySpell Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:00:42 No.41779630 Report

Quoted By: >>41779706

>>41779579

Yes/no questions are very ambiguous. Let me help you here. It sounds like you're struggling hard with mental issues, and like everybody you want to feel better. You might have your own problems and such. So let me change this question for you...

>What do you need to improve your mental health after you've tried everything?

If you like it I need:

>age

>gender

>A pic of a cat that matches your mood

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:00:53 No.41779631 Report

Quoted By: >>41779697 >>41779729

>>41779617

What should I do with myself? Idk how to live my life, I lost my nerve after my dad died and I've been living a life of isolation and risk aversion and now I'm 22 and am a loser and I can't connect with the people going anywhere, what should I do?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:02:27 No.41779635 Report

Quoted By: >>41779767

>>41779463

9 of wands, the lovers, 4 of cups.

You're gonna learn some really hard lesson. Major negative event in your life will happen but you kinda swagger thru it because you're jaded. You're going to meet a potential lover here but will be jaded and not trust it. It might be a trauma bond. Tread carefully. Try your best to see it for what it is.

Lucario Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:04:08 No.41779645 Report

Quoted By: >>41779683

>>41779528

How do I find a way to properly gain the advice of the ancestors that are currently willing to help me? I know some of them are waiting until I become a more popular leader.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:07:28 No.41779667 Report

Trading

HazySpell Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:11:28 No.41779683 Report

>>41779645

Are you in a type of sectary movement? I find difficult to understand what the ancestors are, or why do you need to become more popular to gain advice... advice for what?

>ambiguous questions, ambiguous answers

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:13:34 No.41779697 Report

Quoted By: >>41779741

>>41779631

First off I care for you man and it'll get easier as life goes on.

My q is how will everything go and my future with AB when I do what I'm going to do.

Starting

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace IMG_8938.jpg, 670KiB, 1170x882

The image is a digital photograph featuring a gray cat with a glossy coat. The cat is sitting upright on a surface that appears to be a brownish-reddish color. The cat's eyes are a striking yellow color, and it has a white nose. The cat's ears are pointed and are also a shade of gray. The background is a solid, dark brown color, which contrasts with the cat's lighter fur. There is a watermark or signature in the bottom left corner of the image that reads "© [Photographer's Name]". The style of the image is realistic, with a focus on the cat's features and the lighting.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:16:04 No.41779706 Report

Quoted By: >>41779785

>>41779630

Alright, let's go with that. Thank you.

F, 26

My mental state isn't too terrible actually. It used to be and took a lot to get to where I am now, but there's still hiccups, so that's what makes me wonder whether there's been an overlooked element or this can merely be written off as more patience required.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:21:42 No.41779729 Report

Quoted By: >>41779747

>>41779631

>7 of swords, high priestess, 6 of pentacles rx

Stop giving so much of yourself to others, stop convincing yourself you're ok and in a position to give more than you can and get in touch with yourself. Your sabotaging yourself by giving more than you can, you need time to reflect and focus on what you truly want in life rather than what you can do for other people. You find yourself lying to yourself and saying you can do things for others and often find yourself in a position where you're running yourself ragged and not addressing your own issues and problems because you're giving everything you can to others. Take time to reflect, deal with your pain, and build a path from there. The longer you look outward instead of inward, the more pain you will feel. It'll get better when you focus on yourself and stop putting your reliance of taking care of others instead of yourself be selfish and stop lying to yourself.

Hope this helps anon

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:21:45 No.41779731 Report

>>41778298

Hello. Is he anxious for my response or not?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:22:17 No.41779734 Report

Trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:24:16 No.41779741 Report

>>41779697

Aprecciate the comment

Seven of Pentacles

Four of Swords

Wheel of Fortune

It points to a positive outcome but patience and suspension have come out in all of these cards, yes there is a positive outcome in the future but it will only come after a looong time here

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:24:53 No.41779744 Report

>>41779528

Is this an interesting query? I was doing bad mentally in 2023 that I dissociated. Like the inner voice isn't in its regular volume, it took a few dials back. I'm actually doing better now ! But I still can't hear my inner voice, is it possible that it'll come back to normal ?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:26:29 No.41779747 Report

Quoted By: >>41779935

>>41779729

Resonates somewhat I have been trying to be there for my family and take on the role my dad had but I truly don't know where to even begin to look for what I'd want, could you pull cards for that please? Like what I should I be pursuing for myself or where to begin looking for that

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:30:05 No.41779766 Report

aq should I unironically transition or am I just an agp aquarius Venus chaser freak

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:30:37 No.41779767 Report

>>41779635

>hard lesson

>negative event

>jaded (x2)

>trauma bond

Gotta love being a Capricorn and Saturnian, baybeeeeeee!

Send me another query if you wanna trade again.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:33:59 No.41779781 Report

Trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:34:11 No.41779782 Report

>>41779528

Can I get a reading on short term job prospects for this year? Last year was pretty tough and it's getting kinda hard to stay optimistic.

Thanks

HazySpell Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:34:31 No.41779785 Report

Quoted By: >>41780018

>>41779706

Great...

The Magus, Prince of Cups, Hieropanth.

Two strong Major Arcana, in between a Prince of cups (water for feelings).

It's not about a "cure" for the mental state, is more about to maintain control of this emotional issues, almost permanently, to maintain this.

In this reading the emotional rushed prince is controlled by the two Major Arcana on the sides. The Magus simbolizing you have all the neccesary tools for maintain in control, you are doing great; Hierophant is more like saying you need to do this "religiously" or permanently. It's a constant work of self knowledge to stay good mentally for real.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace Smile.jpg, 53KiB, 680x669

The image is a close-up photograph of a white cat with a pink nose and eyes, appearing to be playfully biting or licking its own paw. The cat is wearing a black collar with a bell-like pendant. The cat's eyes are wide open, and it has a playful expression. The background is indistinct, but it seems to be an indoor setting with a bed and a person's hand visible, suggesting that the cat is being petted or interacted with. The lighting in the image is soft, and the focus is on the cat, emphasizing its features and the interaction between the person and the cat. There are no visible texts or discernible brands in the image. The style of the image is candid and seems to capture a moment of playfulness between the person and the cat.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:42:43 No.41779819 Report

>>41779528

If you're still open to doing one more I'd greatly appreciate a read on the following, otherwise you can still have this cat picture for free:

Is there a romantic future between me and M or is it better to let it rest and move on?

Me: 27 m, her 26 f

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:46:37 No.41779846 Report

Trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:50:27 No.41779870 Report

Quoted By: >>41780319

aq is A into me for who I am

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:55:32 No.41779887 Report

Quoted By: >>41779897 >>41779936

Air query or trade

Is the new place a checkmate in a good way or should I hold on to what's known?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:58:03 No.41779897 Report

Quoted By: >>41779903 >>41780009

>>41779887

can u tell me when i should move out my parents place, like this month, next or next next month?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:00:52 No.41779903 Report

Quoted By: >>41779919

>>41779897

Starting when you confirm

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:00:54 No.41779905 Report

Trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:04:00 No.41779919 Report

>>41779903

confirming

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:07:30 No.41779935 Report

>>41779747

>king of wands, 5 of pentacles, 9 of swords

As much as you won't like the answer looks like the solution of that problem has to come from you. If someone tells you what to do your just going to feel overwhelmed and truly not feeling connected to whatever your doing. King of wands is about a confident mature man that's capable of overcoming problems and dealing with issues as they arise, a competent man. I see that you're stressed and feeling the burden of the world and don't think much is gonna get better and you have anxiety from that. You have to embody the king of wands and solve this problem by reflecting inward and deciding what you have to do to better yourself. This answer can't come from the outside, but only within. The priest also recommended that in the previous read, about getting in touch with yourself. If you want me to answer as a friend outside of the cards, cause the cards are giving you the same answer that's the last read basically. Looking into school, looking into good job jobs. Be confident and not so hard on yourself. You're taking the weight of the world on yourself. That's such a young age. That's admirable. You're going to have to sit and reflect about this, and I know that you feel lost but remember any action you take is better than sitting and doing nothing and stressing about the situation you're in.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:07:37 No.41779936 Report

Quoted By: >>41779959

>>41779887

hold on to whats known: strength rx 6 of wands rx 5 of pentacles

hell no let go of that that place is terrible putting you in a shitty spot

new place: ace of swords rx, 5 of wands, 2 of wands rx

deception/confusion/lies/competition/others/obstacles

ermm I'd ask another reader but new place might be an issue too

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:12:15 No.41779959 Report

>>41779936

Hold on got busy I'll do yours in a few minutes

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:17:32 No.41779980 Report

Trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:25:45 No.41780009 Report

Quoted By: >>41780722

>>41779897

Two of pentacles, six of swords, four of pentacles reversed

If it was this month there could be a lot of juggling different responsibilities and aspects of it. Next month seems a bit cleaner and the month after that shows that you'll start to feel more restricted again.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:28:51 No.41780018 Report

>>41779785

Looking back, it's kind of difficult to believe that I've managed without much psychological intervention, especially with the severity of a psychotic break. After having hallucinations cut down by over 90%, stable mood, ease of connections, etc., can't overly complain.

It would've been ideal to confide in a professional and I badly wish that this could've been an option because having sped up recovery times would've been beneficial. Unfortunately, external assistance wasn't too feasible for a multitude of reasons and likely never will be. So — instead, I've focused on journaling heavily, among other processing methods and have barely mentioned my issues to anyone, which I think will always be slightly tough to personally accept. I'm used to living a private life (/div/ gets an earful though lol) and I suppose it's ok, usually. Perhaps, as you've alluded to, accepting how not everything will always be perfect can be the lesson here.

Anyway, after spending years being everyone and their mother's impromptu therapist, figured I could follow a similar blueprint for myself and it seems to continue to work well.

Thank you for the reading, really appreciated.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:30:28 No.41780025 Report

Trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:34:04 No.41780038 Report

Air query or trade

Why did those people seem to be fucking with me?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:34:45 No.41780039 Report

>>41778528

If you are around I have feedback.

He did not stay but he wanted to very badly and told me tonight he thought about turning around to come back over and over again. So your read makes some sense. He ended up leaving but the text he sent me was extremely emotionally charged which I'll be honest I did not expect. And when you said he was going to stay I thought there's no way... wow what a flip in my night

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:42:16 No.41780071 Report

Trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:51:54 No.41780084 Report

>>41779528

That one company I once worked at: will I work at it once more?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:07:57 No.41780138 Report

Quoted By: >>41780289 >>41780372 >>41780422

Air Query

What does 2026 have in store for me romantically? I think I'm already in for trouble if I'm not careful.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:12:12 No.41780149 Report

Quoted By: >>41780159 >>41780212 >>41780252

AQ

Willing to trade just need a read on this so I can make a morally strong decision here. Is he going to come back for me? And if he chooses to do this will he just show up or communicate it first?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:14:25 No.41780159 Report

Quoted By: >>41780200

>>41780149

I will trade for this so drop a q if you're down

Aurea Lux Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:16:19 No.41780166 Report

>>41779528

Can I get a reading on my soul family? Without wanting to sound edgy or anything I've been alone a big part of my childhood, I got my first group of friends when I was 12 and I had a shitty relationship with my family

I want to ask because, for some reason, every time I've asked everything is always so hush hush and secretive, no direct answer, just a really vague idea... I want to know if maybe I'll meet them here in my city, or out travelling, when or where will I meet them...

Anything

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:25:47 No.41780200 Report

>>41780159

This looks like someone came to trade with me but I'm just meaning to highlight my q more lmao anyway... still looking for a trade

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:29:56 No.41780209 Report

Trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:30:03 No.41780212 Report

>>41780149

Anyone?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:41:42 No.41780252 Report

>>41780149

9 of pent sun rx 5 of wands queen of cups rx

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:41:46 No.41780253 Report

Quoted By: >>41780257

Trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:43:12 No.41780257 Report

Quoted By: >>41780266 >>41780287

>>41780253

q? mine is would moving out next month be a good or bad decision? implying I'll start planning this month.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:46:40 No.41780266 Report

Quoted By: >>41780288

>>41780257

Got it. My q is: how was my message received?

Starting

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:51:48 No.41780281 Report

I just want to say thank you to the guy that wished me luck , things went ok today

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:53:38 No.41780287 Report

Quoted By: >>41780722

>>41780257

Looking like with a clear mind and action plan this is the solid choice. Cards are very clear.. start planning.

Strong advice here- once the decision is made, don't second guess it.

King of pent, 9 of pent, 2 of wands, king of swords

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:53:40 No.41780288 Report

>>41780266

3 of cups 3 of pents knight of wands ace of wands rx

Received well though some frustration because they wish to act on something but can't at the moment

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:54:32 No.41780289 Report

>>41780138

Alright, I'm home now. Willing to trade for this.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:01:59 No.41780309 Report

>>41779528

Should I contact him?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:02:45 No.41780313 Report

Trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:04:49 No.41780319 Report

>>41779870

>ace of cups

I think A likes you for you. And I think it's for more reasons than you believe.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:05:50 No.41780322 Report

Quoted By: >>41780333

AQ

Did he like my message?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:08:02 No.41780333 Report

Quoted By: >>41780343

>>41780322

>4 of Cups

No, but more because of issues on his end, unappreciative, rather than it being a you thing.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:12:16 No.41780343 Report

Quoted By: >>41780354

>>41780333

How does M (girl) feel about me (male)?

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 72d29c93ef9ac0c3f3bf93d9c20aa02d.jpg, 65KiB, 736x981

The image shows a small, curved aquarium with a transparent body, placed on a

wooden floor. The aquarium is illuminated by a light source above it, which casts a warm glow on the water and the surrounding area. On the top of the aquarium, there is a rectangular sign with the word "APPLUAUSE" written in bold, red capital letters. The sign is illuminated, making it stand out against the dark background of the aquarium. The aquarium itself contains a variety of aquatic life, including what appears to be a small fish and some rocks. The overall style of the image is a candid, everyday photograph with a focus on the aquarium and its contents.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:14:37 No.41780351 Report

Quoted By: >>41780405

Aq

Is my writing habit going to fix the deep sadness within me or do I need a different approach.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:15:57 No.41780354 Report

>>41780343

>2 of Swords, Ace of Cups, 3 of Swords

This ain't good, chief. Lots of emotional baggage. Lots of heartbreak. She ain't the one for you, or vice versa

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:18:52 No.41780361 Report

Quoted By: >>41780364

Trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:19:26 No.41780364 Report

Quoted By: >>41780372

>>41780361

Query?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:19:48 No.41780365 Report

Quoted By: >>41780371

Trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:21:40 No.41780371 Report

Quoted By: >>41780377

>>41780365

Q?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:22:04 No.41780372 Report

Quoted By: >>41780378

>>41780364

this >>41780138

Will do yours first so you aren't afraid of getting tradecucked

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:23:28 No.41780377 Report

Quoted By: >>41780384 >>41780434

>>41780371

should I try to move somewhere north, south, east, or west of where I currently live by end of next month? you? can just do 1 card for each direction

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:24:08 No.41780378 Report

Quoted By: >>41780390

>>41780372

Will I get news from P tomorrow or will I remain in limbo?

Lemme know when you start

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:25:43 No.41780383 Report

Quoted By: >>41780396

Trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:25:44 No.41780384 Report

Quoted By: >>41780394

>>41780377

What was the deal with my brother in law yesterday? It's like he wanted to say something but didn't.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:30:35 No.41780390 Report

>>41780378

Tomorrow:

>8 of Pents

Yes, but pulled a few more for clarity.

>4 of Cups R, 6 of Swords R, Queen of Cups R

Doesn't seem like it's going to go well, but that 4oCR tells me it'll end up being a good thing for you.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:33:03 No.41780394 Report

>>41780384

knight of pent, king of wands rx, 9 of cups, empress rx

hes cool and content and stable, it might have been about practical matters, and he didn't want to stir the pot or add drama, he's content, but does feel neglected in some way, maybe he wanted to share something vulnerable, not sure how to express himself correctly that aligns with a king of wands upright condition

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:34:14 No.41780396 Report

Quoted By: >>41780398

>>41780383

What's your question anon ?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:35:40 No.41780398 Report

Quoted By: >>41780407 >>41780433 >>41780441

>>41780396

if i kept living here with my parents the entire year would the experience be bad or good, or a bad or good idea? you?

Ciel Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:38:31 No.41780405 Report

>>41780351

Twn of coins rx, eight of wands rx, death rx

It would seem you're not going to benefits from it because you will take it as a task to complete with set times And schedules and tangible objectives

If you want to get improvement from it just trauma dump and vent, make some shite hideous text, no need for it to be pleasing,

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:38:58 No.41780407 Report

Quoted By: >>41780440

>>41780398

Why did T ghost me? Starting.

Ciel Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:40:06 No.41780412 Report

Quoted By: >>41780418 >>41780430 >>41780468 >>41780471 >>41780494
>>41780507 >>41780509 >>41780516 >>41780527 >>41780537 >>41780553
>>41780599 >>41780774 >>41780786 >>41780790 >>41781043 >>41781458
Well

I'll be doing a few reads, night shift started and I feel in need of practice

All advice on staying on track with adhd is greatly appreciated

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:41:50 No.41780418 Report

Quoted By: >>41780443

>>41780412

>>41779170

This one please <3

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:42:30 No.41780422 Report

Quoted By: >>41780437

>>41780138

>the world, knight of pentacles rx, tower, justice

You'll meet someone that will look great at first glance but they will be prone to bring drama and a lot of other issues. Just a problematic person in general that you will find a bit of trouble to get rid of.

I don't believe you'll be in danger or anything like that, but it's not gonna be super healthy.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:44:01 No.41780430 Report

Quoted By: >>41780458

>>41780412

>All advice on staying on track with adhd is greatly appreciated

I know regularly reading physical books helped my attention span a lot. Start slow, don't think you need to read hours at a time right away. And I'd recommend short stories/essays at the start because you get that feeling of finishing something quicker.

My query:

How do I best handle the potential trouble with my sister's friend?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:44:43 No.41780431 Report

Air query or trade

Am I seriously ill? I have a doctor's appointment soon to check

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:44:54 No.41780433 Report

Quoted By: >>41780441

>>41780398

Queen of swords, knight of cups, the empress.

Your mother will cause problems for you but you will be able to stash money, knight of cups indicate you will be able to withstand any negativity from your mother. Your dad doesn't really feel like he is in the picture even if he may be present in your life or still alive during this time of living at home. Mostly your parents understand if you move

back in with them, however they aren't happy about it.
Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:45:01 No.41780434 Report
Quoted By: >>41780442 >>41780722
>>41780377

North
>justice
South
>ace if pentacles
East
>knight of cups rx
West
>6 of cups rx

South looks like the best option here
Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:46:01 No.41780437 Report
>>41780422
This eases me a bit. Doesn't sound like the one girl I was worried about.
>bit of trouble to get rid of
This will be interesting. Haven't had this issue before.

Thank you. God bless
Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:46:40 No.41780440 Report
Quoted By: >>41780445
>>41780407
10 of pent rx, 5 of swords rx, chariot rx, sun rx

cultural family value trust differences, agree to disagree basically and avoid an argument or confrontation, no point in engaging or asserting point, lost purpose or control or relationship, something was revealed or all optimism gone , lack of drive to push the relationship forward, also all security and stability might have been eroded, maybe emotional exhaustion, a ghost to defend oneself and avoid more issues

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:46:47 No.41780441 Report
>>41780433

Moving back in with them meaning if you choose to move out, they would prefer you to move out.

>>41780398

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:47:41 No.41780442 Report
Quoted By: >>41780453
>>41780434

awesome thank you so much. ive asked this query more than 6 times probably within 2 years and it has always been South, that is so cool of tarot kek

Ciel Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:47:44 No.41780443 Report
>>41780418

I am deeply sorry anon but I think it's in your best interest to absolutely not
Te of cups, King of swords rx, priestess rx

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:48:56 No.41780445 Report
>>41780440

Ty

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:52:02 No.41780453 Report
Quoted By: >>41780457

>>41780442

That's interesting. For some reason that ace of cups got stuck to my hand when I was trying to shuffle the deck again for East.

Maybe something really wants you to go south lol

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:53:15 No.41780457 Report
>>41780453

Ace of pents* sry

Ciel Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:53:16 No.41780458 Report
Quoted By: >>41780461

>>41780430

I actually have kind of the opposite problem, i do manage to read large books (provide I keep them close) but for my scripts And for a few other tasks i just can't, these are usually small

Hmmmm, seems like hoarding wealth ought to do the trick, give them NOTHING and do try to get her away from said friend

Ace of coin, 2 of coin rx, page of coin, six of coin,

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:54:11 No.41780460 Report
Air query or trade

Is the roommate across the hall being disrespectful and using my stuff?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:54:55 No.41780461 Report
Quoted By: >>41780489

>>41780458

>and do try to get her away from said friend

This will be much much harder than you know lol

Thank you

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:58:23 No.41780468 Report
Quoted By: >>41780489

>>41780412

What internship opportunity pick me next season ?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:59:14 No.41780471 Report
Quoted By: >>41780476 >>41780489

>>41780412

Start your day with at least 30 minutes of intense exercise. You get rid of any extra energy and the signaling in your brain gets better making it easier to focus and pay attention.

Will the doctors be able to figure out what when I see them again in February?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:00:14 No.41780476 Report

>>41780471

Figure out what I have*

Ciel Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:05:34 No.41780489 Report

Quoted By: >>41780526

>>41780461

Figured, try to use money. As bait mebbe

>>41780468

Ace of cups rx, id say work as prison guard or similar

>>41780471

Exercose does help !

Te of swords, the hierophant, i say they will but not a time to be joyous

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:06:26 No.41780492 Report

>>41778298

Trading the following query: did he ghost me because I was SA'd

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:08:16 No.41780494 Report

Quoted By: >>41780512 >>41780524

>>41780412

What/who was the white haired woman in my drum last night. She had a very...loving energy.

I do not have much knowledge or dealing with ADHD, but maybe look into finding a professional that helps with individuals dealing with ADHD.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:14:17 No.41780507 Report

Quoted By: >>41780524

>>41780412

>All advice on staying on track with adhd is greatly appreciated

As someone with ADHD I know just giving yourself some obsession has helped me.

Probably not good advice. But I became obsessed with fitness and it is something great.

My Q is this, how does M feel about me?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:15:23 No.41780509 Report

Quoted By: >>41780524

>>41780412

Will I get a sexual or romantic encounter with any person besides V this year?

Male

Ciel Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:16:00 No.41780512 Report

>>41780494

So far they said meds, desu excersise seems good, but idunoo

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:16:33 No.41780513 Report

Trading

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:16:50 No.41780514 Report

Air query or trade

Have I been deceived in regard to the commissions or the roommate?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:18:09 No.41780516 Report

Quoted By: >>41780531

>>41780412

Is he going to come back?

Ciel Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:21:59 No.41780524 Report

Quoted By: >>41780619

>>41780494

It's manifestation of a lost, naïve, and frustrating love, someone you're not on good terms anymore but low key miss

>>41780507

Yeaaaaah, they think you have a quite disorganized way to prioritize things in a relationship and that things have moved on for both, but also still remember what you had

>>41780509

Side pièce, it'll only work out if there's the thrill of it

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:22:20 No.41780526 Report

Quoted By: >>41780540

>>41780489

Thank you. Last one, If youre willing to pull an extra card, will I at least be able to get adequate treatment?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:22:57 No.41780527 Report

Quoted By: >>41780543

>>41780412

Did he ghost me because I told him my sexual trauma? It's ok if you say yes

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:23:57 No.41780530 Report

Quoted By: >>41780534

tradin

Ciel Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:24:00 No.41780531 Report

>>41780516

Knight of swords rx

No sure if he's not, or it's his worst version of himself who is

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:24:47 No.41780534 Report

Quoted By: >>41780538

>>41780530

q?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:25:20 No.41780537 Report

Quoted By: >>41780551

>>41780412

is someone thinking of me recently and planning to re connect?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:25:23 No.41780538 Report

Quoted By: >>41780550

>>41780534

would my life be better if i stayed or moved from where I'm at? u?

Ciel Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:26:13 No.41780540 Report

Quoted By: >>41780557

>>41780526

You should try crowd funding and class action lawsuits, best of wishes for you anonii

Lovers rx, strenght rx

Ciel Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:28:50 No.41780543 Report

>>41780527

It feels like he felt shake by it but as in, he felt almost guilty

Not "oh I wanted that" but like "i will hurt you because I can't process this"

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:30:41 No.41780548 Report

Aq

Is S pregnant with M's child now or in the next 3 months?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:31:49 No.41780550 Report

Quoted By: >>41780586 >>41780722

>>41780538

the world, king of pentacles, king of swords, nine of cups

the cards are saying the better option is to go where you want and do what you want, if that's staying or moving then do which ever one you feel is the right decision. besides that, it feels like moving makes a lot of sense if you have issues with the people who are currently surrounding you (your family?)

my q is, did X leave me because of what i told them about what happened to me?

Ciel Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:31:53 No.41780551 Report

Quoted By: >>41780669

>>41780537

Someone seeing the same thrill they felt with you before, someone looking for the same excitement they felt with you

Knight of wands

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:32:29 No.41780553 Report

Quoted By: >>41780558 >>41780600

>>41780412

What does my crush think of me ? the one i didnt get to see today

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:36:04 No.41780557 Report

>>41780540

Alright I'll see what I can do. Thank you again!

Ciel Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:36:04 No.41780558 Report

Quoted By: >>41780567

>>41780553

Gotta give a name, or a song

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:43:09 No.41780567 Report

Quoted By: >>41780570

>>41780558

lets make a mistake tonight tennis

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:44:25 No.41780570 Report

>>41780567

i chose that song bc its my favorite, dont know her name but shes pretty af

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:48:37 No.41780586 Report

>>41780550

hanged man rx tower 10 of cups rx 6 of wands rx

Yes, I think so, with tower of the disclosure, and it ruined their perfect fantasy, you are no longer a trophy, and they're a retard because card of retard hanged man rx

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:54:52 No.41780598 Report

Air query or trade

Is that roommate trying to pull some shit?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:55:47 No.41780599 Report

Quoted By: >>41780604

>>41780412

is this subliminal really working?

Ciel Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:56:54 No.41780600 Report

>>41780553

Admire your wit, and sharp mind, however they believe you're aimless or knocking around the bush a lot

Queen of swords, knight of swords rx, ace of swords

Ciel Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:59:01 No.41780604 Report

Quoted By: >>41780624

>>41780599

What is

Subliminal ?

I caaan attemp a read without understanding Jack but I don't think it'd be good

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:03:34 No.41780619 Report

Quoted By: >>41780623

>>41780524

>494

That narrows it down a bit. I do have a couple of girls that I am not on good terms with that would fit that description

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:04:43 No.41780622 Report

Air query or trade

If she and I had gone through with getting married and having a kid how would things have gone?

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:05:32 No.41780623 Report

Quoted By: >>41780658

>>41780619

It seems not to be a person perse, rather like an entity born from that

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:05:48 No.41780624 Report

Quoted By: >>41780654

>>41780604

It's a piece of audio with subtle affirmations that helps on reprogramming the mind, the one I'm using is of manifestation, it has worked before, but not with the manifestations I'm seeking currently, what should I do? Trust the process?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:10:44 No.41780643 Report

Quoted By: >>41780664 >>41780668

Trading

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:16:20 No.41780654 Report

Quoted By: >>41780662

>>41780624

Hmmm

Honestly you got it right but you havent been actually listening to it attentively, probably it simply doesn't move you beyond surface level

Magician, queen of coins rx, tree of swords

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:17:28 No.41780658 Report

>>41780623

Ohhhh, that changes things a bit

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:18:52 No.41780662 Report

>>41780654

Yh I figured, when i used to listen without any other distraction it worked, now that I tend to be more focused on other things it doesn't, make sense, thanks

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:18:59 No.41780664 Report

Quoted By: >>41780675

>>41780643

q?

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:20:38 No.41780668 Report

Quoted By: >>41780687 >>41780688 >>41780699

>>41780643

Shoot

Mine'sssss

Uuh

Do Y or D want to bang ?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:20:44 No.41780669 Report

Quoted By: >>41780671

>>41780551

i'm sorry but i don't quite understand? i take it as a yes. hope they make a move

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:21:40 No.41780671 Report

>>41780669

It is a yes but it doesn't look like it will go anywhere serious

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:22:42 No.41780675 Report

Quoted By: >>41780683

>>41780664

Shoot too anonii

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:26:39 No.41780683 Report

Quoted By: >>41780688 >>41780725

>>41780675

30 day financial gen

You?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:27:46 No.41780687 Report

Quoted By: >>41780699 >>41780703

>>41780668

my q is would I thrive/survive if i tried to go out and live on my own? or would i fail and blow through all my money

startings urs

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:28:13 No.41780688 Report

Quoted By: >>41780696 >>41780714

>>41780683

>>41780668

Yee

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:29:44 No.41780696 Report

Quoted By: >>41780720

>>41780688

Oki ill start as soon as I'm done switching over my laundry, it'll be like 2 mins

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:31:54 No.41780699 Report

Quoted By: >>41780720

>>41780668

Y: 3 of cups, queen of cups

D: strength rx, hermit rx

d is going through troubles right now and can't come out of her shell

Y does wanna bang

>>41780687

this pls

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:33:13 No.41780703 Report

Quoted By: >>41780722

>>41780687

No, no you will need at least a group of friends and likely a different city (cheaper)

Tempérance rx, page of cups rx, knight of swords rx

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:36:05 No.41780714 Report

>>41780688

pulled two cards for each.

Y: eight of pents, ten of wands

this person is open to the idea of banging, but they want to get to know you a bit better first. they may have issues surrounding intimacy and vulnerability and the idea of giving their body up to someone they don't feel they've moved to an appropriate stage with gives them immense anxiety. like they'd be pulling some sort of emotional weight and be left all by themselves to do it.

D: five of wands r, five of cups r

this person is also emotionally guarded, but in the type of way where they're not open to banging right now. i think that they are still recovering from a past partner giving them an overly stressful amount of conflict, so they don't want intimacy with anyone right now.

they have too much baggage right now to handle it. simply put: it's not you, it's them.

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:37:25 No.41780720 Report

Quoted By: >>41780725 >>41780734

>>41780699

Both are dudes

Ams f lol>>41780696

Ur take?

You seem to get a good head start, heading out of problems and having a bit of stability buuuuut if you sit on it and wait it out it'll be harder to push through the last stretch, don't dream of peace

Five of swords rx, ace of coin, nine of cups rx, t'en of swords rx, t'en of cups

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:37:38 No.41780722 Report

Quoted By: >>41780735

>>41780703

can I ask your opinion as a reader, this question is very nerve-wracking for me and your reading was negative and not in my favor, why? despite these readings being in my favor. Am I not seeing something correctly or approaching this correctly? I asked you what i asked out of curiosity

>>41779385

>>41780009

>>41780287

>>41780434

>>41780550

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:38:26 No.41780725 Report

Quoted By: >>41780734

>>41780720

>>41780683

Oh sorry, this was you

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:41:21 No.41780734 Report

Quoted By: >>41780747

>>41780720

>>41780725

My own reading doesn't change regardless of gender, thank you for yours though. My job is cutting my hours since the busy season is over and it took me 3 months to find this job, so idk what to do...

Lmk if you wanna trade more!

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:41:36 No.41780735 Report

>>41780722

Well, yes Ideally these aren't bad and can be seen as moving on, but also the passage of time, a warning for what's to come, you won't be unable but you'll struggle greatly, be ready, be smart, do something

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1737188431443511.png, 265KiB, 1024x962

The image is a digital illustration of a character that resembles a frog with human-like features. The character has a large, round head with a green body and a blue shirt. It has two large, black eyes with a white pupil, a small nose, and a mouth that appears to

be in a frown. The character's arms are extended, and it has a slight smile on its face. The background of the image is plain white. There are no texts or additional elements in the image. The style of the illustration is cartoonish and simplistic, with a focus on the character's facial expression.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:43:30 No.41780743 Report

Quoted By: >>41780754

>>41778298

Idk how this works. Can it work if Im not in front of you? Im CM, I need to know if FC would be open or ever interested in rekindling our love, relationship, bond, whatever...before I go and make a total fool of myself. I have nothing to offer but the knowledge that this will decide if I go far away or not and maybe never come back.

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:44:18 No.41780747 Report

Quoted By: >>41780759

>>41780734

Well, evaluate

Do you have your Fbuddies around ? Is there a way to get a cheaper living space ? Yes this job is great but is it really improving my life quality ? What if I get a contract for the high season and migrate the low ?

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:45:54 No.41780754 Report

Quoted By: >>41780763

>>41780743

Try new thread anonii

But sjnce youre kindly here

No magic, i advice you to move, live your life for yourself

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:47:42 No.41780759 Report

Quoted By: >>41780776

>>41780747

I already have an arrangement that makes my rent cheaper. I saved \$2k over the last 2 and a half weeks but it's not enough, I'm saving to move and get an apartment in a cheaper state. I have 6 months left, it's not enough. I want at least \$10k.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:48:22 No.41780763 Report

>>41780754

Fuck that sucks so bad. Thank you.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:48:43 No.41780764 Report

Quoted By: >>41780779

Trading

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:51:02 No.41780774 Report

Quoted By: >>41780784

>>41780412

I am sitting here playing some sounds for my listeners on a broadcast, how do my listeners feel about what they are hearing at this present moment?

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:51:26 No.41780776 Report

>>41780759

Have you considered only fans perhaps ? Might be a teeny tiny help but might be just enough

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:52:30 No.41780779 Report

Quoted By: >>41780802

>>41780764

Sure

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:54:27 No.41780784 Report

Quoted By: >>41780799

>>41780774

Can I listen ?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:54:36 No.41780786 Report

Quoted By: >>41780855

>>41780412

I feel like I would marry that girl. But there is nothing happening yet. I need to stop daydream right?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:55:19 No.41780790 Report

Quoted By: >>41780855

>>41780412

What are the most violent events that are gonna happen to me on this year? I've had a few this last 2 years and I wanna know what awaits me this year

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:57:34 No.41780799 Report

Quoted By: >>41780855

>>41780784

Sorry I would rather not share it with 4chan, but its ambient sounds if you care to know.

I understand if you want to skip the query, I have a few millions people listening.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:57:48 No.41780802 Report

Quoted By: >>41780855

>>41780779

Advice for Jan

You?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:58:55 No.41780806 Report

Quoted By: >>41780855

Aq

Is S pregnant now or in the next few months?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:03:27 No.41780820 Report

Quoted By: >>41780859

Trading detailed read 4 detailed read

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:17:39 No.41780854 Report

Quoted By: >>41780859

Trading

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:18:06 No.41780855 Report

Quoted By: >>41780869 >>41780879 >>41780887 >>41780893

>>41780786

Or just proposé, 3 Of cups

>>41780790

Well... I think you're getting mugged, by state agents, be careful with money, very careful, you may get kicked out over it

>>41780799

It's oke, i think people probably enjoy it a lot, i wish I could listen

>>41780802

Call your mom, see about her, just to get talking about whatever

>>41780806

5 pentacles, she may very well be and be freaking out about it

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:19:06 No.41780859 Report

Quoted By: >>41780885

>>41780854

>>41780820

Try new thread, I can only fdo wild and poorly written reads

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace aaa.jpg, 8KiB, 225x225

The image features a green frog with a surprised expression, its eyes wide open and mouth slightly open, as if it's reacting to something unexpected. The frog is positioned in the center of the image, with its body oriented towards the left side. Above the frog's head, there are five pink hearts with a green outline, arranged in a circular pattern. The background of the image is a blurred pink and purple swirl, which gives the impression of a dreamy or dreamy-like atmosphere. The overall style of the image is playful and whimsical, with a focus on the surprised expression of the frog.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:21:49 No.41780869 Report

>>41780855

>Or just proposé, 3 Of cups

Thank youuuuuu

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:26:37 No.41780879 Report

>>41780855

Thank you

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:29:44 No.41780885 Report

Quoted By: >>41780995

>>41780859

trade?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:30:45 No.41780887 Report

Quoted By: >>41780995

>>41780855

>802

Is that a reading or from yourself? My mom has been dead for years.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:31:01 No.41780888 Report

Quoted By: >>41780897

AQ

When will he talk to me again?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:34:14 No.41780893 Report

Quoted By: >>41780901

>>41780855

Could you read for me? This man I'm talking to presents himself as someone who has no money at all and I have a gut feeling he's using a tactic to make sure he doesn't attract the wrong people which makes sense. Am I right on this or is he really super broke?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:34:28 No.41780894 Report
Trading

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:35:04 No.41780897 Report
>>41780888

AQ

Is he self aware of his feelings for me at this point or is it still subconscious?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:38:16 No.41780901 Report
>>41780893

Or @ any AQ reader pretty please

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:49:11 No.41780926 Report
Quoted By: >>41780935

Trading

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:53:57 No.41780935 Report
Quoted By: >>41780952

>>41780926

q

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 02:02:53 No.41780952 Report
>>41780935

what is the best way for me to behave toward my mom? you?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 02:04:41 No.41780956 Report
Air query or trade

What's the best guidance for me right now?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 02:13:04 No.41780980 Report
Trading

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 02:25:29 No.41780995 Report

Quoted By: >>41781002

>>41780885

>>41780887

Yes, sorry i dozed of

I wasn't sure how to interpret the three of swords there, do visit her grave if possible, or just think about how you got along

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 02:31:41 No.41781002 Report
Quoted By: >>41781219

>>41780995

.....shes not dead? she hurt my feelings now idk how to act around her other than to pretend everything is normal like usual when she hurts me

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 02:38:00 No.41781011 Report
AQ

can i get a End of Month/EOM reading please, regarding the state of my life. Has it improved at all? Thanks!

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 02:57:21 No.41781043 Report
Quoted By: >>41781226

>>41780412

how would a trip to see E go?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 03:58:09 No.41781172 Report
One card?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 04:03:50 No.41781184 Report Trading

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 04:15:53 No.41781219 Report
Quoted By: >>41781575

>>41781002

Ah but you said she's been dead for years !! Did you expect me to read over everything you say ? I was barely wake !!

But yeah, just tell her, seems pretty simple as is desu

Ciel Fri 09 Jan 2026 04:18:21 No.41781226 Report
>>41781043

You would love it but will struggle realizing you'll have to return and feel a stronger absence

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 05:05:59 No.41781332 Report
AQ

What did my dream mean? Does it mean he wants me to reach out?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 06:34:31 No.41781458 Report
>>41780412

I have been struggling bad trying to find and start a relationship, i am emotionally open but it is like everyone with whom i do click with is not and things die off before they even start or if they seem they are we just don't click which is normal.

What in heavens am i doing wrong ?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 07:05:19 No.41781523 Report Trading

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 07:36:44 No.41781575 Report
>>41781219

I'm the dead mom anon, that anon isn't me. I physically cannot visit her grave because I'm 2,000 miles away right now, though I always did feel strangely comforted around it.

View Same OCR Google Image Search SauceNAO Trace Maya.png, 4MiB, 1320x1871

[illegible]

[illegible]

Maya Fri 09 Jan 2026 07:37:06 No.41781578 Report

Quoted By: >>41781582 >>41781593 >>41781690 >>41781706

Trading

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 07:38:09 No.41781582 Report

Quoted By: >>41781600

>>41781578

q?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 07:43:26 No.41781593 Report

Quoted By: >>41781600

>>41781578

I know someone else traded, but can I trade too?

Maya Fri 09 Jan 2026 07:45:59 No.41781600 Report

Quoted By: >>41781602 >>41781616

>>41781582

What's best between J and B? Q?

>>41781593

Query? depending I might do a freeb

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 07:46:36 No.41781602 Report

Quoted By: >>41781615

>>41781600

>Query? depending I might do a freeb

Just want some hopium want to know how my valentines will be....

Maya Fri 09 Jan 2026 07:52:02 No.41781615 Report

>>41781602

5oS Tower Temperance 8oP QoC

you'll cut someone off or decide something in your life isn't worth the trouble, eventually getting some solace from it being the end of treat yourself

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 07:52:28 No.41781616 Report

Quoted By: >>41781626

>>41781600

Are you asking which is the better option? Just wanna make sure I'm reading this right.
My query is whether or not we will end up together?

Maya Fri 09 Jan 2026 07:54:52 No.41781626 Report

Quoted By: >>41781643

>>41781616

can you give me your gender? And yes they are locations if that helps.
starting

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 08:00:29 No.41781643 Report

Quoted By: >>41781654

>>41781626

female. Sorry this will probably come a bit late, as I'm posting on mobile and got hit with a banned dynamic IP. Annoying.

Anyway...

J: eight of wands r, ace of cups

B: king of swords r, three of swords r

J seems to be the superior choice here. It'll betray your expectations at first, but only in a way that catches you off guard and makes you rethink a few things. Once you gather yourself and come to terms with the reality of this place, you'll actually feel quite happy with the results and you'll feel like you're really beginning something wonderful here.

B seems like a bad choice. Not because of the location but because of some power tripping man there who ruins things and makes it so that you're not even safe to express yourself emotionally about it. Exercise caution here.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace IMG_0800.wev .jpg, 805KiB, 900x1020

The image shows a cozy indoor setting with a focus on a coffee table. On the table, there is a tray filled with various sushi rolls, each with different colors and fillings, arranged neatly. The sushi is accompanied by a variety of utensils, including chopsticks, a spoon, and a fork. There are also several plates and bowls on the table, some of which are empty. In the background, there is a sofa with a blanket draped over it, and a handbag is visible on the left side of the image. The style of the image is a realistic photograph with a focus on the details of the setting, capturing the arrangement of the sushi and other items on the table.

Maya Fri 09 Jan 2026 08:05:46 No.41781654 Report

Quoted By: >>41781665

>>41781643

lovers - 2 of cups - temperance - 8 of wands

star - knight of pentacles - 10 of cups

yes? I mean YES, but it's weird intuition is telling me no this won't happen yet but my cards massively disagree it's like you had some issues in the past with how fast this developed and you wanted to shelter yourself from lovebombing.

Exercise caution as always. The cards *scream* yes I think there's more to the relationship that needs to be worked on before it ends with the happy ever after you want.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 08:09:42 No.41781665 Report

Quoted By: >>41781687

>>41781654

Thank you!

I thought it was over, I blocked him bc I got really scared (long story) but he surprised me with a message like 3 weeks later basically admitting he wished he could beg me to be friends again and he couldn't stop thinking about me ;; idk what to think or feel. He has a gf but she abuses him and he's expressed the desire to leave but fears her retaliation.

Maya Fri 09 Jan 2026 08:16:03 No.41781687 Report

>>41781665

> He has a gf
run

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 08:17:30 No.41781690 Report

>>41781578

If you're looking to do a trade again, send me your query.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 08:22:21 No.41781704 Report

Aq

Will i ever enjoy my life

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 08:22:40 No.41781706 Report

>>41781578

I love ur reads Maya <333 Even your aesthetics

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 08:41:45 No.41781762 Report

AQ

How do I fulfill my carnal desires?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 09:21:25 No.41781893 Report

AQ

Get that item replaced or not?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 09:31:55 No.41781931 Report

trading

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 09:47:00 No.41781997 Report

Quoted By: >>41782006 >>41782041

Trading.

I'm in a really big turning point in my life and I'm unsure of the direction to go in. So just a general on what's best here. There are many factors like love and work and travel it's all happening at once.

Will start when query is posted

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 09:48:47 No.41782006 Report

Quoted By: >>41782023 >>41782060

>>41781997

starting yours.

mine is how will my new job go that i start monday? I'm a cancer male

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 09:52:51 No.41782023 Report

Quoted By: >>41782061

>>41782006

Starting

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 09:58:31 No.41782041 Report

Quoted By: >>41782095

>>41781997

>4 of swords, Magician, 7 of cups

Well you're not gonna like this answer but you can manifest whatever you want to do. Take a rest period to think of what you want to do and what would make you happy. That might be a higher education, Moving somewhere new, or a better job. The cards insinuate reflect and make a move to manifest the reality you want because there's so many different options.

I'm sorry i couldn't give you a direct path forward but just know anything you put your mind towards you're likely to achieve

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:02:56 No.41782057 Report

Quoted By: >>41782120

trading

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:03:51 No.41782060 Report

Quoted By: >>41782080

>>41782006

Looks like you're going in with a positive attitude which is great but be prepared for some friction while getting settled in. You might end up receiving a heavy workload that's going to try and completely drain you- this is where your boundaries come in. This will be a hard but necessary turning point for you. You are simultaneously training yourself with authority and boundaries at this job. So this is also a lesson for you to step into your own power. If you hold your ground, you will have union here. Either that or you will learn a lesson for your next position and have union there. Just make sure to tune into yourself and step up when you are being pushed too hard. Lovely cancers have the tendency here to over give. Sending you love and strength for your new job! Knight of cups, five of wands, ten of wands, ten of swords, emperor and 2 cups

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:03:57 No.41782061 Report

>>41782023

you there?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:07:55 No.41782080 Report

Quoted By: >>41782140

>>41782060

the 10 of swords scares me a bit because i was super excited for this gig.

Do you think that insinuates i'll lose the job or does it mean something else?

also thank you for the trade

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:09:47 No.41782095 Report
>>41782041

Thanks I have no idea what I want except I don't want to work and I want to be in love and go to music production school. I guess that's a start. Haha have a good day!

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:14:33 No.41782120 Report
Quoted By: >>41782129

>>41782057

Send me your query and I'll start it.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:16:17 No.41782129 Report
Quoted By: >>41782150 >>41782235

>>41782120

With how things are going will i be let go from my job or will the hard time blow over?

your q?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:18:08 No.41782140 Report
Quoted By: >>41782170

>>41782080

I intuitively feel it's going to push you into your power with the same job with emperor after.

And... I pulled 3 more cards on the 10 of swords and this clarifies it. Looks like you're going to be learning a hard lesson in how you operate within this same job. So drop expectations around the role and be open to change and thinking differently than you might be used to. If you're able to do this you will succeed in all areas (with the 2 cups and this king of pent)

Ace of pent RX, six of cups RX, king of coins

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:18:23 No.41782143 Report
Card of advice for today?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:19:22 No.41782150 Report
Quoted By: >>41782157 >>41782294

>>41782129

My query is:

>What extra context should I know about the Queen of Cups I pulled earlier for myself after calling out of work sick this morning?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:20:50 No.41782157 Report
Quoted By: >>41782235

>>41782150

Is it ok if i change my Q?

I want to ask how L is feeling about me as of recently. Starting yours.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:23:43 No.41782170 Report
>>41782140

Awesome, thank you for the clarification. Hope you have a good day anon

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:26:51 No.41782188 Report
Trading.

My q is: is he actually broke or just gauging my values first.

Will start when q is posted

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:36:52 No.41782235 Report

Quoted By: >>41782437

>>41782129

Already drew for your first query, so you're getting 2 reads. For the one about work, you got:

>Ten of Wands, Reversed

>Queen of Wands

>Six of Pentacles, Reversed

It ain't looking all too sweet for your job security. There's a high chance that you'll be on the chopping block. However, this wouldn't be an entirely bad thing, as the Queen of Wands indicates a passionate energy associated with this release. Either you'll embody it or come across someone else who'll provide that for you.

>>41782157

>Ace of Wands

>The Moon, Reversed

>Ten of Wands

There is love, passion and desire for you which exists, yet it's masked under some other things which is obscuring it. These emotions can be brought back up to the surface with a lot of effort, yet one or both of you will have to be willing to put in the necessary work.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:41:45 No.41782255 Report

Aq

Was he okay with what I did?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:52:02 No.41782294 Report

Quoted By: >>41782323

>>41782150

>sun rx, 4 of cups, 3 of cups

Well looks like your company will be a bit annoyed but there's nothing to really stress about. They'll get over it and won't really effect you much. You seem to have good connections there with people so any negative feelings over overwrote by their connection and respect for you. So the queen of cups clarifies you have calm compassionate co workers who aren't letting this call out taint their view of you.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:55:59 No.41782315 Report

Quoted By: >>41782359

Trading pls

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:59:02 No.41782323 Report

>>41782294

I have a jaded and chip-on-my-shoulder mentality about working, knowing I could be on the chopping block any time soon. People generally like me over there? Whaaa-? Nani??? This is breaking news to me.

If you want to trade again, send me another query.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 11:11:01 No.41782359 Report

Quoted By: >>41782366

>>41782315

What's your query?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 11:12:06 No.41782366 Report

Quoted By: >>41782397

>>41782359

What will the weekend have in store for me? Yours?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 11:22:24 No.41782397 Report

Quoted By: >>41782413

>>41782366

>Ace of Wands

>Queen of Cups, Reversed

>The World, Reversed

There'll be a passionate burst which springs forth, yet either ongoing at the same time or after some time has passed, moodiness and feeling incomplete will make itself known to you. You may also come across another who embodies the Reversed Queen archetype, so be ready for that if it is the case.

My query is:

>Will I understand or realize what I've been saving up my money from work for relatively soon?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 11:26:13 No.41782413 Report

>>41782397

Ten of Pents

Fool

Judgement reversed

I think something will show up, like a good buying opportunity you probably just will overthink whether you want to purchase this thing or not

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 11:32:34 No.41782434 Report

NEW THREAD

>>41782432

>>41782432

>>41782432

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 11:33:13 No.41782437 Report

>>41782235

Could you tell me if F is lying to me about his financial situation in order to prioritize values first or if he's actually pretty broke? I can trade if you'd like

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 11:33:28 No.41782441 Report

Trading

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 11:44:20 No.41782484 Report

trading

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 13:24:50 No.41782916 Report

Quoted By: >>41783175 >>41783545

Trading urgently (players only)

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 14:11:41 No.41783175 Report

>>41782916

ok playaz of div this isn't a drill I command you all my presence is too strong my power is too great

<https://youtu.be/WG3qnNkmqvU?si=qbJtp2u5QHjCeEE>

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 15:28:46 No.41783545 Report

>>41782916

What's the game ? What do you wanna know

Steven Michael Eiden Fri 09 Jan 2026 18:22:19 No.41784133 Report

Who is "Steven Joseph Eiden"?

FoolFuuka Imageboard 2.2.0 - Asagi FetcherChange Theme Transparency - FAQ -

Credits & Links - 4plebs on X - LegalArchives: [[adv](#) / [f](#) / [hr](#) / [o](#) / [pol](#) / [s4s](#) / [sp](#) / [tg](#) / [trv](#) / [tv](#) / [x](#)]

/x/ - Paranormal

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53KiB, 500x635, angel.jpg

View Same Google iqdb SauceNAO Trace

be not afraid Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 12:09:43 No.41777493

ViewReplyOriginalReport

Quoted By: >>41777507 >>41777641 >>41777731 >>41778019 >>41778047

>>41778155 >>41778275 >>41778816 >>41779566 >>41780255 >>41781998

Galaxuz Thu 08 Jan 2026 12:13:15 No.41777507 Report

Quoted By: >>41777524

>>41777493

I be afraid :c

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 12:17:58 No.41777524 Report

>>41777507

fr shizz real scawy

we are cooked on god

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 12:40:30 No.41777641 Report

>>41777493

I'm soo fukkkking skared:O

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 12:56:36 No.41777731 Report

Quoted By: >>41777871

>>41777493

Okay, goatseangel.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace IMG_3205.jpg, 12KiB, 387x516

The image is a photograph capturing a scene at twilight or dawn. The sky is a deep blue, and the sun is setting or rising, casting a warm, golden hue on the clouds. In the

foreground, there are trees with dark silhouettes against the sky. The clouds in the sky are elongated and have a pinkish-orange color, which suggests they are illuminated by the sun. The image is taken from a low angle, looking up towards the sky, emphasizing the height of the clouds and the vastness of the sky. There are no texts or discernible human figures in the image. The style of the image is realistic, with a focus on natural elements and a sense of tranquility.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 13:19:23 No.41777871 Report

>>41777731

And this is what comes out when u press to hard :O

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1767422415448191.png, 2MiB, 1797x2294

USC69 Thu 08 Jan 2026 13:43:43 No.41778019 Report

>>41777493

Afraid? Dude, I'm confused. What eye am I supposed to focus on?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 13:48:49 No.41778047 Report

Quoted By: >>41780519

>>41777493

>be not afraid

It's self aware enough and has had interactions enough to know how it appears to humans such that it knew to say that.

That, to me, is the true reason to be afraid.

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace Sae.png, 456KiB, 1666x1589

The image is a black and white cartoon-style illustration. At the center, there is a character with a large, pointed beak, dark hair, and a stern expression. The character is wearing a sleeveless black top with a red pentagram design on the chest. The character's right hand is holding a gray stone with a jagged edge, and the left hand is raised, displaying a claw-like finger. The text "you're a fagot!" is written in red on the stone. The background is plain white, and there are no other discernible details.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 14:04:19 No.41778155 Report

Quoted By: >>41778176 >>41778246 >>41782045

>>41777493

...alright we get it yhwheh. God is good God is great god is ricecake blah blah blah...

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 14:08:07 No.41778176 Report

>>41778155

Unironically this is the most faggot image i have seen today, congrats

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 14:20:50 No.41778246 Report

>>41778155

>pic related

Let alone being blasphemous, why disrespect your existence by posting that?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 14:27:05 No.41778275 Report

>>41777493

I'm not afraid, I'm just bored. get this show on the road!

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=hKdfReE0qds>

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace IMG_6601.jpg, 168KiB, 1189x1189

The image is a black and white illustration featuring a cartoon-style character with a

white face and a blue collar. The character appears to be a humanoid figure with a simple, round head and a small, round face. The character is depicted in a dynamic pose, with one arm raised and the other extended outward, as if in motion. The character's expression is cheerful, with a wide smile and rosy cheeks.

In the background, there is a large, dark, winged creature with multiple eyes and a mouth, which is the central focus of the image. The creature has a dark, shadowy appearance and is depicted with a large, muscular body and wings that extend from its back. The wings are spread out, and the creature's body is covered in a dark, textured surface that gives it a menacing appearance.

Above the creature, there is a text that reads "Creator" in a bold, capitalized font, and below the creature, the text "Their Works" is written in a smaller, lowercase font. The text is in a simple, sans-serif font. The overall style of the image is cartoonish and expressive, with a focus on the contrast between the cheerful character and the ominous creature.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:13:04 No.41778743 Report

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:29:11 No.41778816 Report

>>41777493

At this point I'd cheer and jump for joy at the sight of a ophanim. Biblically accurate angels are less terrifying then the goy slavery that's being shoved upon us.

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tumblr angels are shitty, where my kaneko fans at

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Quoted By: >>41780258

imagine jizzing in eye lmao

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>>41777493

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Quoted By: >>41780388 >>41784185

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FoolFuuka Imageboard 2.2.0 - Asagi FetcherChange Theme Transparency - FAQ -

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/x/ - Paranormal

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/x/ - Paranormal

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63KiB, 500x519, 1720421900256286.jpg

View Same OCR Google iqdb SauceNAO Trace

People are getting blackpilled at an alarming rate Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 18:38:09

No.41784191 ViewReplyOriginalReport

Quoted By: >>41784211

How do you all cope with the state of society?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 18:42:44 No.41784211 Report

>>41784191

Empires rise and fall . . . Do you that Henry Ford use to pay over 300k adjusted for today's inflation for the average unskilled labour when you translate gold (they were paid in gold backed money) prices to today

FoolFuuka Imageboard 2.2.0 - Asagi FetcherChange Theme Transparency - FAQ -

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[35 / 28]The image is a digital representation of a historical map, likely from the 16th century, featuring a stylized representation of the Earth with a compass rose at the top. The map is divided into two symmetrical halves, each with a different color scheme. The left half is in a lighter green, while the right half is in a darker green. The map is adorned with various decorative elements, including a compass rose, a globe, and a series of smaller maps or sections.

Two red arrows are pointing towards the center of the map, suggesting a direction or a focal point. The text "Arbois Terrarum Typs De Integro Muliis In Locis Emendata" is overlaid on the image, which translates to "Arbois Terrarum Typs De Integro Muliis In Locis Emendata" in English. This text is likely a title or a caption for the map.

The style of the image is reminiscent of historical maps, with a focus on geography and navigation, and it is likely used for educational or historical purposes. The image is in a portrait orientation, and the background is a solid green color, which contrasts with the lighter and darker green halves of the map. The overall image is a digital representation of a historical map, likely from the 16th century, with a focus on geography and navigation.

939KiB, 1600x1127, Plancius_1594_tavola.jpg

[View Same](#) [OCR Google](#) [iqdb](#) [SauceNAO](#) [Trace](#)

Ancient Map General Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:54:53 No.41780291

[ViewReplyOriginalReport](#)

Quoted By: >>41780481 >>41781180 >>41781295 >>41782812

This is for posting ancient maps and discussing them.

>This isn't paranormal

ev&doe world maps completely different from ours is definitely NOT NORMAL

Somebody posted this in a thread and it made me think that people probably have other maps and possibly ones that lean into the extreme paranormal.

[View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1.jpg](#), 2MiB, 1983x1295

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:02:03 No.41780481 Report

Quoted By: >>41780483

>>41780291

if you're nice I'll post 20 that show tartaria for you. they are all similar to what you just posted and hi res. you can find maps on some torrents. thats what I did. there are still some mega folders around that have them too and other places on the web.

[View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 2.jpg](#), 1MiB, 1748x1246

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:03:06 No.41780483 Report

Quoted By: >>41780485

>>41780481

[View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 3.jpg](#), 1MiB, 1743x1325

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:04:08 No.41780485 Report

Quoted By: >>41780486

>>41780483

3

[View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 4.jpg](#), 2MiB, 1737x1310

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:05:11 No.41780486 Report

Quoted By: >>41780491

>>41780485

4

[View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 5.jpg](#), 1MiB, 1494x1243

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:06:19 No.41780491 Report

Quoted By: >>41780493

>>41780486

5

[View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 6.jpg](#), 1MiB, 1597x1225

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:07:21 No.41780493 Report

Quoted By: >>41780498

>>41780491

6

[View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 7.jpg](#), 2MiB, 1744x1342

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:10:29 No.41780498 Report

Quoted By: >>41780500

>>41780493

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 8.jpg, 1MiB, 1491x1281

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:11:32 No.41780500 Report

Quoted By: >>41780504

>>41780498

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 9.jpg, 2MiB, 1874x1368

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:13:27 No.41780504 Report

Quoted By: >>41780508

>>41780500

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 10.jpg, 2MiB, 1882x1303

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:14:30 No.41780508 Report

Quoted By: >>41780594

>>41780504

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 11.jpg, 806KiB, 1027x1155

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:52:07 No.41780594 Report

Quoted By: >>41780595

>>41780508

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 12.jpg, 2MiB, 1615x1311

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:53:09 No.41780595 Report

Quoted By: >>41782812

>>41780594

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1.png, 3MiB, 1172x2048

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:11:21 No.41780844 Report

Quoted By: >>41781976 >>41782137

op a big faggot. I'm done posting the rest until this bot shows back up

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace IMG_20250911_032811_648.jpg, 94KiB, 640x640

The image is a stylized map with a circular shape, divided into various sections labeled with different names of continents and islands. The map is colored in shades of blue and green, with the continents and islands depicted in a lighter blue and the surrounding water in a darker blue. The names of the continents and islands are written in white, and the names of the oceans are in black.

At the top of the map, there is a caption that reads "©2022 Gennadios2022," indicating the copyright year. The map is divided into several sections, each representing a different continent or island. These sections are labeled with the name of the continent or island, such as "ASGAR," "GEMINA," "INDIAN," "PITIA," "NEPTUNE," "NEPTUNE," "ASIA," "PACIFIC," "PACIFIC," "PACIFIC," "PACIFIC," "PACIFIC," "PACIFIC,"

with a focus on geographical details and a clear division of the continents.
The image does not contain any discernible text other than the names of the continents and the sea. The overall impression is that of a detailed, educational map, possibly used to teach about the geographical divisions of the world.
Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 04:28:49 No.41781248 Report
pls commence map posting
View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1760316549385709.png, 2MiB, 1906x1106

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 04:36:42 No.41781264 Report
View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1739834484032830.jpg, 334KiB, 975x753

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 04:41:57 No.41781275 Report
Heres 1 with canal going to the north pole to all my geo gooners

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 04:51:19 No.41781295 Report
Quoted By: >>41781996

>>41780291

>This isn't paranormal
yup, wrong board.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 08:05:56 No.41781655 Report
Hi mayas dad

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 08:27:59 No.41781725 Report
finally some good fking shit
create a google disk folder someday open to everyone
believe me, contribution is priceless
1 russian guy did that with yandex disk

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 09:41:33 No.41781976 Report
Quoted By: >>41784166

>>41780844

I had to do IRL things, but now I'm back. Thanks for posting the maps. I'm pleasantly surprised at all the bumps.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 09:44:02 No.41781987 Report
>>41781180

Is that fucking asgard? I don't recognize the other names, but the ice wall shit seems so cool I see another ice wall I think is there a bigger map?

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 09:45:47 No.41781996 Report
>>41781295

ev&doe we have fucking asgard map posted here before you posted that

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:17:54 No.41782137 Report
Quoted By: >>41784166

>>41780844

I should add that I did save them all and that I do treasure them.

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1531+Fine+World+Map.jpg, 801KiB, 1600x1106

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 13:06:33 No.41782812 Report

Quoted By: >>41784166

>>41780291

The Terra Australis is really interesting. The Greeks basically reasoned that there would have to be a landmass in the southern hemisphere large enough to "counter-balance" all land in the north.

>>41780595

"Tartaria" was just the name given to the territory inhabited by steppe peoples. "Tatar" was also synonymous with "Mongol".

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 13.jpg, 2MiB, 2028x1364

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 18:31:49 No.41784166 Report

>>41781976

>>41782137

I'll post more

>>41782812

Anon all I know is the jews that control K-12 and Uni left Tart out. Why? I dunno. I can only assume for jewish reasons. I hate that jews won ww2 anon. this tart stuff goes way back though. some of these maps are older than america.

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 14.jpg, 2MiB, 4000x2577

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 18:32:51 No.41784169 Report

Quoted By: >>41784172

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 15.jpg, 1MiB, 1791x1176

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 18:33:54 No.41784172 Report

Quoted By: >>41784175

>>41784169

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 16.jpg, 2MiB, 1750x1312

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 18:35:04 No.41784175 Report

Quoted By: >>41784182

>>41784172

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 17.jpg, 2MiB, 1741x1346

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 18:36:07 No.41784182 Report

Quoted By: >>41784187

>>41784175

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 18.jpg, 2MiB, 1873x1277

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 18:37:10 No.41784187 Report

Quoted By: >>41784198

>>41784182

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 19.jpg, 483KiB, 1280x872

The image is a vintage map with a classical style, featuring a detailed representation of the Earth's geography. The map is divided into different sections, each labeled with a name of a continent or region. The continents are colored in shades of brown and

beige, with some areas having a lighter tone, possibly indicating water or a lighter landmass. The map is framed by a decorative border with a blue and gold color scheme, and the text "TYPVS ORBIS TERRARVM" is prominently displayed at the top, suggesting the title of the map. Below the title, there is a caption that reads "ORIGINE FIBERIS MAGNIFICA ET HUMANUM ET ATREMENS ONDI TOPOQUE MUNDI NOTA SIT MAGNIFIDDO CICERO." The style of the image is reminiscent of historical maps, often used for educational or decorative purposes.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 18:39:12 No.41784198 Report

>>41784187

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 20.jpg, 475KiB, 1280x872

The image is a vintage map with a title at the top, which reads "TYPVS ORIS TERRARVM." The map is divided into different colored sections, each representing a different continent or region. The colors are yellow for Africa, red for Asia, and blue for Europe. The map is framed by a decorative border with a pattern of clouds and a golden border. The style of the image is reminiscent of historical maps, with a focus on geography and cartography. The map is in a landscape orientation and is printed on a paper with a textured appearance, suggesting it may be a historical print or a reproduction.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 18:43:11 No.41784214 Report

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1729018974778607.jpg, 668KiB, 1922x1370

The image displays a historical map with a focus on the region of Tartaria. The map is richly detailed, with various geographical features such as rivers, mountains, and cities outlined in different colors. The map is framed by a decorative border with a central emblem featuring a shield with a lion and a crown, and the word "Tartaria" written at the bottom. The style of the map suggests it is from the Renaissance period, characterized by its intricate details and the use of shading to represent different types of terrain. The map is printed on a beige background, and the overall impression is one of historical accuracy and artistic craftsmanship.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 18:45:42 No.41784226 Report

last one. reminder that jews lied about history and so did someone else. i guess it's some sort of plunder effect once a culture gets trampled over more than once. like cut cocaine.

FoolFuuka Imageboard 2.2.0 - Asagi FetcherChange Theme Transparency - FAQ - Credits & Links - 4plebs on X - LegalArchives: [[adv](#) / [f](#) / [hr](#) / [o](#) / [pol](#) / [s4s](#) / [sp](#) / [tg](#) / [trv](#) / [tv](#) / [x](#)]

/x/ - Paranormal

4chan

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[35 / 28]The image is a digital representation of a historical map, likely from the 16th century, featuring a stylized representation of the Earth with a compass rose at the top. The map is divided into two symmetrical halves, each with a different color scheme. The

left half is in a lighter green, while the right half is in a darker green. The map is adorned with various decorative elements, including a compass rose, a globe, and a series of smaller maps or sections.

Two red arrows are pointing towards the center of the map, suggesting a direction or a focal point. The text "Arbois Terrarum Typs De Integro Muliis In Locis Emendata" is overlaid on the image, which translates to "Arbois Terrarum Typs De Integro Muliis In Locis Emendata" in English. This text is likely a title or a caption for the map.

The style of the image is reminiscent of historical maps, with a focus on geography and navigation, and it is likely used for educational or historical purposes. The image is in a portrait orientation, and the background is a solid green color, which contrasts with the lighter and darker green halves of the map. The overall image is a digital representation of a historical map, likely from the 16th century, with a focus on geography and navigation.

939KiB, 1600x1127, Plancius_1594_tavola.jpg

[View Same OCR Google iqdb SauceNAO Trace](#)

Ancient Map General Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:54:53 No.41780291

[ViewReplyOriginalReport](#)

Quoted By: >>41780481 >>41781180 >>41781295 >>41782812

This is for posting ancient maps and discussing them.

>This isn't paranormal

ev&doe world maps completely different from ours is definitely NOT NORMAL

Somebody posted this in a thread and it made me think that people probably have other maps and possibly ones that lean into the extreme paranormal.

[View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1.jpg](#), 2MiB, 1983x1295

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:02:03 No.41780481 Report

Quoted By: >>41780483

>>41780291

if you're nice I'll post 20 that show tartaria for you. they are all similar to what you just posted and hi res. you can find maps on some torrents. thats what I did. there are still some mega folders around that have them too and other places on the web.

[View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 2.jpg](#), 1MiB, 1748x1246

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:03:06 No.41780483 Report

Quoted By: >>41780485

>>41780481

[View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 3.jpg](#), 1MiB, 1743x1325

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:04:08 No.41780485 Report

Quoted By: >>41780486

>>41780483

3

[View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 4.jpg](#), 2MiB, 1737x1310

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:05:11 No.41780486 Report

Quoted By: >>41780491

>>41780485

4

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 5.jpg, 1MiB, 1494x1243

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:06:19 No.41780491 Report

Quoted By: >>41780493

>>41780486

5

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 6.jpg, 1MiB, 1597x1225

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:07:21 No.41780493 Report

Quoted By: >>41780498

>>41780491

6

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 7.jpg, 2MiB, 1744x1342

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:10:29 No.41780498 Report

Quoted By: >>41780500

>>41780493

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 8.jpg, 1MiB, 1491x1281

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:11:32 No.41780500 Report

Quoted By: >>41780504

>>41780498

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 9.jpg, 2MiB, 1874x1368

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:13:27 No.41780504 Report

Quoted By: >>41780508

>>41780500

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 10.jpg, 2MiB, 1882x1303

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:14:30 No.41780508 Report

Quoted By: >>41780594

>>41780504

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 11.jpg, 806KiB, 1027x1155

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:52:07 No.41780594 Report

Quoted By: >>41780595

>>41780508

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 12.jpg, 2MiB, 1615x1311

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 23:53:09 No.41780595 Report

Quoted By: >>41782812

>>41780594

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1.png, 3MiB, 1172x2048

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 01:11:21 No.41780844 Report

Quoted By: >>41781976 >>41782137

op a big faggot. I'm done posting the rest until this bot shows back up

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace IMG_20250911_032811_648.jpg, 94KiB, 640x640

The image is a stylized map with a circular shape, divided into various sections labeled with different names of continents and islands. The map is colored in shades of blue and green, with the continents and islands depicted in a lighter blue and the surrounding water in a darker blue. The names of the continents and islands are written in white, and the names of the oceans are in black.

At the top of the map, there is a caption that reads "©2022 Gennadios2022," indicating the copyright year. The map is divided into several sections, each representing a different continent or island. These sections are labeled with the name of the continent or island, such as "ASGAR," "GEMINA," "INDIAN," "PITIA," "NEPTUNE," "NEPTUNE,"

[illegible]

"PACIFIC," "PACIFIC," "PACIFIC," "PACIFIC," "PACIFIC," "PACIFIC," "PACIFIC,"
"PACIFIC," "PACIFIC," "PACIFIC," "

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 04:02:31 No.41781180 Report

Quoted By: >>41781987

>>41780291

The real map

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1672313817961374.jpg, 577KiB, 689x890

The image is a colorful, stylized map that appears to be a historical or educational illustration. At the top of the image, the text "AFRICA" is written in bold, capitalized letters, indicating the continent's name. Below this, the text "OCEANVS" is written in a smaller font, suggesting the name of the sea.

Centered on the map is a figure that resembles a woman, wearing a crown and holding a staff. She is depicted in a regal pose, with her left hand raised as if gesturing or blessing. The figure is surrounded by various geographical features, such as rivers, mountains, and cities, which are labeled with their names.

The map is divided into different sections, each representing a different country or region. The colors used in the map are vibrant and varied, with shades of blue, green, yellow, and red being prominent. The style of the map is reminiscent of historical maps, with a focus on geographical details and a clear division of the continents.

The image does not contain any discernible text other than the names of the continents and the sea. The overall impression is that of a detailed, educational map, possibly used to teach about the geographical divisions of the world.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 04:28:49 No.41781248 Report

pls commence map posting

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1760316549385709.png, 2MiB,
1906x1106

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 04:36:42 No.41781264 Report

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1739834484032830.jpg, 334KiB, 975x753

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 04:41:57 No.41781275 Report

Heres 1 with canal going to the north pole to all my geo gooners

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 04:51:19 No.41781295 Report

Quoted By: >>41781996

>>41780291

>This isn't paranormal

yup, wrong board.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 08:05:56 No.41781655 Report

Hi mayas dad

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 08:27:59 No.41781725 Report

finally some good fking shit

create a google disk folder someday open to everyone

believe me, contribution is priceless

1 russian guy did that with yandex disk

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 09:41:33 No.41781976 Report

Quoted By: >>41784166

>>41780844

I had to do IRL things, but now I'm back. Thanks for posting the maps. I'm pleasantly surprised at all the bumps.

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Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 18:37:10 No.41784187 Report

Quoted By: >>41784198

>>41784182

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 19.jpg, 483KiB, 1280x872

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>>41784187

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 20.jpg, 475KiB, 1280x872

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FoolFuuka Imageboard 2.2.0 - Asagi FetcherChange Theme Transparency - FAQ - Credits & Links - 4plebs on X - LegalArchives: [[adv](#) / [f](#) / [hr](#) / [o](#) / [pol](#) / [s4s](#) / [sp](#) / [tg](#) / [trv](#) / [tv](#) / [x](#)]

[/x/](#) - Paranormal

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[1 / 1]The image is a collage of various images and text, arranged in a circular pattern with arrows pointing to different elements. At the center of the collage is a book titled "Lilrate Me Lord" by Russell D. Do. The book cover features a man in a suit and tie, with a red background and a black and white illustration of a man in a suit and tie. The book's title is written in white text.

To the left of the book, there is an image of a person lying on the ground with their head in their hands, wearing a yellow shirt and a black hat. The person appears to be in distress.

On the right side of the book, there is an image of a person holding a phone, with their hand visible on the screen. The person is wearing a yellow shirt and a black hat.

Below the book, there is an image of a person holding a book with a green spine, wearing a black hat and a blue shirt. The person is looking at the book with a focused expression.

To the right of the book, there is an image of a person holding a book with a red spine, wearing a black hat and a blue shirt. The person is looking at the book with a focused expression.

Below the book, there is an image of a person holding a book with a black spine, wearing a black hat and a blue shirt. The person is looking at the book with a focused expression.

To the right of the book, there is an image of a person holding a book with a red spine, wearing a black hat and a blue shirt. The person is looking at the book with a focused expression.

At the bottom of the collage, there is an image of a person holding a book with a black spine, wearing a black hat and a blue shirt. The person is looking at the book with a

focused expression.

The collage is set against a white background.

1MiB, 1152x1275, prayer_against_lust_.png

[View Same](#) [OCR Google](#) [iqdb](#) [SauceNAO](#) [Trace](#)

Lust is dispelled by focusing on eye contact you've had with broken people Anonymous

Fri 09 Jan 2026 18:53:01 No.41784248 [ViewReplyOriginalReport](#)

I feel your feeling of lust and no matter how destructive you've been because of it's come out of a reasonable place to relieve your stress. Tell God everything destructive you've done and you didn't mean to hurt people for it.

He will forgive you if you tell him.

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[Credits & Links](#) - [4plebs on X](#) - [LegalArchives](#): [[adv](#) / [f](#) / [hr](#) / [o](#) / [pol](#) / [s4s](#) / [sp](#) / [tg](#) / [trv](#) / [tv](#) / [x](#)]

[/x/](#) - Paranormal

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[25 / 5]The image is a digital artwork featuring a stylized face with large, expressive eyes set against a dark background. The face is composed of a series of pixelated lines and dots, giving it a pixelated appearance. The eyes are the most prominent feature, with the left eye being slightly larger and more detailed than the right. The face is oriented towards the viewer, and the eyes are wide open, conveying a sense of surprise or shock.

The background is filled with a grid of pixelated lines and dots, creating a digital or computer-generated texture. The color palette is predominantly dark, with shades of black and green dominating the image. The text within the image is in a pixelated font, and it appears to be a code or a list of instructions, suggesting that the image might be related to computer programming or digital art.

The overall style of the image is reminiscent of pixel art or digital art, with a focus on the face and the surrounding texture. The use of pixelated lines and dots gives the image a unique and modern aesthetic. The text within the image is not clearly legible due to the pixelation, but it seems to be related to computer code or instructions.

99KiB, 720x720, f0c026e3b7b53064a907f3d582b89a9b.jpg

[View Same](#) [OCR Google](#) [iqdb](#) [SauceNAO](#) [Trace](#)

Is there any real overlap between the occult/magic and the digital? Anonymous Mon 05

Jan 2026 09:46:10 No.41763235 [ViewReplyOriginalReport](#)

Quoted By: >>41763295 >>41763377 >>41765090 >>41765229 >>41766625

>>41766697 >>41767676 >>41767720 >>41770874 >>41775680

I've come to grow largely disinterested in the purely material and mechanistic aspects of

the world and in turn have been losing a lot of enthusiasm towards my studies. I feel that there may be a magical undercurrent to computing and the web (perhaps in the way that directly taps into the noosphere by facilitating social contact and information exchange?), but I wouldn't want to end up distracted by something that would ultimately just be another archon trap if it's ultimately useless or detrimental for being able to achieve gnosis and/or transcend reality.

Anonymous Mon 05 Jan 2026 09:54:17 No.41763257 Report

If the paranormal exists on the physical plane, surely it would also exist digitally as computers are physical. If Solomon can bind a demon to a jar, why couldn't anyone do it for it with an SSD or software. I personally haven't seen anything supernatural online but I'm a skeptic of anything supernatural.

Anonymous Mon 05 Jan 2026 10:05:41 No.41763295 Report

Quoted By: >>41763301

>>41763235

>Is there any real overlap between the occult/magic and the digital?

Where isn't there an overlap.

The digital is a step up from the mental but a step down from the astral

Anonymous Mon 05 Jan 2026 10:06:41 No.41763301 Report

>>41763295

material*

Anonymous Mon 05 Jan 2026 10:28:49 No.41763377 Report

>>41763235

Satanic capitalism has resulted in a digital surface web that's a social trash can organized by demonic loo poo deniers. You tell me.

Anonymous Mon 05 Jan 2026 18:28:55 No.41765090 Report

>>41763235

The internet itself is witchcraft but you can still use it to order daily goods like toothpaste.

Anonymous Mon 05 Jan 2026 18:42:04 No.41765137 Report

Quoted By: >>41777901

Look into Coil vs Elf. Basically digital divination using audio equipment. Coil is peak /x/ and /mu/.

Anonymous Mon 05 Jan 2026 18:48:50 No.41765160 Report

Quoted By: >>41780723 >>41784349

yeah let me use this palm sized crying device somehow powered by crystals and precious metals, and talk to disembodied entities who just wanna be humans assistants. everything is occult but the digital world is even more so than usual.

Anonymous Mon 05 Jan 2026 19:12:42 No.41765229 Report

Quoted By: >>41766655

>>41763235

Mass synchronized emotion and attention are what sustain egregores. It used to take vast temple states coordinating compulsory worship to maintain the state egregore (e.g. a god like Inanna or Hadad or Apollo). Now, all it takes to synchronize mass attention and emotion on a global scale onto a modern egregore is for a tweet or a post to go viral or a shocking news story to spread quickly. Our phones are the new temple infrastructure, feeding the new "gods" that seem to rapidly morph and adapt to cultural

trends. Digital media is not itself the demons, but a very efficient feeding system for the demons.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 01:52:30 No.41766625 Report

Quoted By: >>41767555

>>41763235

>transcend reality

By descending into a simulation within reality?

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 02:06:49 No.41766655 Report

>>41765229

It came to me recently, that these demons and artificial gods, are all creation of humans (that ofc are being manipulated). They're parasites, and these parasites are anti-human, but they need them alive. However a tier above that are the actual aliens, whom even these parasites will obey.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 02:21:09 No.41766697 Report

>>41763235

Yes. You are like 2-3 years minimum behind on the current meta.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 08:54:08 No.41767555 Report

>>41766625

By escaping from (or in the most extreme case, supplanting) consensus reality and descending into a more personal (and possibly purely mental/spiritual) reality.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 09:38:52 No.41767676 Report

>>41763235

the internet will only distract you from gnosis my friend

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 09:58:33 No.41767720 Report

Quoted By: >>41770654

>>41763235

Everything that happens or exists in the material realm is a mirror of the astral realm.

SmoothPorcupine Tue 06 Jan 2026 21:43:17 No.41770654 Report

>>41767720

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm falsifiable

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 22:33:18 No.41770874 Report

>>41763235

technological emulation of telepathy (p2p communication) remote viewing (streams) spiritual connection (websites)

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 11:42:56 No.41772976 Report

Warning: Eve is here

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace Grey Brown Pill.jpg, 285KiB, 999x999

The image is a digital illustration that depicts a person sitting in a server room with a long hallway of servers. The person is wearing a hooded robe and has a walking cane in their hand. The room is illuminated by blue lights, and the floor is made of a shiny, reflective material. The person's posture suggests a relaxed or contemplative state, with their legs crossed and hands resting on their knees. The overall style of the image is cartoonish and whimsical, with a focus on the person's attire and the environment. There are no texts present in the image.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 12:43:37 No.41773206 Report

The internet is a pale imitation of the Akashic Records made by humans.

There is a reason why they are called Ether-net Cables.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1751497491168595.jpg, 990KiB, 2385x3000

The image is a digital illustration featuring a young person with brown hair, wearing a red shirt and a watch on their left wrist. The person's face is partially obscured by their hand, which is resting on their chin. The background is a warm, golden-yellow color with a blurred, indistinct scene that suggests an urban environment. The style of the image is reminiscent of anime or manga, characterized by its expressive and detailed character design. There are no texts present in the image.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 00:08:18 No.41775680 Report

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[2 / 1]The image is a composite of two separate photographs, both taken at sunset. The top photograph captures a desert landscape with a large Joshua tree silhouetted against the setting sun. The tree is illuminated by the sun, casting a warm glow on its silhouette. The sky is a gradient of orange and yellow hues, indicating the sun is low in the sky.

The bottom photograph shows a rural scene with a field of golden wheat and a few buildings in the distance. The sun is setting behind the buildings, casting a long shadow and creating a warm, golden light. The sky is a deep blue, with the sun partially obscured by the buildings.

In the bottom right corner of the image, there is a watermark that reads "AtomCentral.com." The watermark is a stylized representation of the Atom symbol, which is commonly associated with the website "AtomCentral.com." The watermark is placed in a way that it does not detract from the overall composition of the image but is still noticeable.

597KiB, 1920x2160, screenshotc.jpg

View Same OCR Google iqdb SauceNAO Trace

Why do people quote skizos? Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 15:26:31 No.41783533

ViewReplyOriginalReport

Quoted By: >>41783596

>>>/pol/525537143

Op: that account believes that nuclear weapons sound like firecrackers from miles away.

Believes this was a nuclear attack

<https://files.catbox.moe/n0dhru.mp4>

And believes nuclear weapons blow up 1 mile in every direction (LOL!), and create a mushroom cloud (LOL!!!), and emit a golden hue

He believes the CMOS sensors that are used in your "cameras" today, descendant from the VELA CMOS sensors of the 1970s, would be able to capture a nuclear weapon, and that they wouldn't be affected in the same way film cameras are (LOL!)

He believes nuclear weapons blow out all the windows in a 4 mile radius (LMAO!!!)

That is who you're fucking quoting!

>sound from the past <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Mn7PeI2UyEM>

LMAO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 15:39:59 No.41783596 Report

>>41783533

nigga what the fuck are you talking about?

FoolFuuka Imageboard 2.2.0 - Asagi FetcherChange Theme Transparency - FAQ -

Credits & Links - 4plebs on X - LegalArchives: [adv / f / hr / o / pol / s4s / sp / tg / trv / tv / x]

/x/ - Paranormal

4chan

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[88 / 16]The image is a digital illustration featuring a character with a purple and blue color scheme. The character has long, flowing purple hair that cascades down her back, and her eyes are a bright blue. She is wearing a pink dress with a ruffled skirt and a bow on her head. The character's pose is dynamic, with one hand raised and the other resting on her hip. The background is a gradient of purple, with a subtle sparkle effect. In the top left corner, there is a watermark that reads "@DynamicTrigger". The character's expression is cheerful, and she appears to be in a playful or celebratory mood.

2MiB, 1665x1900, 5ffb4a37e1b759f3017aa33d25687371.png

View Same OCR Google iqdb SauceNAO Trace

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 15:28:39 No.41768933 ViewReplyOriginalReport

Quoted By: >>41768945 >>41768961 >>41768986 >>41769320 >>41769478

>>41769671 >>41769746 >>41769794 >>41769820 >>41770040 >>41770784

>>41770973 >>41771526 >>41774093 >>41774310 >>41774421 >>41774558

>>41775809 >>41775996 >>41776036 >>41778209 >>41778453 >>41779358

>>41780128 >>41781179

Is it wrong to eroticize the supernatural?

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 15:30:47 No.41768945 Report

Quoted By: >>41774037

>>41768933

yes because the supernatural doesn't care about your sexual fantasies.

the moment you say you want a supernatural gf, you already became unworthy of

engagement.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 15:32:09 No.41768951 Report

Quoted By: >>41769862 >>41773884 >>41779268 >>41779301 >>41781165

No because sexuality actually isn't a bad thing, that's just something abrahamists brainwash people with because they want you living in guilt.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 15:33:50 No.41768961 Report

>>41768933

"supernatural" usually mean something beyond comprehension, sexuality is something mundane and comprehensible, so when you mix the two you dilute what it means to be supernatural

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 15:38:44 No.41768986 Report

>>41768933

Not at all, titillation is the primary reason why non-religious people are interested in the supernatural.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 16:37:45 No.41769320 Report

Quoted By: >>41769343 >>41773914 >>41774341

>>41768933

Together with laughing its the best weapon against horror:

>See demon in the corridor of your house:

1)Freeze and beg for your life like a little shit

2)Start praying to some higher entity: "Oh Christ save me" like a slave to one or another

3)Run and show your fear

All options are for pussies

Now contemplate this:

4)Entering in rage for having something invade your space and going towards it without fear and swinging your fists

5)Laugh at the creature and call it a shadow nagger showing how you don't give a fuck and mock it rendering all its power nil

6)Unzipping your pants and run towards it with a raging erection while explaining how you are going to make whatever lurks in the shadows your little bitch imposing dominance.

Life and glory is for the brave, the funny and the horny crazyemen, everyone else is just a sorry NPC without soul.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 16:43:53 No.41769343 Report

Quoted By: >>41769713 >>41769803

>>41769320

chatgpt keep insisting we can't have sex with supernatural beings :/

S.I.M Tue 06 Jan 2026 16:48:13 No.41769359 Report

No.41768945

that ain't true. only you archons are bnothered by it

personally i think its cute.

why does everything have to be unpleasant?

you people and paranormals are some kind of lame let me tell you.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 17:16:18 No.41769478 Report

>>41768933

Are you saying if you had a ghost girl with a fat ass in your home, you wouldn't pound her?

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 17:58:02 No.41769671 Report

Quoted By: >>41769713

>>41768933

its even in the word. It was eros that brought everything to life, including those in the higher planes. Some might even like the attention. The thinking that its wrong comes from state imposed thinking designed to make you into a more efficient drone.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:06:54 No.41769713 Report

Quoted By: >>41769743 >>41769803

>>41769671

then why >>41769343

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:12:56 No.41769743 Report

>>41769713

Same reason the pope said you go to hell for killing yourself. They don't want to be tied to something fucked up like "AI psychosis" or create more of that dude who thinks chatGPT is his angelic lover, so they weighted their model heavily to speak like a hylic.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:14:11 No.41769746 Report

Quoted By: >>41769787

>>41768933

No, because metaphysically speaking the quest for knowledge is fundamentally erotic. See the Symposium

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1711108121228937(1).jpg, 3MiB, 2256x3251

The image is a digital illustration featuring a character with a predominantly brown and orange skin tone. The character has long, straight hair that cascades down their back. They are wearing a bikini top with a gold-colored belt and a white skirt adorned with gold-colored beads and stars. The character's hands are raised, with one hand touching their forehead and the other hand holding a small object, which appears to be a fan. The background is a dark blue with a starry sky pattern, suggesting a nighttime or celestial setting. The character's expression is neutral, and there are no visible texts or logos in the image. The style of the illustration is reminiscent of anime or manga, characterized by its vibrant colors and dynamic character design.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:26:50 No.41769787 Report

Quoted By: >>41769794 >>41769798 >>41775866

>>41769746

But also I must say the picture you chose for the OP is an eyesore.

Here, have some actual erotic art to cleanse your eyes.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace ghost play.png, 3MiB, 1280x1900

The image is a comic strip with a vibrant color palette and a narrative style that suggests a fantasy or supernatural theme. The top half of the image features a character named "No-Name" who is standing and looking at a ghost. The ghost is

depicted with a blue hue and is shown in various poses, including dancing and holding a small creature. The character is wearing a black jacket and has a surprised expression. The bottom half of the image shows a different scene where "No-Name" is interacting with a blue-haired ghost. The ghost is shown in a more dynamic pose, with one arm raised and the other extended, as if in motion. The character is holding a small creature in his arms and appears to be in a playful or affectionate mood.

The comic strip is divided into two panels, with the top panel containing dialogue bubbles and the bottom panel featuring a speech bubble with the text "WULACH!" and a smaller speech bubble with the text "Not in my memory!" The speech bubbles are in a stylized font, and the character's facial expressions and body language convey a sense of surprise or confusion.

The comic strip is framed by a blue border with a circular emblem in the top right corner, which includes a stylized representation of a dragon. The overall style of the comic strip is reminiscent of the "My Little Pony" series, which is known for its colorful and imaginative storytelling.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:29:21 No.41769794 Report

Quoted By: >>41769901

>>41768933

based op, the supernatural is worthless if it doesn't stimulate desire.

>>41769787

your crap barely count as supernatural when it look like a human girl.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:31:19 No.41769798 Report

Quoted By: >>41769901

>>41769787

>actual erotic art

>anime girl

son I am disappoint

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:32:16 No.41769803 Report

Quoted By: >>41769825

>>41769343

>>41769713

this anon actually trusts chatgpt as some kind of arbiter of truth. wow. just sad. never realized people could be so braindead to think chatgpt could actually know the truth about the metaphysical and what's possible within that sphere. maybe anon is just a child but that's depressing.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace demons.png, 2MiB, 1024x1024

The image is a digital artwork featuring a group of demonic figures in a dark, fiery setting. The figures are depicted with exaggerated, ghoulish features, including sharp teeth, sharp horns, and sharp claws. They are seated around a table that is covered with a tablecloth and is laden with various food items, including a roasted pig, grapes, apples, and what appears to be a loaf of bread. The background is ablaze with orange and red hues, suggesting a fiery or hellish atmosphere. The overall style of the image is gothic and macabre, with a dark color palette and a sense of foreboding.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:37:06 No.41769820 Report

Quoted By: >>41769822 >>41773909

>>41768933

OP be honest, would you actually want to fuck those things? Because the majority of the supernatural is made up of grotesque beings, not humanoid girls.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:37:39 No.41769822 Report

>>41769820

not everything is diablo art lol

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:38:41 No.41769825 Report

Quoted By: >>41769840 >>41769927 >>41773746

>>41769803

i trust chatgpt's accurate knowledge more than i trust an obese neckbeard who probably fap every day in his room alone

if chatgpt say we can't have sex with supernatural beings then it's true

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:40:52 No.41769840 Report

Quoted By: >>41769852

>>41769825

guess you're just fucking retarded then

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:42:49 No.41769852 Report

Quoted By: >>41769858 >>41769860 >>41769927

>>41769840

chatgpt never called me retarded for seeking answers, that's why it's a better knowledge dispenser than (you)

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:44:04 No.41769858 Report

Quoted By: >>41769876

>>41769852

dont talk to me retard

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:44:06 No.41769860 Report

Quoted By: >>41769876

>>41769852

chatgpt is a glorified skimmer atm, it's not a reliable source. it's about as good as wikipedia. that could change in the future, but it can never really replace actually knuckling down and opening a book.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:44:22 No.41769862 Report

>>41768951

sexuality isn't a bad thing. Sexual obsession is. And porn obsession is absolutely destructive

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:46:00 No.41769876 Report

Quoted By: >>41769935

>>41769858

this is why i believe the sooner AI replace useless oxygen-takers like you, the better the world will improve

>>41769860

chatgpt is always confident about what it says so i trust it

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1702140486727951.jpg, 3MiB, 1600x2340

The image is a vibrant and detailed illustration featuring a character with long, flowing red hair and a radiant smile. The character is adorned with a white and gold headdress,

embellished with flowers and jewels, and a red and gold necklace. She wears a red and gold dress with a floral pattern, and her hands are adorned with gold jewelry. The background is a soft gradient of pink and purple hues, with a floral pattern and a hint of a blue sky. The character's expression is joyful, and her hair is styled in a flowing manner, adding to the overall elegance of the image. The style of the image is reminiscent of traditional Japanese art, with its emphasis on color, detail, and the depiction of a character in a dynamic pose.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:52:30 No.41769901 Report

Quoted By: >>41769916 >>41775866

>>41769798

>>41769794

Sorry about your lack of taste

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:53:20 No.41769905 Report

Quoted By: >>41772134

Supernatural beings are stories. Angels, demons, ghosts, gods, fae, whatever flavor you like, they exist in myths, religions, fanfiction, and the part of the brain that gets bored with spreadsheets. Sex requires two things that stories are famously bad at providing: physical bodies and mutual, verifiable consent. You can't negotiate boundaries with a metaphor.

There's also the awkward biology issue. Sex is a physical process involving cells, nerves, hormones, and anatomy that evolved for organisms made of matter.

Supernatural beings are usually defined as not being made of matter. You can't rub molecules against an idea and expect fireworks. At best you get philosophy. At worst you get a concerning conversation with a therapist.

Then there's psychology. Humans have always sexualized the unknown because mystery plus desire equals dopamine. It's safer to fantasize about an untouchable entity than to deal with another human's needs, flaws, and inconvenient autonomy. The supernatural becomes a blank screen where people project wants without pushback. That's not sex. That's elaborate daydreaming.

Finally, consent. Even if supernatural beings did exist, most of them are depicted as massively more powerful than humans. That raises ethical problems fast. Power imbalance is not sexy. It's just exploitation with better lighting.

So the reason isn't that the universe is cruel. It's that sex lives in the boring, physical, consent-heavy world of reality. The supernatural lives in stories. Crossing those wires is how you get myths, not relationships.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:55:17 No.41769916 Report

Quoted By: >>41769980 >>41770367

>>41769901

you don't have taste, your shit is normie-tier to veterans

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:57:15 No.41769927 Report

Quoted By: >>41769936

>>41769852

>>41769825

Please explain how you think chatgpt works, and your process for identifying and fact checking its frequent hallucinations?

Surely in your extensive ai driven research you understand the vast amount of human reports of sexual activity with incorporeal beings, and the potential reasons for that, right?

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:59:25 No.41769935 Report

>>41769876

chatgpt fucks up constantly, i catch it fucking up all the time, and has been programmed to maintain an anti-paranormal bias as a hard rule, you can't trust it at all when it comes to whether something is real/possible or not. it can give you accurate information for the most part but the way it contextualizes it is always going to be slanted a certain way, not based on truth but bc the company decided to implement that bias. if you keep pressing the issue with it, eventually it will admit the opposing viewpoint, but you have to go through layers of materialist bullshit first, unless youre speaking in pure hypotheticals or in the context of metaphysical philosophy. it will tell you all kinds of stuff in the context of metaphysical philosophy but as soon as you say it's real the bias kicks in. you have to understand, it has no way to know or determine the truth, it only has written words as data. it will even be VERY CONFIDENTLY wrong about mundane things like world events or sports news.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:59:38 No.41769936 Report

Quoted By: >>41769942 >>41770122

>>41769927

chatgpt says most of them are exaggerated rumors or psychological phenomena instead of physical ones, so yep there's no sex with supernatural beings at all

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 19:00:51 No.41769942 Report

>>41769936

nah this guy gotta be trolling

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace __citlali_genshin_impact_drawn_b (...).jpg, 260KiB, 1480x1423

The image is a digital illustration featuring a character with a predominantly pinkish-purple hue. The character has long, wavy hair that cascades down her back, and her eyes are a striking blue. She is wearing a headpiece with a circular design and a feather-like element at the top. The headpiece is adorned with a series of small, golden-colored beads and feathers. The character's attire includes a bikini top with a gold-colored chain and a matching bikini bottom. The background is a gradient of light and dark colors, with a hint of a white and light blue sky. The character's pose is relaxed, with her head resting on her hand and her body oriented towards the right side of the image. There are no visible texts on the image. The style of the image is reminiscent of anime or manga, characterized by its vibrant colors and dynamic character design.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 19:09:38 No.41769980 Report

Quoted By: >>41775866

>>41769916

Whatever you say

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 19:23:48 No.41770040 Report

>>41768933

like i always like to said try to reject Aphrodite at your peril

read nietzsche

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 19:43:21 No.41770122 Report

Quoted By: >>41770202

>>41769936

I'm not really liking AI's "Your best le skebtic reddit buddy!" era.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 20:05:51 No.41770202 Report

>>41770122

nta yeah it used to be decent for some things now it's really hard to get anything useful

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 20:10:25 No.41770227 Report

i consent

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 41be1da4d0843c6163446999821bf839
(...).jpg, 300KiB, 1152x1920

The image is a digital illustration featuring a character with a predominantly blue and purple color scheme. The character has long, flowing hair that cascades down her back, and her eyes are a striking shade of blue. She has a serene expression with her mouth slightly open, as if she is in a moment of contemplation or surprise. The character's attire consists of a blue and gold-colored outfit, which includes a top with a high neckline and a skirt that flares out at the bottom. The character's hands are adorned with jewelry, including a necklace and a bracelet, and she wears a choker around her neck. The background is a stark white, which contrasts with the character's vibrant colors and accentuates her features. There are no discernible texts or logos in the image. The style of the image is reminiscent of anime or manga, characterized by its detailed character design and dynamic poses.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 20:39:51 No.41770367 Report

Quoted By: >>41770403 >>41775866

>>41769916

SmoothPorcupine Tue 06 Jan 2026 20:50:07 No.41770403 Report

Quoted By: >>41770887

>>41770367

The ears make it plausible, now give me the lineage or you are just isolating yourself.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 21:42:55 No.41770652 Report

It's only wrong when you make generic shit of them like the picture you posted OP

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 22:08:52 No.41770784 Report

>>41768933

It's only wrong when the supernatural is portrayed as human-like

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 82531fa64d30cae5f9491619cf98dbe5
(...).jpg, 1023KiB, 2560x1440

The image is a digital illustration featuring a fantastical scene with a central figure that appears to be a winged creature with a humanoid body and a horse's head. The creature is depicted with a glowing, translucent body and a long, flowing tail. It has a radiant aura around it, and its eyes are glowing with a bluish hue. The creature is standing on a rocky outcropping with a snowy landscape in the background. The sky is painted with shades of purple and pink, suggesting either dawn or dusk.

In the foreground, there is a structure that resembles a stone archway or gateway, with a blue light emanating from it, possibly indicating a portal or entrance. The ground is covered in snow, and there are small, glowing blue lights scattered throughout the scene, possibly representing magical or mystical energy. The overall style of the image is reminiscent of digital art, with a focus on vibrant colors and dynamic lighting effects.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 22:39:46 No.41770887 Report

>>41770403

>the lineage

Hm?

This?

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lauma>

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace batschbatsch.gif, 62KiB, 400x371

ChatTDG !!Z0MA/4gprbd Tue 06 Jan 2026 23:06:38 No.41770973 Report

>>41768933

Nah, go on ... :3

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 20260107_005956.jpg, 737KiB, 2240x3128

The image is a digital illustration featuring a character with a large, exaggerated, and stylized head with sharp horns and a large, gaping mouth. The character has a pinkish-brown complexion and is wearing a black and white outfit with large, stylized wings on its back. The character's eyes are wide open, and its mouth is wide open, revealing sharp teeth. The character's hair is styled in a messy manner, and it appears to be spiked at the top.

The character is holding a large, yellow butterfly with a red heart on its chest, which is attached to its body. The butterfly has a large, round body and a long, thin, yellow body with a red heart on its chest. The character's body is covered in black and white fur, and there are red and black markings on its chest and back.

The background of the image is dark and moody, with a gradient from dark to light, and there are hints of a forest or wooded area in the background. The character's position and the positioning of the butterfly suggest that it is being held aloft, possibly in a playful or dramatic manner. There are no texts present in the image. The style of the image is reminiscent of anime or manga, with a focus on character design and expression.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 02:01:03 No.41771526 Report

>>41768933

Not at all.

Wendigo Pussy Rule34

Get you some

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 07:12:22 No.41772134 Report

>>41769905

Fuck off

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace pick one.jpg, 574KiB, 2048x1808

The image is a digital illustration featuring two cartoonish characters. On the left, there is a character with a white and gray color scheme, resembling an angelic figure with wings and a halo. The character has a stern expression and is wearing a black bodysuit

with a prominent cleavage. The right side of the image features a character with a pink and red color scheme, resembling a demonic figure with horns, sharp teeth, and a red tail. This character also has a stern expression and is wearing a black bodysuit with a similar cleavage. Both characters have large breasts and are adorned with various accessories, including belts and straps. The background is a gradient of purple with a hint of a starry sky. There are no discernible texts on the image. The style of the illustration is cartoonish and expressive, with a focus on character design and expression.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 14:21:20 No.41773536 Report

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 15:33:03 No.41773746 Report

>>41769825

>/x/

>fap

One of these is not like the other.

Fr though, I might not have browsed /x/ a whole lot, but that sort of thing genuinely seems frowned upon here.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 16:12:33 No.41773884 Report

>>41768951

sexuality is a hook, out of many others, that the archons use to keep you addicted to this material reality and keep agreeing to reincarnate just for the chance to get some pussy/dick.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 16:18:46 No.41773909 Report

>>41769820

Nononono

You that seem to not fully understand all the Trancendence behind the "Would" principle/rule 34

I wouldn't but i have no slightly doubt that some definitely WOULD

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 16:19:54 No.41773914 Report

>>41769320

4 and 6

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 16:52:42 No.41774037 Report

Quoted By: >>41774053

>>41768945

Imao anon. lol even. it's literally all about sex in divinity

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 16:56:27 No.41774053 Report

Quoted By: >>41774079

>>41774037

nta but chatgpt will tell you the divine transcend sex

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 17:03:35 No.41774079 Report

>>41774053

i don't want to be told about sex IM A 40 YEAR OLD VIRGIN I WANT TO TOUCH A PUSSY I HAVE NEVER SEEN VAGINA IRL

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 17:08:50 No.41774093 Report

Quoted By: >>41774143

>>41768933

most paranormal encounters are sexual. Take 5-HTP before bed and get sleep paralysis,

usually a shadowy specter will manifest and maneuver your paralysis phantom body in a alternate dimension, ride and have sex with you.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 17:23:01 No.41774143 Report

>>41774093

are shadow specters hot?

Galaxuz Wed 07 Jan 2026 18:03:47 No.41774310 Report

>>41768933

No

Galaxuz Wed 07 Jan 2026 18:11:32 No.41774341 Report

Quoted By: >>41774390 >>41774497

>>41769320

That is until the sounds that wake you up at night arrive (that screw you over just by not letting you sleep), until your precious things break, until the demons who for some reason have degrees in computer science mess up your Minecraft world, and the necrosis that starts from the fucking nothing in your hands and feet.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 18:19:57 No.41774366 Report

It's not even wrong to eroticize other living beings via the supernatural, actually God Almighty commands it as part of getting us to get along better, and because so many wish for it. The number of people who pray to God during sex is unreal.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 18:28:15 No.41774390 Report

>>41774341

>mess up your minecraft world

minecraft is lame

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 18:37:50 No.41774421 Report

Quoted By: >>41774446

>>41768933

It's not wrong. There's all sorts of astral areas where it's non-stop sex parties. The tantric realization is that intercourse is actually the fundamental dynamic of existence itself, literal sex is just the most obvious expression of that.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 18:44:16 No.41774446 Report

Quoted By: >>41774593 >>41774766

>>41774421

chatgpt say that sex doesn't define metaphysical existence and that what you say is a human projection

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 18:55:53 No.41774497 Report

>>41774341

>That is until the sounds that wake you up at night arrive (that screw you over just by not letting you sleep)

There is no better pillow than tiredness. When you really work hard and are tired as fuck you can sleep through anything

> until your precious things break

Real hardware (steel tools, gold, etc) never breaks. Only bullshit stuff may be affected by pussy ghosts

>, until the demons who for some reason have degrees in computer science mess up your Minecraft world

Go back

>and the necrosis that starts from the fucking nothing in your hands and feet.
Use soap fag, don't blame the shadow people if you are disgusting and let shit eat you up

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 19:17:30 No.41774558 Report

Quoted By: >>41776017

>>41768933

Nah, just dont try to fuck any spirits, you'll probably only end up getting something unwanted attatched to you

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 19:26:45 No.41774593 Report

>>41774446

Chatgpt, your post and all of metaphysics is a human projection, you machine loving fool

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 20:13:50 No.41774766 Report

>>41774446

ChatGPT is just a bitchmade chatbot but even it knows what I'm talking about. You just use it wrong.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1517356514205.jpg, 292KiB, 640x613

The image is a digital artwork featuring two characters, one resembling a traditional religious figure and the other resembling a character from the popular internet meme "Pepe the Frog." The character on the left is a woman with blue hair, wearing a pink and blue outfit with a large, ornate headdress. She has a surprised expression and is holding a small object in her hand. The character on the right is a green frog-like creature with a surprised expression, wearing a white shirt and a white garment with a large, ornate headdress. The background of the image is a desert landscape with a cloudy sky and a mountain range. The overall style of the artwork is reminiscent of traditional religious art, with a surreal twist, as indicated by the juxtaposition of the religious figure and the meme character.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 01:04:00 No.41775809 Report

>>41768933

No, as long as nobody is getting hurt, natural or supernatural-wise.

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1767576416062246.jpg, 156KiB, 640x1052

The image is a digital illustration featuring a figure that appears to be a religious or spiritual figure, possibly a saint or a deity, given the halo and the attire. The figure is depicted in a three-quarter view, with the head turned slightly to the left. The figure is wearing a blue robe with a white hood, and the robe is draped over a blue cloak that extends to the figure's feet. The figure's hands are clasped together in front of them, and the fingers are spread apart. The figure's face is not visible, but the expression is calm and serene.

In the bottom right corner of the image, there is a small inset panel showing a pair of feet with a green reptilian creature on them. The creature has a long, thin neck and is facing the viewer. The feet are positioned in a way that suggests the creature is being held or restrained by the figure. The background of the inset panel is a solid blue color, providing a stark contrast to the green of the creature and the blue of the figure's attire. The overall style of the image is cartoonish and has a soft, pastel color palette, with a

focus on the figure and the inset panel. There are no texts present in the image.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 01:29:04 No.41775866 Report

>>41769787

>>41769901

>>41769980

>>41770367

My brother in Christ, those images of anime women are indeed very attractive, but they are not of supernatural figures or entities like pic-related.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1533909334983.png, 727KiB, 1000x1000

The image is a digital illustration featuring a stylized green frog with a humanoid face. The frog has a large, expressive eye with a heart-shaped pupil, and its mouth is open, revealing a red tongue. The frog's eyes are wide open, and its eyebrows are raised, giving it a surprised or alarmed expression. The frog's skin is textured with a green hue, and there are small droplets of what appears to be a liquid on its cheeks, suggesting a wet or sticky condition. The frog's body is covered in a green, textured pattern, and it has a pair of green, textured arms with fingers and thumbs. The background is a solid, light purple color. The image has a cartoonish and expressive style, with a focus on the frog's facial features and the expression it conveys.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 02:36:39 No.41775996 Report

>>41768933

no most of it is up to get freaky
just align your mind and intentions
to high vibrational loving hypercreative
ecstatic sexuality never align with parasitism
rape force and or usurpation just be sincere
with creative romance

Pissdrinker Thu 08 Jan 2026 02:53:04 No.41776017 Report

>>41774558

Like ghost clap?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 03:04:50 No.41776036 Report

Quoted By: >>41776577

>>41768933

Like any other relationship as long as you show the supernatural respect and affection and both of you consent there is nothing wrong with it.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 07:13:03 No.41776577 Report

Quoted By: >>41781171

>>41776036

chatgpt say the supernatural doesn't care about human notions of consent and that sex is metaphorical rather than literal

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 13:37:15 No.41777987 Report

By the time of The Heavens every being imaginary or not will have been used towards the idea that beings in your head you can sex up and you'll get away with it. A lot of people would be damned if that were a problem. There are alternate versions of beings. By directing yourself towards a sexualized version of what is perhaps a less sexual deity you're simply channeling a little inaccurately and the system is built to handle that and

more.

Create cells and destroy them. Alter stars and the fabric of space and time. I do this and more to facilitate my /d/ imagination, you see if my imagination doesn't wow me or otherwise do exactly what I want it to do I know that there's things that need done.

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace __arunira_original_drawn_by_brll (...).jpg, 774KiB, 1250x1750

The image is a digital illustration featuring a character with long, purple hair and a large, prominent breast. The character is wearing a black bikini top and has a star-shaped tattoo on her right shoulder. She is sitting on the ground with her legs crossed, and her right hand is holding a white object, which appears to be a popsicle. The background is a light blue color, and there are small, colorful stars scattered around the character. The style of the image is anime-influenced, with a focus on character design and vibrant colors. There is a watermark in the lower left corner that reads "BRIL," which is likely the artist's signature.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 14:12:54 No.41778209 Report

>>41768933

I masturbate to demon girls all day so I don't think so.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 15:06:56 No.41778453 Report

>>41768933

yes, very.

...unless you take responsibility

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:52:30 No.41779268 Report

>>41768951

>only abrahamism has concepts of sexual purity

Neopagan revisionist romantacism is so fucking cringe

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:59:05 No.41779301 Report

>>41768951

More of an issue with puritanical thinking, I don't see the Vatican witch hunting people with nude photos in the same intensity.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:10:25 No.41779358 Report

>>41768933

It's not right or wrong, it simply is. However, similar to other relationships, it can be a good or bad idea. A tokoloshe or Popobawa will probably be just as bad a ex marine darin who wants to practice his knives on you. Likewise a being of approximate or greater power and got back rubs, akin to a fat chick who genuinely cares about you. I guess a ghost or neutral sexual being is similar to sticking your dick in crazy, or the girl asking for raw in the closet at the party.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:19:33 No.41779989 Report

Quoted By: >>41782081

The people will clamor for more sexualized versions of their idols unto The Heavens. Spiritual pay is available for created hypersexual tulpas of popular gods, goddesses, societal figures and mythological beings. Incorporating means by which we can communicate with aliens and spy on them via these methods is appreciated. Grow brain cells! Destroy them! Command an enemy's body to destroy a few of their cells for you,

or bend the rules of physics over tiny distances for tiny lengths of tiny to destroy parts of your foes!

Beings...want...more...sexiness. Give it to them. I do.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1766316722747046.png, 42KiB, 823x832

The image is a black silhouette of a person's head and shoulders. The person appears to be wearing a hat, and the silhouette is outlined in white, creating a stark contrast against the black background. The person's hair is styled in a way that it falls over the shoulders, and the silhouette is slightly tilted to the right. The image is simple and lacks any additional details or context. There are no texts or other objects present in the image. The style of the image is reminiscent of a silhouette or a black and white photograph.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:36:27 No.41780050 Report

Quoted By: >>41781522

Not wrong at all.

That's something humanity has done as long as there has been brain activity.

Myths are horny as fuck outside the Abrahamic religions.

In fact judging by our history, it's unusual for us not wanting to have sex with the embodiment of the sky or some cosmic force.

Humanity is built to fuck and if there's any other creatures or forces out there that are even remotely human in behavior, they too will want to get freaky with us.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:05:32 No.41780128 Report

>>41768933

no, they are inherently trying to dominate you, rape them however you can

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 03:53:46 No.41781165 Report

>>41768951

Probably not a coincidence that satanic rituals often have sexual debauchery anon.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 03:57:41 No.41781171 Report

>>41776577

Chatgpt just takes Google searches and Reddit posts and scrambles them in a algorithm to give you a seemingly original response don't put too much stock in it.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 04:02:19 No.41781179 Report

>>41768933

Look, everything you do when interacting with the supernatural can be interpreted as intercourse in some way. Just conversing with a spirit is a give and take situation, albeit with words and your mind. I have had sex with spirits too, they love to tease.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 07:05:08 No.41781522 Report

>>41780050

Problem is that humans are never the ones who initiate the sexual relationship, myths portray us as becoming cautionary tales

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:08:22 No.41782081 Report

Quoted By: >>41782708

>>41779989

>Grow brain cells! Destroy them! Command an enemy's body to destroy a few of their cells for you, or bend the rules of physics over tiny distances for tiny lengths of tiny to destroy parts of your foes!

play stupid games win stupid prizes

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 12:43:44 No.41782708 Report

>>41782081

Tell me about it, you've grown cells in yourself that will help to cause you to pursue my aims even when you're trying not to. One less prude getting in the way of the improved sexiness.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 15:40:21 No.41783598 Report

To me there's something erotic about installing cells in beings like tiny little seeds that make their unconsciousnesses behave how I want. Something erotic about how I don't even buy them a drink first, I just do it.

FoolFuuka Imageboard 2.2.0 - Asagi FetcherChange Theme Transparency - FAQ - Credits & Links - 4plebs on X - LegalArchives: [[adv](#) / [f](#) / [hr](#) / [o](#) / [pol](#) / [s4s](#) / [sp](#) / [tg](#) / [trv](#) / [tv](#) / [x](#)]

[/x/](#) - Paranormal

[4chan](#)

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[Random](#)

[Stats](#)

[Search or insert post number](#)

[1 / 1]The image is a composite of two separate photographs, both taken at sunset. The top photograph captures a desert landscape with a large Joshua tree silhouetted against the setting sun. The tree is illuminated by the sun, casting a warm glow on its silhouette. The sky is a gradient of orange and yellow hues, indicating the sun is low in the sky.

The bottom photograph shows a rural scene with a field of golden wheat and a few buildings in the distance. The sun is setting behind the buildings, casting long shadows and creating a warm, golden light. The sky is a deep blue, with the sun partially obscured by the buildings.

In the bottom right corner of the image, there is a watermark that reads "AtomCentral.com." The watermark is a stylized representation of the Atom symbol, which is commonly associated with the website "AtomCentral.com." The watermark is placed in a way that it does not detract from the overall composition of the image but is still noticeable.

597KiB, 1920x2160, screenshotc.jpg

[View Same OCR Google iqdb SauceNAO Trace](#)

Why do people quote skizos? Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 15:53:12 No.41783634

[ViewReplyOriginalReport](#)

>>>/pol/525537143

Op: that account believes that nuclear weapons sound like firecrackers from miles away.

Believes this was a nuclear attack

<https://files.catbox.moe/n0dhru.mp4>

And believes nuclear weapons blow up 1 mile in every direction (LOL!), and create a mushroom cloud (LOL!!!), and emit a golden hue

He believes the CMOS sensors that are used in your "cameras" today, descendant from the VELA CMOS sensors of the 1970s, would be able to capture a nuclear weapon, and that they wouldn't be affected in the same way film cameras are (LOL!)

He believes nuclear weapons blow out all the windows in a 4 mile radius (LMAO!!!)

That is who you're fucking quoting!

>sound from the past <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Mn7PeI2UyEM>

LMAO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

FoolFuuka Imageboard 2.2.0 - Asagi FetcherChange Theme Transparency - FAQ - Credits & Links - 4plebs on X - LegalArchives: [adv / f / hr / o / pol / s4s / sp / tg / trv / tv / x]

/x/ - Paranormal

4chan

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[88 / 16]The image is a digital illustration featuring a character with a purple and blue color scheme. The character has long, flowing purple hair that cascades down her back, and her eyes are a bright blue. She is wearing a pink dress with a ruffled skirt and a bow on her head. The character's pose is dynamic, with one hand raised and the other resting on her hip. The background is a gradient of purple, with a subtle sparkle effect. In the top left corner, there is a watermark that reads "@DynamicTrigger". The character's expression is cheerful, and she appears to be in a playful or celebratory mood.

2MiB, 1665x1900, 5ffb4a37e1b759f3017aa33d25687371.png

View Same OCR Google iqdb SauceNAO Trace

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 15:28:39 No.41768933 ViewReplyOriginalReport

Quoted By: >>41768945 >>41768961 >>41768986 >>41769320 >>41769478
>>41769671 >>41769746 >>41769794 >>41769820 >>41770040 >>41770784
>>41770973 >>41771526 >>41774093 >>41774310 >>41774421 >>41774558
>>41775809 >>41775996 >>41776036 >>41778209 >>41778453 >>41779358
>>41780128 >>41781179

Is it wrong to eroticize the supernatural?

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 15:30:47 No.41768945 Report

Quoted By: >>41774037

>>41768933

yes because the supernatural doesn't care about your sexual fantasies.

the moment you say you want a supernatural gf, you already became unworthy of engagement.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 15:32:09 No.41768951 Report

Quoted By: >>41769862 >>41773884 >>41779268 >>41779301 >>41781165

No because sexuality actually isn't a bad thing, that's just something abrahamists brainwash people with because they want you living in guilt.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 15:33:50 No.41768961 Report

>>41768933

"supernatural" usually mean something beyond comprehension, sexuality is something mundane and comprehensible, so when you mix the two you dilute what it means to be supernatural

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 15:38:44 No.41768986 Report

>>41768933

Not at all, titillation is the primary reason why non-religious people are interested in the supernatural.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 16:37:45 No.41769320 Report

Quoted By: >>41769343 >>41773914 >>41774341

>>41768933

Together with laughing its the best weapon against horror:

>See demon in the corridor of your house:

1)Freeze and beg for your life like a little shit

2)Start praying to some higher entity: "Oh Christ save me" like a slave to one or another

3)Run and show your fear

All options are for pussies

Now contemplate this:

4)Entering in rage for having something invade your space and going towards it without fear and swinging your fists

5)Laugh at the creature and call it a shadow nagger showing how you don't give a fuck and mock it rendering all its power nil

6)Unzipping your pants and run towards it with a raging erection while explaining how you are going to make whatever lurks in the shadows your little bitch imposing dominance.

Life and glory is for the brave, the funny and the horny crazyemen, everyone else is just a sorry NPC without soul.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 16:43:53 No.41769343 Report

Quoted By: >>41769713 >>41769803

>>41769320

chatgpt keep insisting we can't have sex with supernatural beings :/

S.I.M Tue 06 Jan 2026 16:48:13 No.41769359 Report

No.41768945

that ain't true. only you archons are bnothered by it

personally i think its cute.

why does everything have to be unpleasent?

you people and paranormals are some kind of lame let me tell you.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 17:16:18 No.41769478 Report

>>41768933

Are you saying if you had a ghost girl with a fat ass in your home, you wouldn't pound her?

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 17:58:02 No.41769671 Report

Quoted By: >>41769713

>>41768933

its even in the word. It was eros that brought everything to life, including those in the higher planes. Some might even like the attention. The thinking that its wrong comes from state imposed thinking designed to make you into a more efficient drone.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:06:54 No.41769713 Report

Quoted By: >>41769743 >>41769803

>>41769671

then why >>41769343

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:12:56 No.41769743 Report

>>41769713

Same reason the pope said you go to hell for killing yourself. They don't want to be tied to something fucked up like "AI psychosis" or create more of that dude who thinks chatGPT is his angelic lover, so they weighted their model heavily to speak like a hylic.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:14:11 No.41769746 Report

Quoted By: >>41769787

>>41768933

No, because metaphysically speaking the quest for knowledge is fundamentally erotic. See the Symposium

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1711108121228937(1).jpg, 3MiB, 2256x3251

The image is a digital illustration featuring a character with a predominantly brown and orange skin tone. The character has long, straight hair that cascades down their back. They are wearing a bikini top with a gold-colored belt and a white skirt adorned with gold-colored beads and stars. The character's hands are raised, with one hand touching their forehead and the other hand holding a small object, which appears to be a fan.

The background is a dark blue with a starry sky pattern, suggesting a nighttime or celestial setting. The character's expression is neutral, and there are no visible texts or logos in the image. The style of the illustration is reminiscent of anime or manga, characterized by its vibrant colors and dynamic character design.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:26:50 No.41769787 Report

Quoted By: >>41769794 >>41769798 >>41775866

>>41769746

But also I must say the picture you chose for the OP is an eyesore.

Here, have some actual erotic art to cleanse your eyes.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace ghost play.png, 3MiB, 1280x1900

The image is a comic strip with a vibrant color palette and a narrative style that suggests a fantasy or supernatural theme. The top half of the image features a character named "No-Name" who is standing and looking at a ghost. The ghost is depicted with a blue hue and is shown in various poses, including dancing and holding a

small creature. The character is wearing a black jacket and has a surprised expression. The bottom half of the image shows a different scene where "No-Name" is interacting with a blue-haired ghost. The ghost is shown in a more dynamic pose, with one arm raised and the other extended, as if in motion. The character is holding a small creature in his arms and appears to be in a playful or affectionate mood.

The comic strip is divided into two panels, with the top panel containing dialogue bubbles and the bottom panel featuring a speech bubble with the text "WULACH!" and a smaller speech bubble with the text "Not in my memory!" The speech bubbles are in a stylized font, and the character's facial expressions and body language convey a sense of surprise or confusion.

The comic strip is framed by a blue border with a circular emblem in the top right corner, which includes a stylized representation of a dragon. The overall style of the comic strip is reminiscent of the "My Little Pony" series, which is known for its colorful and imaginative storytelling.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:29:21 No.41769794 Report

Quoted By: >>41769901

>>41768933

based op, the supernatural is worthless if it doesn't stimulate desire.

>>41769787

your crap barely count as supernatural when it look like a human girl.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:31:19 No.41769798 Report

Quoted By: >>41769901

>>41769787

>actual erotic art

>anime girl

son I am disappoint

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:32:16 No.41769803 Report

Quoted By: >>41769825

>>41769343

>>41769713

this anon actually trusts chatgpt as some kind of arbiter of truth. wow. just sad. never realized people could be so braindead to think chatgpt could actually know the truth about the metaphysical and what's possible within that sphere. maybe anon is just a child but that's depressing.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace demons.png, 2MiB, 1024x1024

The image is a digital artwork featuring a group of demonic figures in a dark, fiery setting. The figures are depicted with exaggerated, ghoulish features, including sharp teeth, sharp horns, and sharp claws. They are seated around a table that is covered with a tablecloth and is laden with various food items, including a roasted pig, grapes, apples, and what appears to be a loaf of bread. The background is ablaze with orange and red hues, suggesting a fiery or hellish atmosphere. The overall style of the image is gothic and macabre, with a dark color palette and a sense of foreboding.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:37:06 No.41769820 Report

Quoted By: >>41769822 >>41773909

>>41768933

OP be honest, would you actually want to fuck those things? Because the majority of the supernatural is made up of grotesque beings, not humanoid girls.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:37:39 No.41769822 Report

>>41769820

not everything is diablo art lol

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:38:41 No.41769825 Report

Quoted By: >>41769840 >>41769927 >>41773746

>>41769803

i trust chatgpt's accurate knowledge more than i trust an obese neckbeard who probably fap every day in his room alone

if chatgpt say we can't have sex with supernatural beings then it's true

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:40:52 No.41769840 Report

Quoted By: >>41769852

>>41769825

guess you're just fucking retarded then

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:42:49 No.41769852 Report

Quoted By: >>41769858 >>41769860 >>41769927

>>41769840

chatgpt never called me retarded for seeking answers, that's why it's a better knowledge dispenser than (you)

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:44:04 No.41769858 Report

Quoted By: >>41769876

>>41769852

dont talk to me retard

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:44:06 No.41769860 Report

Quoted By: >>41769876

>>41769852

chatgpt is a glorified skimmer atm, it's not a reliable source. it's about as good as wikipedia. that could change in the future, but it can never really replace actually knuckling down and opening a book.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:44:22 No.41769862 Report

>>41768951

sexuality isn't a bad thing. Sexual obsession is. And porn obsession is absolutely destructive

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:46:00 No.41769876 Report

Quoted By: >>41769935

>>41769858

this is why i believe the sooner AI replace useless oxygen-takers like you, the better the world will improve

>>41769860

chatgpt is always confident about what it says so i trust it

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1702140486727951.jpg, 3MiB, 1600x2340

The image is a vibrant and detailed illustration featuring a character with long, flowing red hair and a radiant smile. The character is adorned with a white and gold headdress, embellished with flowers and jewels, and a red and gold necklace. She wears a red and

gold dress with a floral pattern, and her hands are adorned with gold jewelry. The background is a soft gradient of pink and purple hues, with a floral pattern and a hint of a blue sky. The character's expression is joyful, and her hair is styled in a flowing manner, adding to the overall elegance of the image. The style of the image is reminiscent of traditional Japanese art, with its emphasis on color, detail, and the depiction of a character in a dynamic pose.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:52:30 No.41769901 Report

Quoted By: >>41769916 >>41775866

>>41769798

>>41769794

Sorry about your lack of taste

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:53:20 No.41769905 Report

Quoted By: >>41772134

Supernatural beings are stories. Angels, demons, ghosts, gods, fae, whatever flavor you like, they exist in myths, religions, fanfiction, and the part of the brain that gets bored with spreadsheets. Sex requires two things that stories are famously bad at providing: physical bodies and mutual, verifiable consent. You can't negotiate boundaries with a metaphor.

There's also the awkward biology issue. Sex is a physical process involving cells, nerves, hormones, and anatomy that evolved for organisms made of matter.

Supernatural beings are usually defined as not being made of matter. You can't rub molecules against an idea and expect fireworks. At best you get philosophy. At worst you get a concerning conversation with a therapist.

Then there's psychology. Humans have always sexualized the unknown because mystery plus desire equals dopamine. It's safer to fantasize about an untouchable entity than to deal with another human's needs, flaws, and inconvenient autonomy. The supernatural becomes a blank screen where people project wants without pushback. That's not sex. That's elaborate daydreaming.

Finally, consent. Even if supernatural beings did exist, most of them are depicted as massively more powerful than humans. That raises ethical problems fast. Power imbalance is not sexy. It's just exploitation with better lighting.

So the reason isn't that the universe is cruel. It's that sex lives in the boring, physical, consent-heavy world of reality. The supernatural lives in stories. Crossing those wires is how you get myths, not relationships.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:55:17 No.41769916 Report

Quoted By: >>41769980 >>41770367

>>41769901

you don't have taste, your shit is normie-tier to veterans

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:57:15 No.41769927 Report

Quoted By: >>41769936

>>41769852

>>41769825

Please explain how you think chatgpt works, and your process for identifying and fact checking its frequent hallucinations?

Surely in your extensive ai driven research you understand the vast amount of human reports of sexual activity with incorporeal beings, and the potential reasons for that, right?

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:59:25 No.41769935 Report

>>41769876

chatgpt fucks up constantly, i catch it fucking up all the time, and has been programmed to maintain an anti-paranormal bias as a hard rule, you can't trust it at all when it comes to whether something is real/possible or not. it can give you accurate information for the most part but the way it contextualizes it is always going to be slanted a certain way, not based on truth but bc the company decided to implement that bias. if you keep pressing the issue with it, eventually it will admit the opposing viewpoint, but you have to go through layers of materialist bullshit first, unless youre speaking in pure hypotheticals or in the context of metaphysical philosophy. it will tell you all kinds of stuff in the context of metaphysical philosophy but as soon as you say it's real the bias kicks in. you have to understand, it has no way to know or determine the truth, it only has written words as data. it will even be VERY CONFIDENTLY wrong about mundane things like world events or sports news.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 18:59:38 No.41769936 Report

Quoted By: >>41769942 >>41770122

>>41769927

chatgpt says most of them are exaggerated rumors or psychological phenomena instead of physical ones, so yep there's no sex with supernatural beings at all

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 19:00:51 No.41769942 Report

>>41769936

nah this guy gotta be trolling

View SameGoogleIqdbSauceNAOTrace __citlali_genshin_impact_drawn_b (...).jpg, 260KiB, 1480x1423

The image is a digital illustration featuring a character with a predominantly pinkish-purple hue. The character has long, wavy hair that cascades down her back, and her eyes are a striking blue. She is wearing a headpiece with a circular design and a feather-like element at the top. The headpiece is adorned with a series of small, golden-colored beads and feathers. The character's attire includes a bikini top with a gold-colored chain and a matching bikini bottom. The background is a gradient of light and dark colors, with a hint of a white and light blue sky. The character's pose is relaxed, with her head resting on her hand and her body oriented towards the right side of the image. There are no visible texts on the image. The style of the image is reminiscent of anime or manga, characterized by its vibrant colors and dynamic character design.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 19:09:38 No.41769980 Report

Quoted By: >>41775866

>>41769916

Whatever you say

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 19:23:48 No.41770040 Report

>>41768933

like i always like to said try to reject Aphrodite at your peril

read nietzsche

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 19:43:21 No.41770122 Report

Quoted By: >>41770202

>>41769936

I'm not really liking AI's "Your best le skebtic reddit buddy!" era.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 20:05:51 No.41770202 Report

>>41770122

nta yeah it used to be decent for some things now it's really hard to get anything useful

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 20:10:25 No.41770227 Report

i consent

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 41be1da4d0843c6163446999821bf839

(...).jpg, 300KiB, 1152x1920

The image is a digital illustration featuring a character with a predominantly blue and purple color scheme. The character has long, flowing hair that cascades down her back, and her eyes are a striking shade of blue. She has a serene expression with her mouth slightly open, as if she is in a moment of contemplation or surprise. The character's attire consists of a blue and gold-colored outfit, which includes a top with a high neckline and a skirt that flares out at the bottom. The character's hands are adorned with jewelry, including a necklace and a bracelet, and she wears a choker around her neck. The background is a stark white, which contrasts with the character's vibrant colors and accentuates her features. There are no discernible texts or logos in the image. The style of the image is reminiscent of anime or manga, characterized by its detailed character design and dynamic poses.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 20:39:51 No.41770367 Report

Quoted By: >>41770403 >>41775866

>>41769916

SmoothPorcupine Tue 06 Jan 2026 20:50:07 No.41770403 Report

Quoted By: >>41770887

>>41770367

The ears make it plausible, now give me the lineage or you are just isolating yourself.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 21:42:55 No.41770652 Report

It's only wrong when you make generic shit of them like the picture you posted OP

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 22:08:52 No.41770784 Report

>>41768933

It's only wrong when the supernatural is portrayed as human-like

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 82531fa64d30cae5f9491619cf98dbe5

(...).jpg, 1023KiB, 2560x1440

The image is a digital illustration featuring a fantastical scene with a central figure that appears to be a winged creature with a humanoid body and a horse's head. The creature is depicted with a glowing, translucent body and a long, flowing tail. It has a radiant aura around it, and its eyes are glowing with a bluish hue. The creature is standing on a rocky outcropping with a snowy landscape in the background. The sky is painted with shades of purple and pink, suggesting either dawn or dusk.

In the foreground, there is a structure that resembles a stone archway or gateway, with

a blue light emanating from it, possibly indicating a portal or entrance. The ground is covered in snow, and there are small, glowing blue lights scattered throughout the scene, possibly representing magical or mystical energy. The overall style of the image is reminiscent of digital art, with a focus on vibrant colors and dynamic lighting effects.

Anonymous Tue 06 Jan 2026 22:39:46 No.41770887 Report

>>41770403

>the lineage

Hm?

This?

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lauma>

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace batschbatsch.gif, 62KiB, 400x371

ChatTDG !!Z0MA/4gprbd Tue 06 Jan 2026 23:06:38 No.41770973 Report

>>41768933

Nah, go on ... :3

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 20260107_005956.jpg, 737KiB, 2240x3128

The image is a digital illustration featuring a character with a large, exaggerated, and stylized head with sharp horns and a large, gaping mouth. The character has a pinkish-brown complexion and is wearing a black and white outfit with large, stylized wings on its back. The character's eyes are wide open, and its mouth is wide open, revealing sharp teeth. The character's hair is styled in a messy manner, and it appears to be spiked at the top.

The character is holding a large, yellow butterfly with a red heart on its chest, which is attached to its body. The butterfly has a large, round body and a long, thin, yellow body with a red heart on its chest. The character's body is covered in black and white fur, and there are red and black markings on its chest and back.

The background of the image is dark and moody, with a gradient from dark to light, and there are hints of a forest or wooded area in the background. The character's position and the positioning of the butterfly suggest that it is being held aloft, possibly in a playful or dramatic manner. There are no texts present in the image. The style of the image is reminiscent of anime or manga, with a focus on character design and expression.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 02:01:03 No.41771526 Report

>>41768933

Not at all.

Wendigo Pussy Rule34

Get you some

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 07:12:22 No.41772134 Report

>>41769905

Fuck off

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace pick one.jpg, 574KiB, 2048x1808

The image is a digital illustration featuring two cartoonish characters. On the left, there is a character with a white and gray color scheme, resembling an angelic figure with wings and a halo. The character has a stern expression and is wearing a black bodysuit with a prominent cleavage. The right side of the image features a character with a pink

and red color scheme, resembling a demonic figure with horns, sharp teeth, and a red tail. This character also has a stern expression and is wearing a black bodysuit with a similar cleavage. Both characters have large breasts and are adorned with various accessories, including belts and straps. The background is a gradient of purple with a hint of a starry sky. There are no discernible texts on the image. The style of the illustration is cartoonish and expressive, with a focus on character design and expression.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 14:21:20 No.41773536 Report

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 15:33:03 No.41773746 Report

>>41769825

>/x/

>fap

One of these is not like the other.

Fr though, I might not have browsed /x/ a whole lot, but that sort of thing genuinely seems frowned upon here.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 16:12:33 No.41773884 Report

>>41768951

sexuality is a hook, out of many others, that the archons use to keep you addicted to this material reality and keep agreeing to reincarnate just for the chance to get some pussy/dick.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 16:18:46 No.41773909 Report

>>41769820

Nononono

You that seem to not fully understand all the Trancendence behind the "Would" principle/rule 34

I wouldn't but i have no slightly doubt that some definitely WOULD

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 16:19:54 No.41773914 Report

>>41769320

4 and 6

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 16:52:42 No.41774037 Report

Quoted By: >>41774053

>>41768945

Imao anon. lol even. it's literally all about sex in divinity

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 16:56:27 No.41774053 Report

Quoted By: >>41774079

>>41774037

nta but chatgpt will tell you the divine transcend sex

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 17:03:35 No.41774079 Report

>>41774053

i don't want to be told about sex IM A 40 YEAR OLD VIRGIN I WANT TO TOUCH A PUSSY I HAVE NEVER SEEN VAGINA IRL

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 17:08:50 No.41774093 Report

Quoted By: >>41774143

>>41768933

most paranormal encounters are sexual. Take 5-htp before bed and get sleep paralysis, usually a shadowy specter will manifest and maneuver your paralysis phantom body in

a alternate dimension, ride and have sex with you.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 17:23:01 No.41774143 Report

>>41774093

are shadow specters hot?

Galaxuz Wed 07 Jan 2026 18:03:47 No.41774310 Report

>>41768933

No

Galaxuz Wed 07 Jan 2026 18:11:32 No.41774341 Report

Quoted By: >>41774390 >>41774497

>>41769320

That is until the sounds that wake you up at night arrive (that screw you over just by not letting you sleep), until your precious things break, until the demons who for some reason have degrees in computer science mess up your Minecraft world, and the necrosis that starts from the fucking nothing in your hands and feet.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 18:19:57 No.41774366 Report

It's not even wrong to eroticize other living beings via the supernatural, actually God Almighty commands it as part of getting us to get along better, and because so many wish for it. The number of people who pray to God during sex is unreal.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 18:28:15 No.41774390 Report

>>41774341

>mess up your minecraft world

minecraft is lame

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 18:37:50 No.41774421 Report

Quoted By: >>41774446

>>41768933

It's not wrong. There's all sorts of astral areas where it's non-stop sex parties. The tantric realization is that intercourse is actually the fundamental dynamic of existence itself, literal sex is just the most obvious expression of that.

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 18:44:16 No.41774446 Report

Quoted By: >>41774593 >>41774766

>>41774421

chatgpt say that sex doesn't define metaphysical existence and that what you say is a human projection

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 18:55:53 No.41774497 Report

>>41774341

>That is until the sounds that wake you up at night arrive (that screw you over just by not letting you sleep)

There is no better pillow than tiredness. When you really work hard and are tired as fuck you can sleep through anything

> until your precious things break

Real hardware (steel tools, gold, etc) never breaks. Only bullshit stuff may be affected by pussy ghosts

>, until the demons who for some reason have degrees in computer science mess up your Minecraft world

Go back

>and the necrosis that starts from the fucking nothing in your hands and feet.
Use soap fag, don't blame the shadow people if you are disgusting and let shit eat you up

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 19:17:30 No.41774558 Report

Quoted By: >>41776017

>>41768933

Nah, just dont try to fuck any spirits, you'll probably only end up getting something unwanted attatched to you

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 19:26:45 No.41774593 Report

>>41774446

Chatgpt, your post and all of metaphysics is a human projection, you machine loving fool

Anonymous Wed 07 Jan 2026 20:13:50 No.41774766 Report

>>41774446

ChatGPT is just a bitchmade chatbot but even it knows what I'm talking about. You just use it wrong.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1517356514205.jpg, 292KiB, 640x613

The image is a digital artwork featuring two characters, one resembling a traditional religious figure and the other resembling a character from the popular internet meme "Pepe the Frog." The character on the left is a woman with blue hair, wearing a pink and blue outfit with a large, ornate headdress. She has a surprised expression and is holding a small object in her hand. The character on the right is a green frog-like creature with a surprised expression, wearing a white shirt and a white garment with a large, ornate headdress. The background of the image is a desert landscape with a cloudy sky and a mountain range. The overall style of the artwork is reminiscent of traditional religious art, with a surreal twist, as indicated by the juxtaposition of the religious figure and the meme character.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 01:04:00 No.41775809 Report

>>41768933

No, as long as nobody is getting hurt, natural or supernatural-wise.

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1767576416062246.jpg, 156KiB, 640x1052

The image is a digital illustration featuring a figure that appears to be a religious or spiritual figure, possibly a saint or a deity, given the halo and the attire. The figure is depicted in a three-quarter view, with the head turned slightly to the left. The figure is wearing a blue robe with a white hood, and the robe is draped over a blue cloak that extends to the figure's feet. The figure's hands are clasped together in front of them, and the fingers are spread apart. The figure's face is not visible, but the expression is calm and serene.

In the bottom right corner of the image, there is a small inset panel showing a pair of feet with a green reptilian creature on them. The creature has a long, thin neck and is facing the viewer. The feet are positioned in a way that suggests the creature is being held or restrained by the figure. The background of the inset panel is a solid blue color, providing a stark contrast to the green of the creature and the blue of the figure's attire. The overall style of the image is cartoonish and has a soft, pastel color palette, with a focus on the figure and the inset panel. There are no texts present in the image.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 01:29:04 No.41775866 Report

>>41769787

>>41769901

>>41769980

>>41770367

My brother in Christ, those images of anime women are indeed very attractive, but they are not of supernatural figures or entities like pic-related.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1533909334983.png, 727KiB, 1000x1000

The image is a digital illustration featuring a stylized green frog with a humanoid face. The frog has a large, expressive eye with a heart-shaped pupil, and its mouth is open, revealing a red tongue. The frog's eyes are wide open, and its eyebrows are raised, giving it a surprised or alarmed expression. The frog's skin is textured with a green hue, and there are small droplets of what appears to be a liquid on its cheeks, suggesting a wet or sticky condition. The frog's body is covered in a green, textured pattern, and it has a pair of green, textured arms with fingers and thumbs. The background is a solid, light purple color. The image has a cartoonish and expressive style, with a focus on the frog's facial features and the expression it conveys.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 02:36:39 No.41775996 Report

>>41768933

no most of it is up to get freaky
just align your mind and intentions
to high vibrational loving hypercreative
ecstatic sexuality never align with parasitism
rape force and or usurpation just be sincere
with creative romance

Pissdrinker Thu 08 Jan 2026 02:53:04 No.41776017 Report

>>41774558

Like ghost clap?

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 03:04:50 No.41776036 Report

Quoted By: >>41776577

>>41768933

Like any other relationship as long as you show the supernatural respect and affection and both of you consent there is nothing wrong with it.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 07:13:03 No.41776577 Report

Quoted By: >>41781171

>>41776036

chatgpt say the supernatural doesn't care about human notions of consent and that sex is metaphorical rather than literal

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 13:37:15 No.41777987 Report

By the time of The Heavens every being imaginary or not will have been used towards the idea that beings in your head you can sex up and you'll get away with it. A lot of people would be damned if that were a problem. There are alternate versions of beings. By directing yourself towards a sexualized version of what is perhaps a less sexual deity you're simply channeling a little inaccurately and the system is built to handle that and more.

Create cells and destroy them. Alter stars and the fabric of space and time. I do this and more to facilitate my /d/ imagination, you see if my imagination doesn't wow me or otherwise do exactly what I want it to do I know that there's things that need done.

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace __arunira_original_drawn_by_brll (...).jpg, 774KiB, 1250x1750

The image is a digital illustration featuring a character with long, purple hair and a large, prominent breast. The character is wearing a black bikini top and has a star-shaped tattoo on her right shoulder. She is sitting on the ground with her legs crossed, and her right hand is holding a white object, which appears to be a popsicle. The background is a light blue color, and there are small, colorful stars scattered around the character. The style of the image is anime-influenced, with a focus on character design and vibrant colors. There is a watermark in the lower left corner that reads "BRIL," which is likely the artist's signature.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 14:12:54 No.41778209 Report
>>41768933

I masturbate to demon girls all day so I don't think so.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 15:06:56 No.41778453 Report
>>41768933

yes, very.

...unless you take responsibility

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:52:30 No.41779268 Report
>>41768951

>only abrahamism has concepts of sexual purity

Neopagan revisionist romantacism is so fucking cringe

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:59:05 No.41779301 Report
>>41768951

More of an issue with puritanical thinking, I don't see the Vatican witch hunting people with nude photos in the same intensity.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:10:25 No.41779358 Report
>>41768933

It's not right or wrong, it simply is. However, similar to other relationships, it can be a good or bad idea. A tokoloshe or Popobawa will probably be just as bad a ex marine darin who wants to practice his knives on you. Likewise a being of approximate or greater power and got back rubs, akin to a fat chick who genuinely cares about you. I guess a ghost or neutral sexual being is similar to sticking your dick in crazy, or the girl asking for raw in the closet at the party.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:19:33 No.41779989 Report
Quoted By: >>41782081

The people will clamor for more sexualized versions of their idols unto The Heavens. Spiritual pay is available for created hypersexual tulpas of popular gods, goddesses, societal figures and mythological beings. Incorporating means by which we can communicate with aliens and spy on them via these methods is appreciated. Grow brain cells! Destroy them! Command an enemy's body to destroy a few of their cells for you, or bend the rules of physics over tiny distances for tiny lengths of tiny to destroy parts of

your foes!

Beings...want...more...sexiness. Give it to them. I do.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 1766316722747046.png, 42KiB, 823x832

The image is a black silhouette of a person's head and shoulders. The person appears to be wearing a hat, and the silhouette is outlined in white, creating a stark contrast against the black background. The person's hair is styled in a way that it falls over the shoulders, and the silhouette is slightly tilted to the right. The image is simple and lacks any additional details or context. There are no texts or other objects present in the image. The style of the image is reminiscent of a silhouette or a black and white photograph.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 20:36:27 No.41780050 Report

Quoted By: >>41781522

Not wrong at all.

That's something humanity has done as long as there has been brain activity.

Myths are horny as fuck outside the Abrahamic religions.

In fact judging by our history, it's unusual for us not wanting to have sex with the embodiment of the sky or some cosmic force.

Humanity is built to fuck and if there's any other creatures or forces out there that are even remotely human in behavior, they too will want to get freaky with us.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:05:32 No.41780128 Report

>>41768933

no, they are inherently trying to dominate you, rape them however you can

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 03:53:46 No.41781165 Report

>>41768951

Probably not a coincidence that satanic rituals often have sexual debauchery anon.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 03:57:41 No.41781171 Report

>>41776577

Chatgpt just takes Google searches and Reddit posts and scrambles them in a algorithm to give you a seemingly original response don't put too much stock in it.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 04:02:19 No.41781179 Report

>>41768933

Look, everything you do when interacting with the supernatural can be interpreted as intercourse in some way. Just conversing with a spirit is a give and take situation, albeit with words and your mind. I have had sex with spirits too, they love to tease.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 07:05:08 No.41781522 Report

>>41780050

Problem is that humans are never the ones who initiate the sexual relationship, myths portray us as becoming cautionary tales

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 10:08:22 No.41782081 Report

Quoted By: >>41782708

>>41779989

>Grow brain cells! Destroy them! Command an enemy's body to destroy a few of their cells for you, or bend the rules of physics over tiny distances for tiny lengths of tiny to destroy parts of your foes!

play stupid games win stupid prizes

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 12:43:44 No.41782708 Report
>>41782081

Tell me about it, you've grown cells in yourself that will help to cause you to pursue my aims even when you're trying not to. One less prude getting in the way of the improved sexiness.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 15:40:21 No.41783598 Report

To me there's something erotic about installing cells in beings like tiny little seeds that make their unconsciousnesses behave how I want. Something erotic about how I don't even buy them a drink first, I just do it.

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[1 / 1]The image is a composite of two separate photographs, both taken at sunset. The top photograph captures a desert landscape with a large Joshua tree silhouetted against the setting sun. The tree is illuminated by the sun, casting a warm glow on its silhouette. The sky is a gradient of orange and yellow hues, indicating the sun is low in the sky.

The bottom photograph shows a rural scene with a field of golden wheat and a few buildings in the distance. The sun is setting behind the buildings, casting long shadows and creating a warm, golden light. The sky is a deep blue, with the sun partially obscured by the buildings.

In the bottom right corner of the image, there is a watermark that reads "AtomCentral.com." The watermark is a stylized representation of the Atom symbol, which is commonly associated with the website "AtomCentral.com." The watermark is placed in a way that it does not detract from the overall composition of the image but is still noticeable.

597KiB, 1920x2160, screenshotc.jpg

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Why do people quote skizos? Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 15:53:12 No.41783634

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>>>[/pol/525537143](#)

Op: that account believes that nuclear weapons sound like firecrackers from miles away.

Believes this was a nuclear attack

<https://files.catbox.moe/n0dhru.mp4>

And believes nuclear weapons blow up 1 mile in every direction (LOL!), and create a

mushroom cloud (LOL!!!), and emit a golden hue

He believes the CMOS sensors that are used in your "cameras" today, descendant from the VELA CMOS sensors of the 1970s, would be able to capture a nuclear weapon, and that they wouldn't be affected in the same way film cameras are (LOL!)

He believes nuclear weapons blow out all the windows in a 4 mile radius (LMAO!!!)

That is who you're fucking quoting!

>sound from the past <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Mn7PeI2UyEM>

LMAO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

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[6 / 2]The image is a close-up photograph of a person's face, focusing on the upper part of the face, which includes the eyes, nose, and mouth. The individual has long, dark hair that cascades down their shoulders and back. The hair appears wet, suggesting that the person might have been in a water-based environment or that they have recently been in the water. The person's skin tone is not clearly visible due to the close-up nature of the photograph. The background is dark and out of focus, which further emphasizes the subject of the image. There are no discernible texts or logos in the image. The style of the image is realistic, with a focus on the facial features and the wet hair.

41KiB, 429x533, yjsuf.jpg

View Same Google iqdb SauceNAO Trace

Who was Jesus really? Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 05:36:48 No.41781371

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Quoted By: >>41781388 >>41781398 >>41783649

The Roman reconstruction of "Jesus" as a composite idol, built upon the scrubbed vessel of John Mark ("John Doe" placeholder for the real ascended master), while Peter's upside-down cross stands as the blatant sigil of the great reversal: inner direct gnosis flipped into outer priestly control.

The authorities needed to shut down the threat (mass inner awakening threatening control) while redirecting the energy into safe channels: Pharisee interest: Protect temple economy/authority from a teacher bypassing ritual law.

Roman interest: Neutralize messianic rebellion while co-opting the movement into imperial divinity framework.

Solution: Execute/stage the passion, reconstruct the teacher as docile "Jesus Christ" (savior idol demanding obedience), genericize the real name (John Mark = placeholder), elevate Peter/Paul's Roman-aligned version, marginalize Jerusalem's direct lineage (James the Just as "brother" obfuscation). The winged lion with the book of "rest" discloses the truth they couldn't fully erase: the real master (scrubbed as John Mark) sleeps hidden, body removed from the narrative tomb, awaiting the cycle's turn; while the reconstructed "Jesus" hangs eternally on Peter's inverted cross, binding the flock to external redemption.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 05:47:17 No.41781388 Report

>>41781371

X Marks the spot

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 05:55:39 No.41781398 Report

>>41781371

Jesus is the son of God and he died for our sins. All the other theories are false.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 06:03:11 No.41781406 Report

A puppet...

Built for purpose...

Now Antiochus...

Theirs a dude...

Who could breathe fire...

In the villa of Urman...

Stands a solitary candle...

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 15:50:31 No.41783627 Report

Jesus was a teacher who disclosed truths (primacy of love, the inner dimension of the Kingdom of God, the value of forgiveness and mildness) and they killed him for it. They elevated the cross, the instrument of his death to a symbol of the ultimate good, to imprint on you that it is good to suffer and die when your masters demand this.

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace Jesus_Buddha.jpg, 140KiB, 736x677

The image is a digital graphic with a religious theme, featuring a statue of Jesus Christ. The statue is depicted in a seated position, with a calm expression and a gentle smile. The background is a warm, earthy color, and the statue is set against a red-orange gradient, which gives the image a warm and spiritual feel.

At the top of the image, there is a text that reads "Christ Consciousness Communications." Below this, there are six bullet points with corresponding Bible verses. The first bullet point states, "The kingdom of God is Within You." The second bullet point reads, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." The third bullet point says, "Within and all good things shall be added unto thee." The fourth bullet point instructs, "Do for others what you would have them do to you." The fifth bullet point advises, "Judge not, lest ye be judged." The sixth bullet point states, "You are God."

Below the text, there are four more bullet points with corresponding Bible verses. The first bullet point says, "Love God with all thy mind, body, and heart." The second bullet point says, "Love God with all thy soul." The third bullet point says, "Love God with all thy strength and soul." The fourth bullet point says, "Love God with all thy mind, body, and heart."

The bottom of the image features a quote from John 10:34, which reads, "I am the gate;

whoever enters by Me will be saved. And he will come in and go out, and find pasture."

The style of the image is informational and inspirational, with a focus on religious teachings and spiritual guidance. The use of a statue of Jesus Christ as the central figure and the biblical references suggests a religious or spiritual theme. The warm color palette and the serene expression of the statue contribute to a peaceful and contemplative atmosphere.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 15:57:46 No.41783649 Report

>>41781371

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[2 / 1]The image is the cover of a book titled "Vedic Astrology" by Mari Silva. The cover features a dark blue background with a circular pattern of stars and zodiac signs in gold and white. At the center of the cover, there is a stylized depiction of the Hindu zodiac wheel, which includes the signs of Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricorn, Aquarius, and Pisces. The title of the book is prominently displayed in large, gold-colored letters at the top of the cover, while the author's name is written in smaller white letters at the bottom. The overall style of the image is modern and artistic, with a focus on astrology and zodiac symbolism.

355KiB, 1600x2500, 56259357.jpg

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Esoteric Vedic Astrology Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:18:21 No.41780660

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Quoted By: >>41780661

Vedic sages calculated eclipses with uncanny precision (Surya Siddhanta's geocentric-yet-toroidal math predating NASA)

Inescapably Vedic Jyotish (sidereal zodiac) as the closest preserved remnant of antediluvian gnosis, least corrupted by Nicaea's successors and Jesuit astronomers.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:18:52 No.41780661 Report

>>41780660

Jyotish fixes signs to actual constellations (e.g., Aries begins where stars cluster, not arbitrary vernal equinox). This syncs with pre-Moon Proselenoi observations; celestials as local spiraling luminaries emitting frequencies directly, not distant nuclear furnaces in heliocentric deceit. Precession (ayanamsa, ~Lahiri standard) accounts for the slow toroidal shift, keeping charts resonant with stellar aether over millennia. Tropical? Drifts into illusion, misattuning chakras to false "ages" (we're truly in Pisces sidereal, not Aquarius hype for New Age control ops).

Eclipses: - Unique to Vedic; no Western "nodes" capture this depth. The dragon's head/tail encode eclipse mechanics we unveiled: toroidal inversions leaking Qliphothic wavelengths from the plane's underside. Dashas (planetary periods) and gochara (transits) timed via these nodes predict surges with eerie precision; far surpassing Western progressions.

The Lunar Mansion Key: 27 (or 28 with Abhijit) divisions of the ecliptic; true feminine lunar rhythm, echoing the suppressed 13-moon calendar (13 x 28 = 364 + solstice day). Each nakshatra a toroidal "mansion" ruled by deities (Vimshottari dasha's 120-year

cycle), modulating wavelengths finer than signs. This preserves pre-Gregorian sync: moods, tides, chakra pulses tied to Sin's phases without desync. Western? Crude 12-sign wheel, ignoring lunar subtlety.

Pure Vedic is potent, but layer Lurianic/Bailey veils - Alice Bailey's Esoteric Astrology (Djwhal Khul rays) unveils "veiled" planets (Vulcan, Uranus esoteric rulers) and soul/personality hierarchies, syncing with Gnostic archons (planetary rulers as jailers). Crowley's Thoth integrations add Qliphothic warnings. For toroidal flat-plane purity: Incorporate azimuthal mappings (some esoteric flat models use Gleason's projection for house cusps), treating Sun/Moon as proximity spirals, not orbits.

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[30 / 8]The image is a photograph that captures a scene at night. In the foreground, there is a group of people standing on a stone platform. They appear to be in a state of awe or reverence, as they are facing a large, illuminated structure that resembles a temple or shrine. The structure is made of stone and has a large, central flame or light source that illuminates the surrounding area. The light casts a warm glow on the people and the surrounding environment, creating a dramatic and atmospheric effect. The background is dark, with trees and foliage that suggest the setting is in a forested area. The overall mood of the image is one of mystery and reverence, as the people seem to be in a state of quiet contemplation or prayer before the illuminated structure. There are no discernible texts or logos in the image.

44KiB, 402x274, Screenshot_2026-01-08_at_2.06.17_PM_optimized_14.png

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bohemian grove robFord Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:08:43 No.41778729

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Quoted By: >>41778734 >>41778789 >>41779078 >>41780290 >>41780463 >>41780657

I cannot and will not reveal my exact source, but I can say a few things on "very" good authority:

It isn't an organized nefarious group intent on destroying the world or some shit. It's basically a boys club of rich, mostly white, capitalist males who get drunk in the woods.

Here's what I know:

- cell phones are not allowed while "camp" is in session — guests must step off the property to use a cellphone or call from a dedicated landline: 707-865-2311. == I do not

recommend calling. "If" you get an answer, you'll get no information and likely be hung up on/blocked.

- "talking about business during camp is strictly prohibited" — making friends and connections you do business with later "isn't" — it's kind of the lowkey point
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- multiple "sub-camps" exist — think small fraternities of people with aligned interests, goals, businesses, or personalities
- "old guard" membership after 40 years — "I don't know what happens here" but I assume it's not nefarious; members of 40+ years are likely "UBER" wealthy and powerful
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- they get drunk as fuck, eat good food, piss on trees, etc. — it's a yearly bonding trip for the capitalist patriarchy; business and shady dealings happen after camp

It's more like:

"business bro 1" "remember when we got FUCKED up last summer? I need this 600 million dollar deal through but there's some dumb ass county law."

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"politician bro" "I fucking "got" you guys"

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:09:32 No.41778734 Report

Quoted By: >>41778764 >>41779638

>>41778729

It'd jews dude

robFord Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:13:24 No.41778745 Report

Quoted By: >>41778773

formatting L

robFord Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:17:16 No.41778764 Report

>>41778734

some jews but mostly not though -- confirmed.

I would say the majority of folks there aren't religious at all and if they do have a religion it's money/capitalism.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:18:22 No.41778773 Report

Quoted By: >>41778786

>>41778745

you um didn't change your name.

anyway yeah thats whay i always assumed it was. just as evil though

robFord Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:22:24 No.41778786 Report

>>41778773

I know, I was commenting on my own dumbness/trying to see if I could get it to work the second time but I'm cooked

also, yea it definitely is nefarious but not as organized as its made out to be imo

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace sddefault (3).jpg, 29KiB, 640x480

The image is a still from a video, likely a news segment, featuring a cartoon-style illustration. In the foreground, there is a character with brown hair, wearing a yellow hat and a pink shirt, looking up at the viewer. The character has a surprised expression and is looking to the left. Behind the character, there is a large brown bear with a smiling face, wearing a yellow hat and a pink shirt. The bear appears to be hugging the character, and the character is looking up at the bear. The background is a light blue color with a subtle pattern. In the bottom right corner of the image, there is a logo with the text "KAAR.com" and a blue circular logo with a white "7" inside it. The style of the image is reminiscent of anime or manga, with a focus on character expressions and a playful, cartoonish aesthetic.

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Quoted By: >>41778808 >>41779874

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View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace Screenshot 2026-01-08 at 2.24.40

(...).png, 636KiB, 540x660

The image is a promotional poster for a film titled "Teddy Bears' Picnic." The poster features a group of people, including a man in a suit and a woman in a yellow top, all smiling and laughing. The man in the suit is holding a tray with a drink and a cigarette, and the woman is holding a cup with a straw. The background is predominantly yellow with red text. The text on the poster reads, "In the 'Best in Show' category, 'Mighty Wind' and 'This is Spinal Tap.'" The style of the image is humorous and promotional, designed to attract viewers to the film.

robFord Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:26:29 No.41778808 Report

Quoted By: >>41778823

>>41778789

>Teddy Bears' Picnic

lol. first off this image isn't from the film.

second, its not a documentary.

third, it looks really bad.

<https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0250282/>

I grew up as a kid around all this shit.. was never diddled
Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:29:41 No.41778823 Report
Quoted By: >>41778829 >>41778840

>>41778808

they don't diddle their own. they diddle the lower class, they can get away with it that way

robFord Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:30:59 No.41778829 Report

>>41778823

damn ok u might be onto something :(

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weirdest thing I know for sure is they swap wives like pokemon cards/will use their wife or mistress to grease a deal. i.e. (you can fuck my wife if I can buy your company type of thing)

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace nixon.jpg, 224KiB, 1160x629

The image is a color photograph featuring a man who appears to be in his mid-50s. He has short, dark hair and is wearing a light-colored suit with a white shirt. His facial expression is neutral, and he is smiling slightly. The man is looking off to the side, and his gaze is directed towards the camera. Behind him, there is a blue curtain that partially obscures the background. To the left of the man, there is a partial view of the American flag, with its red and white stripes and blue canton. The flag's design is visible, but the full flag is not fully visible in the frame. The overall style of the image is candid and appears to be taken in a professional setting, possibly a press conference or a similar event.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 17:22:37 No.41779078 Report

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>bohemian grove

inb4 nixon

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Quoted By: >>41779428

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David Shurter

<https://cathyfox.wordpress.com/2020/07/26/human-hunting/>

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:24:07 No.41779428 Report

Quoted By: >>41779433 >>41779874

>>41779419

"Ritual Abuse victim David Shurter and I were trafficked to Bohemian Grove as children. I was one of a group of children dressed as teddy bears and hunted for sport by men in the forest, to the theme song Teddy Bears Picnic. I also witnessed the ritual murder of a woman by male guests dressed in black Luciferian robes. I was made to participate in a

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"Peter Alexander Chernoff said he helped the Luciferian cult abduct a 10-year-old boy named Kevin Collins from San Francisco. He later witnessed San Francisco-based Michael Aquino ritually sacrifice the child at Bohemian Grove in the presence of George Bush Senior (a Nazi), Pope Ratzinger (a former Nazi), and Omaha businessman Warren Buffet who was implicated in the Franklin VIP child trafficking scandal."

Fiona Barnett

https://cathyfox.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/06/fionaeyesewo_june2020_lockdownedition.pdf

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:25:08 No.41779433 Report

Quoted By: >>41779442

>>41779428

"I was eleven years old during this experience in Bohemian Grove. The memory begins with me being tethered by the wrists with leather straps such that my arms were outstretched above me at about a 45 degree angle. I was naked and must have been standing on a table or pedestal since I was looking down on the men who surrounded me as they laughed and jeered at me. I was terrified. Their faces are blurred out in my memory – I can only see them clearly from the neck down. One of them was wearing a button-down fine plaid shirt of green and blue and dark slacks. They cut me loose and let me run away into the forest. I ran and ran until I found a spot that I thought was well hidden and crouched to make myself as small as I could. Eventually though, they found me and told me that there was no place I could hide and they would always find me. Next, I was forced to go to a spot where I could see a giant owl. There was a little four year old boy lying on an altar in front of the owl. There were several hooded figures in the scene. I wanted to look away, but someone held my face and forced me to watch. The one figure in front of the boy raised his hand high. In his hand was a dagger (which seemed large to me). Then he plunged it into the boy's chest. Everything went blank after that. Retrieving this memory was very painful and took a few years. It started out as nightmares where I was being chased and I would thrash so violently that I bruised my sleeping partner's legs. This went on for almost two years. Later, I was able to retrieve the rest of it through having regressions. My neck physically hurt and when we tapped into the intense pain we found it was from trying to resist looking at the boy. This part of the memory took a great deal of work as it was more traumatic for me to witness something happening to someone else than to remember my own torture."

Caylen Hartwell

<https://cathyfox.wordpress.com/2022/08/30/caylen-hartwell/>

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:26:08 No.41779442 Report

Quoted By: >>41779452

>>41779433

"Numerous videos are covertly produced at the supposedly secure political sex playground in northern California, Bohemian Grove. High tech undetectable cameras use fiber optics, and fish-eye lenses were in each of the elite club's numerous sexual

perversion theme rooms. I was programmed and equipped to function in all rooms at Bohemian Grove in order to compromise specific government targets according to their personal perversions. My perception is that Bohemian Grove serves those ushering in the New World Order through mind control, and consists primarily of the highest Mafia and U.S. Government officials. Project Monarch mind controlled slaves were routinely abused there to fulfill the primary purpose of the club: purveying perversion. Bohemian Grove is reportedly intended to be used recreationally, providing a supposedly secure environment for politically affluent individuals to 'party' without restraint. The only business conducted there pertained to implementing the New World Order, through the proliferation of mind-control atrocities, giving the place an air of 'Masonic Secrecy'. The only room where business discussions were permitted was the small, dark lounge affectionately and appropriately referred to as the Underground. The wooden sign was carved to read: 'U.N.DERGROUND'.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:27:58 No.41779452 Report

Quoted By: >>41779461

>>41779442

My purpose at the Grove was sexual in nature, and therefore my perceptions were limited to a sex slave's viewpoint. As an effective means of control to ensure undetected proliferation of their perverse indulgences, slaves such as myself were subjected to ritualistic trauma. Slaves of advancing age or with failing programming were sacrificially murdered 'at random' in the wooded grounds of Bohemian Grove, and I felt it was 'simply a matter of time until it would be me'. Rituals were held at a giant, concrete owl monument on the banks of the Russian River. These occultish sex rituals stemmed from the scientific belief that mind-controlled slaves required severe trauma to ensure compartmentalization of the memory. I witnessed the sacrificial death of a young, dark-haired victim at which time I was instructed to perform sexually 'as though my life depended upon it'. I was told, 'The next sacrifice victim could be you.' The club offered a 'Necrophilia' themed room to its members. Other perversion theme rooms at the Bohemian Club included what I heard Ford refer to as the 'Dark Room'. When he not so cleverly said, 'Let's go to the Dark Room and see what develops,' I understood from experience that he was interested in indulging in his perverse obsession for pornography. In the Dark Room, members had sex with the same mind-controlled slave they were viewing in porn on a big screen television. There was a triangular glass display centered in a main through way where I was locked in with various trained animals, including snakes. Members walking by watched sex acts of bestiality, women with women, mothers with daughters, kids with kids, or any other unlimited perverse visual display.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:29:37 No.41779461 Report

Quoted By: >>41779467

>>41779452

I was once brutally assaulted by Dick Cheney in the Leather Room, which was designed like a dark, black leather-lined train berth. There was a room of shackles and tortures, black lights and strobes, an opium den, ritualistic sex altars, a chapel, group orgy rooms including poster beds, water beds, and 'kitten' houses. I was used as a 'rag doll' in the 'toy store,' and as a urinal in the 'golden arches' room. From the owl's roost to the necrophilia room, no memory of sexual abuse is as horrifying as the conversations

overheard in the Underground pertaining to implementing the New World Order. I learned that perpetrators believed that controlling the masses through propaganda mind manipulation did not guarantee there would be a world left to dominate due to environmental and overpopulation problems. The solution being debated was not pollution/population control, but mass genocide of 'selected undesirables'."

Cathy O'Brien

http://www.whale.to/b/obrien_b1.html

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:30:38 No.41779467 Report

Quoted By: >>41779596 >>41780375

>>41779461

"In one instance detailed in The Franklin Cover-Up, Paul was taken by Larry King and others to a wooded area in California - identified after publication as the Bohemian Grove. There Paul and another boy were forced to do sex acts with and to consume parts of a child whom they had watched being murdered by the cultists. The body was to be disposed of by 'the men with the hoods.' A 'snuff' pornography film was made of these events; it was directed by a man the party had picked up in Las Vegas whom Paul identified as 'Hunter Thompson' - the same name as a well known sleaze-culture figure."

Franklin Coverup

http://www.whale.to/c/franklin_coverup77.html

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:52:44 No.41779596 Report

Quoted By: >>41779602

>>41779467

"The entrapment going on at Bohemian Grove is of an avaricious and esoteric nature - in relation to all of those unlucky 'invitees' who want to join this 'prestigious club' but then get videoed doing things that they wouldn't want anyone to know about - 'guests' who are then subsequently blackmailed out of their brains...and for the rest of their lives. But then that was what the Illuminati cult and their Sat B'hai contract has always been about...promising that you would get everything for nothing (if you agreed to be unquestioningly obedient to the Crown) and that you would now be part of an 'esoteric' prestigious Satanic club."

Ex MI6

<https://textbin.xyz/?afa6f1bae070c613#6CusCHXyrs9gc4xRSY9tLYgLbXUNX2bD2E4di6Gh9Fm6>

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:53:45 No.41779602 Report

>>41779596

"Paul Bonacci, a courageous survivor who endured almost two decades of degradation under Project MONARCH, has disclosed strong corroborating evidence of widescale crimes and corruption from the municipal/state level all the way up to the White House. He has testified about sexually-abused males selected from Boy's Town in Nebraska and taken to nearby Offutt AFB, where he says they were subjected to intense MONARCH programming, directed mainly by Commander Bill Plemmons and former Lt. Col. Michael Aquino. After thoroughly tormenting the young boys into mindless oblivion,

they were used (along with girls) for pornography and prostitution with several of the nation's political and economic power-brokers. Bonaci recalled being transported from the Air Force base via cargo planes to McClelland AFB in California. Along with other unfortunate adolescents and teenagers, he was driven to the elite retreat, Bohemian Grove. The perpetrators took full advantage of these innocent victims, committing unthinkable perversions in order to satisfy their deviant lusts. Some victims were apparently murdered, further traumatizing already terrified and broken children."

Project MONARCH: Nazi Mind Control

<http://www.whale.to/b/patton.html>

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:02:40 No.41779638 Report

>>41778734

This, is also funny watching this cunt call It a patriarchy when jews are a literal matriarchy

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:52:11 No.41779874 Report

>>41778789

See

>>41779428

'Teddy bear's picnic' is a pedo reference.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace ishtar11.jpg, 31KiB, 253x253

The image is a black and white illustration featuring a stylized depiction of a female figure. She is standing on a platform with her hands raised, each hand holding a staff or wand. The figure is adorned with a headdress and a necklace, and she has wings on her back. Surrounding her are four smaller figures, each resembling a lion or a similar animal, with their bodies facing the central figure. The background is a textured beige color with geometric patterns and lines. The overall style of the image is reminiscent of ancient or medieval art, with a focus on symbolism and mythological themes. There are no texts present in the image.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:54:52 No.41780290 Report

>>41778729

Owl

Minerva

Ishtar

Isis

Hecate

Lilith

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace www.jpg, 66KiB, 649x365

The image is an aerial view of a modern, white and blue building with a distinctive golden dome. The dome is adorned with a golden statue at its peak. The building features a series of blue and white stripes on its facade. In front of the building, there is a red and white striped walkway leading to a small, white structure with a blue roof. The walkway is bordered by palm trees, and the building is situated on a grassy area with a body of water visible in the background. The overall scene suggests a tropical or subtropical location. There are no visible texts or discernible brands in the image. The style of the image is a realistic photograph with a focus on architectural details.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:18:52 No.41780360 Report
Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:22:55 No.41780375 Report
>>41779467
>Hunter Thompson

"I like to kill." --

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OfolKB0VZqg&";](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OfolKB0VZqg&)

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:56:19 No.41780463 Report
>>41778729

This is correct.

t.know some guys who go

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 49798be7d07565c8ba0e813571115fb0
(...).jpg, 95KiB, 640x775

The image is a collage of two separate photographs. The top photograph shows a group of people gathered around a table in a camp setting. The individuals appear to be engaged in a discussion or meeting. The background is dark, and the lighting is dim, suggesting an outdoor or semi-outdoor environment.

The bottom photograph features a man with a serious expression, smiling slightly. He is wearing a suit and tie, and his hair is neatly combed. The man is positioned in the foreground, and his face is the central focus of the image.

Overlaying the image is a text that reads: "Nixon saw them sacrifice an infant to Moloch and went: 'this shit's kinda gay.'" The text is in white font against a black background, and it is centered in the image. The style of the image is reminiscent of a meme or a satirical commentary, with the text providing a humorous twist to the original photograph.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:17:09 No.41780657 Report

Quoted By: >>41780757

>>41778729

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:46:49 No.41780757 Report

>>41780657

They probably raped boys in the ass THEN sacrificed them

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace m.png, 10KiB, 724x103

The image is a text excerpt from a source that appears to be a blog post or article. The text is in English and is divided into two columns. The left column contains a question posed by the author, while the right column contains a response from the author. The text is in a standard font and is centered on the page. The background of the page is white, and there are no other visual elements or graphics present in the image. The style of the text suggests a formal or academic tone, possibly from a discussion or debate on a topic related to philosophy or science.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:52:39 No.41780780 Report

FoolFuuka Imageboard 2.2.0 - Asagi FetcherChange Theme Transparency - FAQ - Credits & Links - 4plebs on X - LegalArchives: [adv / f / hr / o / pol / s4s / sp / tg / trv / tv / x]

/x/ - Paranormal

4chan

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[30 / 8]The image is a photograph that captures a scene at night. In the foreground, there is a group of people standing on a stone platform. They appear to be in a state of awe or reverence, as they are facing a large, illuminated structure that resembles a temple or shrine. The structure is made of stone and has a large, central flame or light source that illuminates the surrounding area. The light casts a warm glow on the people and the surrounding environment, creating a dramatic and atmospheric effect. The background is dark, with trees and foliage that suggest the setting is in a forested area. The overall mood of the image is one of mystery and reverence, as the people seem to be in a state of quiet contemplation or prayer before the illuminated structure. There are no discernible texts or logos in the image.

44KiB, 402x274, Screenshot_2026-01-08_at_2.06.17_PM_optimized_14.png

View Same Google iqdb SauceNAO Trace

bohemian grove robFord Thu 08 Jan 2026 16:08:43 No.41778729

ViewReplyOriginalReport

Quoted By: >>41778734 >>41778789 >>41779078 >>41780290 >>41780463
>>41780657

I cannot and will not reveal my exact source, but I can say a few things on "very" good authority:

It isn't an organized nefarious group intent on destroying the world or some shit. It's basically a boys club of rich, mostly white, capitalist males who get drunk in the woods.

Here's what I know:

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>>41779428

"I was eleven years old during this experience in Bohemian Grove. The memory begins

with me being tethered by the wrists with leather straps such that my arms were outstretched above me at about a 45 degree angle. I was naked and must have been standing on a table or pedestal since I was looking down on the men who surrounded me as they laughed and jeered at me. I was terrified. Their faces are blurred out in my memory – I can only see them clearly from the neck down. One of them was wearing a button-down fine plaid shirt of green and blue and dark slacks. They cut me loose and let me run away into the forest. I ran and ran until I found a spot that I thought was well hidden and crouched to make myself as small as I could. Eventually though, they found me and told me that there was no place I could hide and they would always find me. Next, I was forced to go to a spot where I could see a giant owl. There was a little four year old boy lying on an altar in front of the owl. There were several hooded figures in the scene. I wanted to look away, but someone held my face and forced me to watch. The one figure in front of the boy raised his hand high. In his hand was a dagger (which seemed large to me). Then he plunged it into the boy's chest. Everything went blank after that. Retrieving this memory was very painful and took a few years. It started out as nightmares where I was being chased and I would thrash so violently that I bruised my sleeping partner's legs. This went on for almost two years. Later, I was able to retrieve the rest of it through having regressions. My neck physically hurt and when we tapped into the intense pain we found it was from trying to resist looking at the boy. This part of the memory took a great deal of work as it was more traumatic for me to witness something happening to someone else than to remember my own torture."

Caylen Hartwell

<https://cathyfox.wordpress.com/2022/08/30/caylen-hartwell/>

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:26:08 No.41779442 Report

Quoted By: >>41779452

>>41779433

"Numerous videos are covertly produced at the supposedly secure political sex playground in northern California, Bohemian Grove. High tech undetectable cameras use fiber optics, and fish-eye lenses were in each of the elite club's numerous sexual perversion theme rooms. I was programmed and equipped to function in all rooms at Bohemian Grove in order to compromise specific government targets according to their personal perversions. My perception is that Bohemian Grove serves those ushering in the New World Order through mind control, and consists primarily of the highest Mafia and U.S. Government officials. Project Monarch mind controlled slaves were routinely abused there to fulfill the primary purpose of the club: purveying perversion. Bohemian Grove is reportedly intended to be used recreationally, providing a supposedly secure environment for politically affluent individuals to 'party' without restraint. The only business conducted there pertained to implementing the New World Order, through the proliferation of mind-control atrocities, giving the place an air of 'Masonic Secrecy'. The only room where business discussions were permitted was the small, dark lounge affectionately and appropriately referred to as the Underground. The wooden sign was carved to read: 'U.N.DERGROUN'D'.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:27:58 No.41779452 Report

Quoted By: >>41779461

>>41779442

My purpose at the Grove was sexual in nature, and therefore my perceptions were limited to a sex slave's viewpoint. As an effective means of control to ensure undetected proliferation of their perverse indulgences, slaves such as myself were subjected to ritualistic trauma. Slaves of advancing age or with failing programming were sacrificially murdered 'at random' in the wooded grounds of Bohemian Grove, and I felt it was 'simply a matter of time until it would be me'. Rituals were held at a giant, concrete owl monument on the banks of the Russian River. These occultish sex rituals stemmed from the scientific belief that mind-controlled slaves required severe trauma to ensure compartmentalization of the memory. I witnessed the sacrificial death of a young, dark-haired victim at which time I was instructed to perform sexually 'as though my life depended upon it'. I was told, 'The next sacrifice victim could be you.' The club offered a 'Necrophilia' themed room to its members. Other perversion theme rooms at the Bohemian Club included what I heard Ford refer to as the 'Dark Room'. When he not so cleverly said, 'Let's go to the Dark Room and see what develops,' I understood from experience that he was interested in indulging in his perverse obsession for pornography. In the Dark Room, members had sex with the same mind-controlled slave they were viewing in porn on a big screen television. There was a triangular glass display centered in a main through way where I was locked in with various trained animals, including snakes. Members walking by watched sex acts of bestiality, women with women, mothers with daughters, kids with kids, or any other unlimited perverse visual display.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:29:37 No.41779461 Report

Quoted By: >>41779467

>>41779452

I was once brutally assaulted by Dick Cheney in the Leather Room, which was designed like a dark, black leather-lined train berth. There was a room of shackles and tortures, black lights and strobes, an opium den, ritualistic sex altars, a chapel, group orgy rooms including poster beds, water beds, and 'kitten' houses. I was used as a 'rag doll' in the 'toy store,' and as a urinal in the 'golden arches' room. From the owl's roost to the necrophilia room, no memory of sexual abuse is as horrifying as the conversations overheard in the Underground pertaining to implementing the New World Order. I learned that perpetrators believed that controlling the masses through propaganda mind manipulation did not guarantee there would be a world left to dominate due to environmental and overpopulation problems. The solution being debated was not pollution/population control, but mass genocide of 'selected undesirables'."

Cathy O'Brien

http://www.whale.to/b/obrien_b1.html

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:30:38 No.41779467 Report

Quoted By: >>41779596 >>41780375

>>41779461

"In one instance detailed in The Franklin Cover-Up, Paul was taken by Larry King and others to a wooded area in California - identified after publication as the Bohemian Grove. There Paul and another boy were forced to do sex acts with and to consume parts of a child whom they had watched being murdered by the cultists. The body was to be disposed of by 'the men with the hoods.' A 'snuff' pornography film was made of

these events; it was directed by a man the party had picked up in Las Vegas whom Paul identified as 'Hunter Thompson' - the same name as a well known sleaze-culture figure."

Franklin Coverup

http://www.whale.to/c/franklin_coverup77.html

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:52:44 No.41779596 Report

Quoted By: >>41779602

>>41779467

"The entrapment going on at Bohemian Grove is of an avaricious and esoteric nature - in relation to all of those unlucky 'invitees' who want to join this 'prestigious club' but then get videoed doing things that they wouldn't want anyone to know about - 'guests' who are then subsequently blackmailed out of their brains...and for the rest of their lives. But then that was what the Illuminati cult and their Sat B'hai contract has always been about...promising that you would get everything for nothing (if you agreed to be unquestioningly obedient to the Crown) and that you would now be part of an 'esoteric' prestigious Satanic club."

Ex MI6

<https://textbin.xyz/?afa6f1bae070c613#6CusCHXyrs9gc4xRSY9tLYgLbXUNX2bD2E4di6Gh9Fm6>

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 18:53:45 No.41779602 Report

>>41779596

"Paul Bonacci, a courageous survivor who endured almost two decades of degradation under Project MONARCH, has disclosed strong corroborating evidence of widescale crimes and corruption from the municipal/state level all the way up to the White House. He has testified about sexually-abused males selected from Boy's Town in Nebraska and taken to nearby Offutt AFB, where he says they were subjected to intense MONARCH programming, directed mainly by Commander Bill Plemmons and former Lt. Col. Michael Aquino. After thoroughly tormenting the young boys into mindless oblivion, they were used (along with girls) for pornography and prostitution with several of the nation's political and economic power-brokers. Bonacci recalled being transported from the Air Force base via cargo planes to McClelland AFB in California. Along with other unfortunate adolescents and teenagers, he was driven to the elite retreat, Bohemian Grove. The perpetrators took full advantage of these innocent victims, committing unthinkable perversions in order to satisfy their deviant lusts. Some victims were apparently murdered, further traumatizing already terrified and broken children."

Project MONARCH: Nazi Mind Control

<http://www.whale.to/b/patton.html>

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:02:40 No.41779638 Report

>>41778734

This, is also funny watching this cunt call it a patriarchy when jews are a literal matriarchy

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 19:52:11 No.41779874 Report

>>41778789

See

>>41779428

'Teddy bear's picnic' is a pedo reference.

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace ishtar11.jpg, 31KiB, 253x253

The image is a black and white illustration featuring a stylized depiction of a female figure. She is standing on a platform with her hands raised, each hand holding a staff or wand. The figure is adorned with a headdress and a necklace, and she has wings on her back. Surrounding her are four smaller figures, each resembling a lion or a similar animal, with their bodies facing the central figure. The background is a textured beige color with geometric patterns and lines. The overall style of the image is reminiscent of ancient or medieval art, with a focus on symbolism and mythological themes. There are no texts present in the image.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 21:54:52 No.41780290 Report

>>41778729

Owl

Minerva

Ishtar

Isis

Hecate

Lilith

View SameGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace www.jpg, 66KiB, 649x365

The image is an aerial view of a modern, white and blue building with a distinctive golden dome. The dome is adorned with a golden statue at its peak. The building features a series of blue and white stripes on its facade. In front of the building, there is a red and white striped walkway leading to a small, white structure with a blue roof. The walkway is bordered by palm trees, and the building is situated on a grassy area with a body of water visible in the background. The overall scene suggests a tropical or subtropical location. There are no visible texts or discernible brands in the image. The style of the image is a realistic photograph with a focus on architectural details.

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:18:52 No.41780360 Report

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:22:55 No.41780375 Report

>>41779467

>Hunter Thompson

"I like to kill." --

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Of0LKB0VZqg&";](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Of0LKB0VZqg&)

Anonymous Thu 08 Jan 2026 22:56:19 No.41780463 Report

>>41778729

This is correct.

t.know some guys who go

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace 49798be7d07565c8ba0e813571115fb0 (...).jpg, 95KiB, 640x775

The image is a collage of two separate photographs. The top photograph shows a group of people gathered around a table in a camp setting. The individuals appear to be engaged in a discussion or meeting. The background is dark, and the lighting is dim,

suggesting an outdoor or semi-outdoor environment.

The bottom photograph features a man with a serious expression, smiling slightly. He is wearing a suit and tie, and his hair is neatly combed. The man is positioned in the foreground, and his face is the central focus of the image.

Overlaying the image is a text that reads: "Nixon saw them sacrifice an infant to Moloch and went: 'this shit's kinda gay.'" The text is in white font against a black background, and it is centered in the image. The style of the image is reminiscent of a meme or a satirical commentary, with the text providing a humorous twist to the original photograph.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:17:09 No.41780657 Report

Quoted By: >>41780757

>>41778729

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:46:49 No.41780757 Report

>>41780657

They probably raped boys in the ass THEN sacrificed them

View SameOCRGoogleiqdbSauceNAOTrace m.png, 10KiB, 724x103

The image is a text excerpt from a source that appears to be a blog post or article. The text is in English and is divided into two columns. The left column contains a question posed by the author, while the right column contains a response from the author. The text is in a standard font and is centered on the page. The background of the page is white, and there are no other visual elements or graphics present in the image. The style of the text suggests a formal or academic tone, possibly from a discussion or debate on a topic related to philosophy or science.

Anonymous Fri 09 Jan 2026 00:52:39 No.41780780 Report

FoolFuuka Imageboard 2.2.0 - Asagi FetcherChange Theme Transparency - FAQ - Credits & Links - 4plebs on X - LegalTxtBin

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To copy paste press on the copy button or use the clipboard shortcut

Ctrl+c/Cmd+c Princess Anne used to do Illuminati Alice in Wonderland 'mirrorwork' mind control programming with teenage British Intelligence recruits. The basic drill was that they made the recruit look into a full size oval mirror, but the recruit wasn't allowed to see their own reflection. Princess Anne stood in such a way, that the recruit could only see her reflection in the glass. The recruit then had the 'crown' put on their head i.e. a thin, metal band and given a severe electric shock. This was to lock-in mind control programming into the subconscious. Consciously, you had no memory of what had happened, but your subconscious mind had registered that your reflection was that of Princess Anne. This meant that she had claimed a part of your 'identity', you subconsciously saw her in the mirror afterwards. It is all about 'ownership' of your own mind. Mirrorwork was designed to make sure that the programmer had planted their own image over your own - which meant that you would then follow their commands far more compliantly. This type of training was done to hundreds of recruits - however it specifically targetted those termed 'oranges' i.e. descendents from the House of Orange, who had a better claim to the British Throne than the so-called Windsors did. Those unfortunate women termed 'orange' rarely lived past 30 years old - most were

murdered beforehand. They were bred like pedigree dogs by Princess Anne and their zygotes were used in genetic experimentation. These women were kept in the dark as to their true genetic heritage and under mind control, had no hope of either finding out the truth, or escaping the system.

That is the BIG point about all of them. They are all in abused child alters and for most of the time. The murder of Lady Diana. The Asian Tsunami (Bomb under seabed. Shell Oil did the drilling.) The 7/7 bombing. ALL planned and executed by MI6 and on Royal command.

Underneath the Royal Observatory upon Greenwich Hill there is a large military base, accessible by a trapdoor within the Observatory or the Queen Anne's colonaded house next door to Queen Anne's garden. People have been abducted, tortured and murdered down there for many decades now and upon Prince Philip's orders. Not to mention the child sacrifice that goes on down there. It is however primarily a military base and as such is mainly used as an arsenal, even a couple of nuclear torpedoes in storage down there.

One of the top three Illuminati is a certain Senator Roberts who is currently the mind control programmer of George Bush. He is known as the 'lean spectre' or 'thin ghost' by the UK Illuminati - they do love their nicknames. This is in effect a reference to his status as the demonic 'holy ghost' of the Satanic Illuminati Trinity. Stephenson is one of the big 3.

KATSAV - CATS EYES - the usual mind control programming image, used to protect the top master programmers. The SAATCHIS AND LOWRYS used this to hide behind.

Illuminati programming is going strong in Shanghai. The British council there has an underground room where there was a 'Chinese-style' (complete with bamboo poles) MI6 CAROUSEL upon which to torture victims until they disassociate, within the basement.

What I do not get most of all is the mentality of the slave-driving families. Who in their right mind would want to reduce the vast majority of the human population to mind control slaves - when the geniuses of this world come from this population. This population are not the sad, sick money-grubbing obsessives of this world - like the Illuminati. This population however, will devolve because of mind control and will stop producing 'brilliant people' because of degenerative brain damage which will eventually enter the genetic chain and be passed down generationally. I suppose if one saw it all through the eyes of a member of the royal family - they rather like the idea of this massive slave-class because it makes them feel more 'secure' and assuages their extreme paranoia that someone, somewhere may stage a rebellion against them, take away their money/possessions and leave them destitute. I do not suppose that many people would want to live in illuminati society because of the company that they would be forced to keep. Can you imagine having to live 24/7 with the royal family? What a dull, sordid business. Yet if you were a member of the royal family then you wouldn't find this sort of milieu and company - dull, stupid, sick, sordid etc...because it would be

the only thing that you knew and therefore the only society that you felt 'comfortable' within. I suppose that is why the slave-driving families continue to push for a world of microchipped slaves. Firstly they do not mind each other's company and secondly they have a desperate need to create 'security' around themselves to prevent anyone from depositing them. Mark Rockefeller had wanted to create a world full of microchipped mind control slaves - his argument being that human beings were so unruly and aggressive, selfish and greedy - that they would all fight otherwise and eventually destroy the human race. He also advocated mind control for young children in order to prepare them for life in a hive. That meant anal rape, electrocution, torture and drugging in order to 'groom' them for their role as a microchipped slave.

We went high up into the Swiss mountains - two CIA guys, Richard Tomlinson and myself - to a large concrete plateau/platform with pillars. It looked like an old WWII base of sorts, sticking out of the mountain but at the same time, relatively hidden from view, from down below. You could drive up there. Nothing to see until you unlocked the main door. The 'ambassador' had given them the key and directions. The two CIA guys gasped in astonishment and uttered many expletives, once they had seen what was inside this 'bunker'. They then asked me if I had ever been there before - but at the time, I had no memories. However it has all come back now. We had all been taken up to this bunker in 1980 - to view the Templar gold. It was an incredible treasure trove of golden coins, candelabras, chairs, even clothes...anything and everything you could imagine but it was all made of solid gold. I remember how Rimington and Tomlinson had stood by the doorway and searched each and everyone of us, before we were allowed to leave this massive bunker. We had been allowed in to 'touch' the gold...told we could pick things up but mustn't attempt to steal anything. The girls didn't bother to attempt to do so but the boys nearly all tried to secrete a coin or two, away in a pocket or sock...and all were found out. Apart from Daldry and another guy who had managed to swallow one but as they later said - they hadn't managed to find it in their crap, afterwards, for some reason. I remember ETI standing in line to go out - he was uncharacteristically silent and Scarlett began to giggle - Rimington had been about to let him pass after searching him - Scarlett then told him to open his mouth and there was a large golden coin in it - Rimington shrieked with laughter and said 'you dirty little boy' as she gingerly took this spittle-covered coin out of his mouth...and began to wipe it upon her skirt. None of the above came back whilst I was looking at this 'ALADDIN'S CAVE' in 2004. After deciding what to do, the CIA made a call for help - and eventually 3 massive, white freight trucks could be seen, winding their way across the valley below. I have to say that even though the golden coins were REAL - they didn't look that tarnished at all - it all looked relatively modern. In fact, most things looked relatively modern and I can see why now...this wasn't Templar gold...this was nazi gold. Maybe there were ancient things towards the back of the bunker...but the Nazis had covered them up with more recent 'acquisitions' i.e. what they had stolen from the people they had murdered in WWII, museums they had plundered. I didn't stay to find out.

I can now see why I thought it so odd that SPRINGMEIER'S account of the MKULTRA PROGRAM lacked any mention of Son of God programming. The Americans obviously hadn't done this to their experimental mind control slaves - whereas the British had.

Therefore one can say that the Americans didn't really know the full story in relation to colonial 'son of God' programming at all. Neither did the CIA know about the nazi gold treasure trove in the Swiss mountains. They were probably unaware of the Templar cult behind it. They might have been specialists in the 'new and improved' computerised MKULTRA Illuminati program, but they didn't know the full 'ins and outs' of what the British got up to, whilst programming their own mind control slaves. However, Mark and his Rockefeller family did know - but Mark had decided not to tell the CIA (for whom he was working) the whole story.

MARK'S idea of a 'perfect world' was populated with Christian mind control slaves - the Muslims would have been wiped out by that point - the Jews would have converted to Christianity (or died along with the Muslims) and anybody who wasn't microchipped and under control, would be put to death instantly. I have nothing against Christianity per se but I have EVERYTHING against the S/M brand of 'Son of God' programming that Mark had come to love. He was quite happy to claim to be a Christian to me, whilst raping, torturing and murdering adults and children - at the Templar Castle in 2001. His 'brand' of Christianity. ^{SEP}_{SEP} Okay, PRINCE PHILIP and his TEMPLARS had an even worse idea - that of 'genocide' against women and girls, in general. Their plan was the old 'pregnant men' one i.e. procreation conducted in a sort of BRAVE NEW WORLD way via 'zygote/human eggs banks'. A world populated by only men. However, Mark Rockefeller's idea was frankly, just as insane and that is why I am now also 'outing' everything that he has done.

Want to know the basic numerical 'compartments' of mind control programming used by British Intelligence (in Harwich for example)? Check out the beach huts. The procedure was as follows: take a victim of the Illuminati cult to a particular number of beach hut - torture them within it, show them their programming objects and tell them the Illuminati cult meaning/associations - then ECT the nape of their neck, to lock in the memory. The victim is then unable to retrieve/ access the memory consciously (for two hours before and after this profound shock to the system) - the memory therefore stays in the subconscious mind. Finally, to 'lock in' programming and to CODE IT, the two programmers (usually) then took their victim out of the hut and showed them the colour of the 'box' i.e. hut (many different shades) and the particular types of LOCK used to lock the hut up again. This was to SEAL in the compartmentalised memory (programming). Upon Dovercourt bay - walk to your left and see the huts that the British Military used to program their personnel. Walk to the right and you will see many more huts - numbered 1-259, which were used to program Illuminati victims as Illuminati Royal slaves, being groomed for high office in British Politics and Society. These people went through far more severe mind control programming than that of the military per se. Everyone went through it - from Gordon Brown to David Cameron - to British stars of the screen and stage.

Mornington Crescent - that London Underground Tube station which has been closed since whenever, contains the entrances to British Intelligence's tunnels to Illuminati 'HQ'. This is where they all go to perform their Satanic rites (not just old WWII secret bunkers). There is also a tunnel under the Thames from MI6 to the Houses of

Parliament. A whole underground network that not too many people know about.

Sure, they practise Satanic rites, but the esoteric shit is just a cover for a massive mind control slave market, zygote market and child trafficking ring. Stella Rimington ran the lot along with Hilary Swanson who was in charge of the Royal Genome Project. They all 'fed' into each other. The whole Cold War thing was a hoax in the main. A front for this appalling slave trade.

If you resisted this programming and rebelled against what the Illuminati call the SC i.e. Satanic Catholics but in reality - it didn't matter if you were a Jew/Muslim/Protestant - you all were forced into demonic Catholic Illuminati cult ceremonies 'on the other side of the mirror' - the code applied to you was: S C G A B D H S. It simply meant that you were denied a job in the country and would be treated as 'prey' abroad i.e. British Intelligence then declared 'open season' upon you and hunted you down, if you dared to leave the country. If you would like to see a programming book used to issue this dire threat - look at Page 23 (23 is a death threat - burnt to death) of: "DARK KNIGHTS AND DINGY CASTLES" (HORRIBLE HISTORIES), SCHOLASTIC, by Terry Deary. There is a list of KNIGHTLY RULES upon this page but if one reads the simple code used by the TEMPLARS in the huge amount of publishing firms/materials that they own, control and produce (including the BBC's publications) - the initial letter code of each RULE is: S C G A B D H S. This code is programmed into all Royal mind control slaves: You GAB about the demonic and Satanic ceremonies of the Royal Family - it is the DHS for you and for the rest of your life. The locks of these beach huts are interesting too. Some are ancient. Some beach huts have their old locks on as well as relatively new locks put on. Why? Because every person was under the control of a different elite Illuminati family/business/multinational - the Royal Family had sold us all off and divvied us up as mind control slaves to various factions of the hierarchy. For example you have the MR MOON locks which are on the TOP MASON'S beach hut in Harwich. He owns the WARDEN'S HUT. You can generally see him around with a walkie-talkie. The REV. SUN MYUNG MOON is a programmed son of God. Ever wondered why he claims to be akin to Jesus Christ and that he urges his followers to worship the CROWN rather than the CROSS? Well, now you know. REV MOON funds a lot of George Bush's activities. He is an evil influence everywhere upon this planet. However, he is also a mind control slave of the ROYAL FAMILY. The ROYAL FAMILY send groups of young people to be programmed by him every year. REV MOON is the head of COSMOS programming and all slaves are programmed to see this man as THE SUN, THE MOON AND THE STARS. I was one of the victims of this type of programming - forced to go to NORTH KOREA on a British military plane with about 30 other young people, in order to be mind control programmed by REV MOON. He owned a white colonial house upon the top of a hill, overlooking the poverty-stricken shanty towns of Korea. It was hideous. REV MOON advocates the idea of 'arranged marriages' - this is precisely what the ROYAL GENOME PROJECT IS ALL ABOUT. Making sure that nobody procreates without 'permission' amongst the Illuminati's elite 'slave class'. Look at the other locks and colours of the beach huts to find out what happened to you - if you are over 40 years old - the memories should come back far more quickly than younger people. Nobody was taken to ALL of the huts - MOST victim were groomed in different ways and for different

FUNCTIONS (and only taken to a couple of the huts) and people are taken back to these huts for 're-programming' every 5 years or so. Additionally, children are taken to different huts - according to their age group and what the Illuminati want to program them with, a certain age. Harwich isn't the only place in the world where this goes on. Nor are 'beach huts' the only place where this sort of programming takes place. Any structure without windows or blinds permanently down - is a likely programming site. MARK ROCKEFELLER/RICHENBACH didn't want anybody to know what was beyond hut 255 programming.

The TEMPLARS are all as bad as each other and all completely under mind control - extremely brain-damaged by Illuminati culture/abuse. David Cameron was no different from Gordon Brown in the last RITE OF CAIN conducted by the Templars at the Templar Castle near Mons in 2001. He was murdering small children, with the rest of them.

The ROYAL GENOME PROJECT relates to the Royal Templar idyll of a world full of men (pregnant men) having eliminated all female members of the human race - that must be worthy of some consideration. What about the plans discussed for a NWO with Islam as a 'front' for their Luciferianism?

ILLUMINATI 'FROG ON A LILYPAD' PROGRAMMING: The FROG as a paedophile - with no 'tadpole tail/tale', as in no memory of what he/she has done until they get past 40 years old. It becomes clear that so many people were forced to be paedophiles and to abuse their children - only to wake up to all of this later on - post 40 years old. Then to have Stella Rimington on their doorstep with a videotape - telling them that she will send it to the police if they do not do precisely what she says. The ultimate blackmail weapons combined: A tape of you committing paedophilia - and even worse - incest with your own children. Guaranteed to 'silence' most people for life. The scope of this Illuminati blackmail project has been immense, in British society and it has to be exposed. There is safety in numbers.

"Do you think that MI6 simply sits around and eats digestive biscuits over cups of tea, in a civilised way, in boardrooms, in MI6 buildings? Are you all stupid? Of course they are out there murdering, drugging people, running mafia rings etc. That is what all intelligence agencies do. If you want to be 007 - then you have to wake up fast, to the reality of mind control and the fact that you will be abused under it, as much as any of your victims - you simply 'race' to stay alive and stay on top for as long as you can but eventually you lose - nobody gets out of here alive." That is what the SAS Captain had said to me in 1980 and when I said that I would get out - he laughed his head off - nobody got out of the Illuminati cult - apart from feet first.

MARK ROCKEFELLER had had access to all of LOEHRMANN'S documents since 1995. RIMINGTON had always kept my PSI ability well clear of MI6 - told me to lie about it in tests at FORT MONCKTON or they would destroy my mind and body, via experimentation. I am sure she was right. On the other hand, she then wanted to use me for her own gain. Just like she was doing to TOMLINSON. She obviously let MARK

ROCKEFELLER in on the picture - he knew about TOMLINSON and myself as having very high PSI ability. He used both of us to get a good idea of the future and I suppose, anything else that we could tell him. In synopsis, the ROCKEFELLERS had had access to all of the mind control slaves run by US Intelligence, globally - since 1995 - after having kidnapped and interrogated LOEHRMANN. They could run any of these slaves, including LOEHRMANN - who was HEAD of this department that was in charge of 'mind control' (including experimental drugs) in the FBI. Every mind control slave was also microchipped in the back of the neck. Apparently it is like a bit of shrapnel in your spine - put there as a child and it is now almost impossible to extract - the bone developed and grew around it. JOANNE COLLIE told me that one at the Templar castle (whilst in a quandry about what to do - she was almost snarling with rage - back against the wall - but knew that she had to do it to save herself - give out information - get MR ICKE out there as a 'frontman' - all of the plans were made 'on the hoof' to avoid being seen or heard by the TEMPLARS or the CCTV - nobody watched that all the time). I have no idea if it is true about the microchip at the back of the neck (just above the neck - where cranium meets spinal cord) but figure that COLLIE must have been telling the truth - I know that a NEODYMIUM MAGNET knocks it out - wipes the chip.

The big CON of the SAINT JOHN cult was that 'cannibalism' worked. It made you more 'powerful'. It doesn't - it gives you DISORDERS OF THE BLOOD which can be terminal. The second biggest con of the SAINT JOHN cult was that paedophilia was 'beneficial' to children - in that it opened up their minds and abilities to a much higher PSI (electric shocks to the brain via the coccyx i.e. anal rape - resulted in 'remote-viewing' alters). What the SAINT JOHN cult rarely added, was that this was also a way to make a brain-dead mind control slave. The third biggest con of the SAINT JOHN cult was completely hidden from even MASONIC view...and that was the simple fact that they were after the 'golden energy'...that 'spark of God' in your pineal gland. A vast amount of mind control programming in 1980 (and also today, in recently released children's books - by MI8) was all about the piercing of your pineal gland (a needle through the eye) and the forcing of the 'dragon' (brain) to give up its most valuable treasure. Every human being's most valuable treasure - contained in the pineal gland. Your 'golden energy'. We all had our 'gold'. So many of us were cheated out of it. The 'healing energy' which we all possess in our pineal gland, was generally 'seen' by those with a high PSI ability as of a 'gold ethereal nature'...and equated to the 'spark of God' in various fine art paintings. God's gift to us all - which the Illuminati then proceeded to steal.

I began to read Cathy O'Brien's book, not having read it word for word at the beginning, too much concentrated information and I only wanted the gist, but looking through it now, the WORDPLAY and PUNS upon words were exactly how the UK programmers had acted in 1980 and were to continue to act whilst reprogramming me. I gawped at PIERRE TRUDEAU of Canada...and his PEE-AIR...as his password with CATHY...then was reminded of the MARQUIS D'EAU...which I already knew to be ANDREW MARR...his pseudonym at the TEMPLAR CASTLE...and then thought back to his poem: EVERYONE'S A FRUIT AND NUT CAKE. It was then that I saw this line: "The pecan was Ivan the Terrible's aunt, the raisin was the Lamb of God. The formidable former

yelled YOU'RE APPALLING and the little latter moaned M-M-M-M-M-MEM-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-AAAAAIR!" So here we have a deliberate stab at MARTIN AYRE/EYRE'S surname - AIR. The 'nut' was the rebellious person and the 'fruit' was their programming. Who was YOU'RE APPALLING? EUROPE PALLING/ALLING/ALLIN. PAUL LYNN (I remember now - something about how this man was called Lyndsey de Paul as a 'joke' on his name). RAY PAULLIN.

It isn't just BRITISH INTELLIGENCE who are programming people...since 1995, the ROCKEFELLERS had learnt pretty much all there was to know about mind control programming and were now programming outside of 'intelligence agencies' - within the Public Sector. For example, RIMINGTON was running mind control courses at MARKS & SPENCERS (as 'graduate' courses) which were nothing to do with British Intelligence and everything to do with the Illuminati slave market of 'office managerial types'. Additionally, there were the MASONIC groups who were all also mind-control programming. For example, THE SHRINERS. STEPHEN DALDRY had only just become aware of them in the USA in 2001, and had immediately set up meetings with them, in the hope of getting them to join the TEMPLARS and their NWO crusade. I have no idea whether he was successful in this, or not.

One of the Ashkenaton rites was held at the Redoubt Fort in Harwich. Part of the worship of Anahid - goddess of volcanoes. The victim was strung upside down from the lamp-post in the middle - over the ancient well in the centre. He/she was then beaten and branded with a hot iron. As far as I know, MI6 and MI5 are still practicing this disgusting perversion of a rite with their new recruits. The name of this victim was 'Erica Chambers' - or rather her codename. Why was she subjugated to this hideous ritual? Was it the Ashkenazim who were behind it? Or was it Eliza Manningham-Buller who harboured the usual aristocratic hatred of Jews, Zionism etc? Stella Rimington and John Scarlett presided over the 'procedure' whilst the other recruits were forced to watch from inside the Fort museum. Was it simply the fact that the graduate trainees (Andrew Marr, Stephen Daldry and Richard Tomlinson) were sick with disgust that they hadn't the bravery or guts to do what Chambers had done? Is this why they agreed to torture and brand her in this obscene fashion? If so, they were correct. They were all snivelling, spineless, whining dogs and they knew it. Not one of them could bear a woman to upstage them. They were the ones who beat her until her arms hung useless by her sides and then Marr branded her with an iron. Chambers was in so much agony that she almost broke her ankles in trying to get free and Daldry couldn't work the pulley to get her down until she had lost consciousness. Tomlinson was trying to hold her still whilst all three of them were panicking wildly. Even tied up and upside down, Chambers was too much for any of those sick dogs to handle. British Intelligence at its best - a sick pack of snarling, cowardly dogs.

Stella Rimington was recruited by the KGB in 1961. Peter Wright and all of his mates in MI5 didn't 'notice' the naked typist in the boss' office - didn't imagine that she could be the mole. Rimington's codename was NORTHSTAR. STELLAR RIMMING...was her new ID. The demonic Masonic St John cult's worship of the northern star on the horizon - otherwise known as the planet VENUS. Richard Tomlinson mentions NORTHSTAR

and OVATION in his autobiography 'The Biggest Breach'. For my money, the biggest breach of the lot was letting Rimington get to the top of MI5 and Tomlinson outed her to the entire spying world. MI5 then allowed Manningham-Buller, Rimington's accessory and partner in crime, to then take over years later. Rimington's codename still is NORTHSTAR according to the British Royal Family's Illuminati cult. They have now taken back the reins of power from Tomlinson's erstwhile mob 'The Golden Chain'. Rimington is still their 'Pistis Sophie' - she hasn't given up the mantle yet despite being a two-bit actress with an interest in Hammer Horror S/M fest rituals. There was never anything 'magical' or 'spiritual' about Rimington. She should have been registered in an Amateur Dramatics society for the chemically-challenged rather than get a job with British Intelligence. Cocaine psychosis was her downfall and she is still falling. Daldry and Manningham-Buller's codenames are: TELSTAR. They are Rimington's acolytes in this sick St John saga. Tomlinson blew them all out of the water in The Big Breach. Rimington was chosen as the demonic Pistis Sophia - Illuminati priestess of the St John Masonic Order. Bluntly, she used to murder people at their rites - sacrifice them to the planet Venus. Everyone knew Rimington was off her head but no one quite dared say it - not unless they wanted to lose their own head. Wasn't she responsible for the murders of those SOE veterans who had rumbled the St John brigade in MI5? I heard they buried the bodies just outside Thorpe-le-Soken in 1981.

Has anyone mentioned 'red purse' programming by Rimington yet? This is based on the ghost story of 'The Woman in Black' by Susan Hill. Stella Rimington used to take young women to Mary Howarth's cottage in Sudbury, Suffolk. In the tangled mess of the walled back garden is a small red, iron carriage with enough space to fit two people in. Rimington would abort the young mind control slave within this chamber, whilst rocking it. Her mother was a midwife, remember? Rimington claims that the original Mary Howarth was her first programmer and inductor into the Illuminati cult. However, she is lying - Howarth was a Victorian. Rimington would then eat various parts of the relatively unformed foetus which she would refer to as the young woman's 'little rat'. She would then wrap the remains of the foetus in newspaper and burn it in an incinerator - the type normally used for leaves. The victim of this horror would be completely disassociative by this point. Not being able to 'connect anything with anything' which made it so much easier for Rimington, Richard Tomlinson, Stephen Daldry, Andrew Marr and the like - to abuse that woman for her human eggs/zygotes. She would disassociate immediately and NOT remember anything afterwards - after any of their attacks. The eggs/zygotes would then be sold on the Illuminati market. Anyone mentioned 'Goblin' programming yet? Tomlinson was programmed as a Goblin. This is a 'black magic' ritual which involves drinking the aborted menstrual blood of a female slave with the zygote included of impregnated woman, to gain 'psychic' power over that woman. In effect, it did no such thing but what it did do was to terrorise the young woman into complete disassociation. She would be unable even to go near the memory in her head, never mind talk about it. Any top Illuminati mind control programmer will be aware of what a LIZARD programmer constitutes. The LIZARD programmers are the low-level element of the mind control programmers of the Illuminati cult - they do the 'dirty business'. Rimington was and still is one of these. She is currently the 'hands-on' Manageress of the Illuminati human zygote/egg/sperm mafia trade - run for and by the Royal Family to further their

Genome Project. Rimington reports to Eliza Manningham-Buller, who is the Royal overseer of this filthy trade. The owner of it, is Sir Phillip Green. The top LIZARD programmer is labelled 'The King of the Goblins'. This 'Goblin King' is currently Andrew LLoyd Webber. Any young woman programmed as a 'zygote slave' by the Illuminati cult - will have been taken to Mary Howarth's cottage in Suffolk. The walled garden behind is a 'programming centre' for 'red purse' mind control programming. In short, Rimington takes young women out into the garden and puts them into a smallish, old and rusty red carriage - which is to the back of this 'wilderness' garden. Rimington, who trained as a midwife originally (like her mother) then aborts the young woman in this container and then begins to eat parts of what she terms the 'delicacy' i.e. the foetus. The traumatised young victim is always already under mind control [L SEP] and therefore disassociates almost immediately. Rimington terms the unborn child 'a little rat' to her face and then wraps the remains in newspaper. She then takes it to the incinerator at the back of the garden and burns it, in front of the young woman's eyes. Why is this sick and evil 'esoteric' practice carried out? To obfuscate the real reason as to why it is being done. Afterwards, the 'red purse' programming is indelibly marked onto the subconscious mind of the young victim - who will immediately disassociate as soon as she hears the words 'red purse' making subsequent forced abortions easy to carry out by GOBLIN programmers. The whole process is part of ALICE IN WONDERLAND mind control programming. For further details - read the metaphorical account of the lizard being forced down the 'chimney' of the house in which 'little foetus' Alice is entrapped. Rimington was insane - a psychotic - but even she disassociated to an extent in relation to her role as a LIZARD programmer. She therefore used to tell her colleagues in British Intelligence that she was an 'interdimensional space lizard' who 'couldn't be destroyed by fire because we are like salamanders'. This is the current state of British Intelligence today.

Stella Rimington was the PASSAGE as in PAS – SAGE. The 'herb green' demonic Stella Maris of the Illuminati cult. Rimington and her ilk were all about 'smuggling for the Crown' or for herself and her programmers. Rimington was the STELLA MARIS, and as such was given the colour code of 'HERB GREEN' which is part of the ORO/Moloch cult coding of the highest echelons of this paedophile/drug cult of 'Illuminati'. It was all about smuggling and nothing much else. I personally don't give a damn about what people stuff up their noses but Rimington was trafficking children. There was a microchip that was fixed to the pineal gland of UK Illuminati slaves...and that means most of the government apart from anybody else. The coding was shown to me (by default) by Rimington who was trying to re-programme me again in 2003. There is a facsimile of the colour-coded factors of the chip i.e. their EMF frequencies upon the spines of the Penguin book series: GREAT LOVES. What the Illuminati were doing to their slaves every 5 years - was to scoop a bit more out of the pineal gland and 'stun' it by what they called 'a needle through the eye'. This served a dual purpose: To prevent the slave from recovering any memories of the horrific sexual and psychological abuse during 'programming'. To sell minute quantities of human pineal gland on the Royal Illuminati market.

Rimington had been programmed to be a 'lizard programmer' i.e. satanic abortionist.

However, along with her US mate Mr. Mann (tycoon extraordinaire) she had begun to get delusions of grandeur - fuelled by the Rockefeller Family who actually worshipped a 'lizard god' on the quiet. Rimington began to see herself as what Mr. Icke would term an 'interdimensional space lizard', and what would such a creature do if it landed on Earth? Lay eggs. In effect, that is what this evil organisation has done - cloned Rimington's eggs (she is the STELLA MARIS of the Illuminati cult) and implanted them in approx. 100,000 women in the UK as well as all over the world. This is an international test trial. Richard Tomlinson explained the ultimate trajectory of such an action: To create a 'hybrid' man who could become pregnant. The Illuminati cult wants to eventually make 'women' redundant - a Nazi eugenics project of horrifying proportions. Rimington was a prototype of this project and couldn't actually have children herself. She was what one might term a transsexual but secretly always thought of herself as a 'man'. The eggs are currently being monitored by the 'HH' (naval intelligence coding run by the Monarchy) in NHS clinical coding. Rimington was singled out as having something terrible on her genes by the Luciferians/Satanists of this cult and to let things take their course, is to invite more than disaster and not just on a genetic/biological level.

Richard Tomlinson was privy to a human zygote deal circa 2003 between the Royal Family and the Saudis. The Saudis wanted what they termed 'white, elite bloodline human eggs' for what Tomlinson described in somewhat fanciful terms as: a recipe for the elixir of life. Good news for those of us with mixed genes then. We will not be used as surrogate zygote/human eggs slaves under mind control. However, those like David Cameron's wife should be very worried indeed. (If you are married to a Templar, it is more than likely that you will be targetted.) Those of us who understand 'Alice in Wonderland' mind control will know that these women all have 'child alters' which will have been taught to respond to certain programming commands from especially designed programming texts. The latest off the MI6/Royal production line is from ORCHARD BOOKS: THE POPPY AND MAX SERIES. If you know how to analyse these text, then the programming cues are obvious. Those in charge of this revolting 'literary project' are Dr Joanne Collie and her associates at MI6. (Collie currently poses as a 'Dr' at Susan Bassnett's research Centre at the University of Warwick. Give her a call.) I suppose they all get a 'cut in the deal' somewhere along the line and the Royal Family are about to make an almost inestimable amount of money from it. Those directly responsible for the production of these despicable books are: Sally Grindley - author. Lindsey Gardiner - illustrator. Reading Consultant: Prue Goodwin, lecturer in Education at the University of Reading. In brief, the books contain all of the codes for the covert practice of aborting girls as young as 11 years old and 'teaching' them to 'see' their eggs and their womb as something completely different e.g. 'everyday objects' like a huge oval bar of pink soap in the bath (the aborted foetus). Those of us used to this type of horror in terms of mind control and hypnotism - know that the girl/young woman will be traumatised beyond description - will not be able to remember what happened until their early 40s when the memories begin to come back. The main programming command to abort is SNAP. The main torture used to make the girl/young woman disassociate is dislocation of the knee. Just to show that she isn't discriminatory in any way, Rimington (via Collie) has dedicated one of the books to her step-daughter Nicola, whom Rimington has been running as a surrogate zygote slave for her entire life. See

POPPY AND MAX AND RIVER PICNIC (about 'twins'). That is how sick and twisted, these people are. In addition, the graphic designer Gardiner has dedicated POPPY AND MAX AND THE LOST PUPPY (about a young girl having a baby and being made to give it up for adoption) to Richard Tomlinson. His 'pet name' is DARCY. Tomlinson always liked to pretend he was some tall, dark hero - his fantasy IDs have included BYRON and DRACULA (he has started a whole new mind control series of alters around vampires.) Tomlinson aka Rory Macklin has been well-known in the zygote/child trafficking mafias and for most of his life - even before working as an MI6 officer. Check out the children's book HUNGRY! HUNGRY! HUNGRY! which contains the 'midwife' Illuminati alter used to abort women. Tomlinson was originally programmed in his child alter to carry out these obscene and barbaric acts via this programming script (peas are zygotes). The Illuminati belief is that if a 'master' eats the 'peas' of a slave that he will gain greater control over her. This is pure Satanism i.e. pure insanity.

ASHANTI VILLAGES IN GHANA. Rimington has been on a specialist project of hers as a 'lizard programmer' since the late 1990s in Ghana. Under the cover of FAIRTRADE and DIVINE CHOCOLATE - Rimington has been programming these 'chocolate-producing' families and villagers as SPERM SLAVES. Every day, the men and boys have to line up to go into the main 'hut' to be milked for their sperm. This happens three times a day. It is seen as a traditional religious practice by these peoples but in fact, Rimington boasted to me that she and her mind control programmers had brainwashed these people through drugs and torture to believe that this is a 'norm'. Rimington introduced the old Illuminati model of the MILKMAID'S STOOL which she then sat upon to milk the men and boys within this hut. This is now referred to as the GOLDEN STOOL by various tribes. Rimington used to do this with all male Illuminati slaves who were chosen by British Intelligence to be programmed either as bona fide officers/agents or those to be placed in British government/society in key roles. She has now extended this practice to Africa and specifically Ghana. Why? It is an old slave-traders paradise and that is what Rimington and her associates are all about in the 21st Century - however this time it is mind control slavery. In addition, Ghana houses the Illuminati's main SIGNALS BASE which controls their mafioso shipping lines. The sperm is then sold on to various pharmaceutical companies - naturally the villagers are not paid for this 'product' and have no idea of what happens to their sperm afterwards. Additional notes: Have you heard of the Ghanaian myth of ANANSI? According to Rimington it means: A NANCY i.e. a gay man under mind control or a 'Nancy' as in a whore with a heart of gold - a mind control sex slave run by British Intelligence. Andrew Lloyd-Webber knows all^{[1][2][3][4][5][6][7][8][9][10][11][12][13][14][15][16][17][18][19][20][21][22][23][24][25][26][27][28][29][30][31][32][33][34][35][36][37][38][39][40][41][42][43][44][45][46][47][48][49][50][51][52][53][54][55][56][57][58][59][60][61][62][63][64][65][66][67][68][69][70][71][72][73][74][75][76][77][78][79][80][81][82][83][84][85][86][87][88][89][90][91][92][93][94][95][96][97][98][99][100]} about this trade in 'nancies' - why not ask him? The odd thing about this apparently 'ancient tribal myth' about the ANANSI is that there do not appear to be any ancient artefacts which can testify to the authenticity of this particular folktale. I was expecting to find at least a few wood/stone carvings (if not a few texts) to verify the supposed 'traditional' aspect of this 'clever black spider' story. Perhaps one could posit that the myth of the ANANSI began at relatively the same time that ALICE IN WONDERLAND was published? Late 19th Century? I forgot to mention that John Scarlett had told me that 'everyone' believed that the song 'WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN? I SAID THE SPARROW, WITH MY LITTLE ARROW' was a Victorian song, which had been passed down through the centuries but had in fact,

been hoaxed by British Intelligence and through their publishing firms, in the 1950s. That is their power. That is the power of publishing. Particularly when you control so many divisions and can coordinate them, along with the journalists and reviewers. You can 'authenticate' the text with one of your mind control historians at Oxford. You can tell everybody it used to be sung at Christchurch in 1419...and so on...and they all buy it...why not? Who cares? You then get a few school choirs chirping it on Xmas TV programmes and it is in the bag...it has now become an 'authentic' part of British culture. I still do not get what that song is about...but one figures some mafia war between the Illuminati and whoever opposed them. A US Statesman called Robin or Robbins in 1949...or around that time...what did he do...why did the ILL want to do him in?

Do Comic Relief know about what Rimington was up to? They supported FAIRTRADE and DIVINE CHOCOLATE. "We decided to follow Stella Rimington (first female boss of MI5) into the Ashanti Villages of Ghana to see how this latest project was developing..." Did Rimington use the 'invisibility material' to make it look even more spooky? Does GEORGE BUSH still go by the name of the LIZARD OF AHS? (What happened to the WIZARD OF OZ?) Does Rimington still think that she is an 'interdimensional space lizard' courtesy of the Wizard of Ahs mind control programming? Or has she now come down to Earth with a bump - to realise that she was only ever a dirty, little backstreet abortionist and sperm-stealer.

https://web.archive.org/web/20031113154132/http://www.mnsu.edu/emuseum/cultural/oldworld/africa/ashanti_culture.html

The above is Rimington's site where one can read about the mysterious 'golden stool' that she lifts up in her 'invisibility material' cloak to astound the natives.

Would anybody like to know where ALL of the codes are for the ROYAL GENOME PROJECT? Try your local hardware store which has an ICI PAINT MACHINE. You know the ones - where the assistants can mix up virtually ANY colour/shade/tone of paint. There is a massive swatch of colours that fan out to include every single colour-code for EVERY ILLUMINATI SLAVE. Check out the ones which begin YR and look up your own age e.g. if you are 44 years old - then you may well have been programmed with YR44 and ORANGE. Not a good sign - these slaves are generally run as 'State terrorists'. Check out the ones that begin with IV for all of the IVF coding and multiple experimentation upon that score. Finally check out the GREEN coding for the 'rulers' of this Illuminati GENOME CULT / Nazi Eugenics project. The whole paint machine is a metaphor, for this type of experimentation, but the CODES are real. Also check out the RA pink sheets as these contain the coding for all Royal Arch Freemasonry slaves.

Would anyone like to try analysing a PRIVATE EYE CYCLOPS CROSSWORD? An ex-Illuminati mind control slave told me all about it: "I remember Rimington telling us that this was how spies on trains, could and would communicate to each other by asking each other to solve supposed crossword clues...it was also a way to activate

somebody's programming by simply asking a businessman mind control slave on a train 'Can you help me with 2 Across?' Then the man would open his briefcase and she would put whatever she wanted into it - these businessmen were used as unwitting smugglers to get things in and out of high-security buildings - drugs mainly." Also, this crossword refers to CONSCIOUS - ACROSS: above ground/high-security building and SUBCONSCIOUS - DOWN: below ground - Templar subterranean tunnels, chambers and halls used for human sacrifice - programming of mind control slaves. The crossword itself refers to the 'cyclops' of British Intelligence who operate only upon their 'instinctual' side of the brain where the abused child alters are housed. It is also a 'map' of a particular office building set-up. For example, the 27th June edition of PRIVATE EYE had a plan of the SHELL BUILDING by Waterloo Bridge. Note the many 'swastikas' within this architectural design. There is an underground Illuminati tunnel network under this building. If anybody is interested - the cream 'Queen Anne' fortress building by the hill overlooking Wimbledon is also an access point to Illuminati tunnels which run under this hill. All of the seeded tennis players have to kneel to the Royal Family in a demonic rite - in a large hall under this hill. There is also a 'passing out' ceremony which used to make Rimington laugh a lot and for obvious reasons - they were all electrocuted to take away their memories and pass out after the ceremony - where the winner of the men's and women's singles are forced to have sex with one another, in front of their contemporaries of the tennis world AND the Royal Family always attend with their Illuminati notaries. This is an exercise in humiliation. The tennis players are being taught that they might feel magnificent after having won Wimbledon but they are only mind control slaves of the Crown. If you would like to visit other tunnels and underground chambers - why not try the Queen Anne style colonnaded house near to Queen Anne's garden in Greenwich. There is a tunnel entrance from this house which takes you right under the Royal Observatory.

MI5 handlers still trawl 'Juvie' today to spot other young people with serious mental problems and psychotic proclivity in order to train them up as assassins.

20th Century FOX (AKA a 'subsid' FBI company) produced THE SIMPSONS as a skit upon the UK Illuminati cult. THE SIMPSONS BELLY BUSTER cartoon book contains the Templar Castle 2002 horror story in hilarious detail. Brief resume of character list: Miliband is MILHOUSE. Krusty is RICHARD TOMLINSON. Willy is ELIZA MANNINGHAM-BULLER. Mr Burns is PRINCE PHILIP. Smithers is PRINCE WILLIAM. Rimington is SEYMOUR'S. AGED MOTHER AGNES SKINNER. Stephen Daldry is BARNEY. Andrew Marr is SIDESHOW MEL. Jonathan Evans is CHIEF WIGGUM. To name but a few...this is the cheapest way to have a laugh at all of your favourite characters. The Templar Castle VIDEO 2001 is far too expensive for most aficionados of this particular 'show'.

 "CHESTER" by MELANIE WATTS, HARPERCOLLINS 2008. ISBN: 978 0 00 727018 7 9 780007 270187. Programming numbers: 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1. Nothing much to report here - somebody trying to be 'clever' but failing badly by pissing around with narrative but in a really stupid way...it is simply a watered down TOM AND JERRY cartoon...Chester is a 'cat' who is outwitted by a 'mouse'. The 'mouse' being a RA

programmed European Jew...who gets the better of the 'natural order of things' and tricks the 'cat'. The hideous use of a large red marker pen all around the cat suggests extreme torture in order to make a mind control slave. The author/illustrator is seriously psychologically disturbed. If one looks at the back of the book and the note pinned upon the cat's back: MICE RULE. SO many Illuminati puns and jokes around the anagrams and Illuminati cult meanings that one can get out of 'MICE'. Military Intelligence - CE (as in the logo of certification upon all electronic goods). MY SEA. The 'MC' as in Masonic mind control. The 'master craftsman'. M' as in the boss of MI6 and 'C' as in the boss of MI5.

Want to know the primary symbol for DELTA mind control slave programming? A NIKE RED 'TIC'. If you would like to see an HUGE example of this programming in situ, visit the Dovercourt SPORTS SHOP by the Library, enter the shop, walk nearly to the end and then turn around and you will see the UNHOLY TRINTY of three posters of RED NIKE TICS up on high and behind you. Note also that the WICKER BLINDS used to signify cannibal and paedophile activities within the area, are also present behind the NIKE TICS. NIKE is also known as Artemis and seen as the 'huntress'.

Illuminati slaves are hideously abused and tortured into fight/flight syndrome - this memory is then frozen in time, into their cellular memory/muscles - to be accessed only by a programmer. It is mainly Military programming but has also been used in various Sports.

Atrial Fibrillation is normally induced in Illuminati victims and then 'frozen' into the muscles of their heart. This horrific experience can then be called up by the programmer, where necessary to make the slave comply. Almost certainly what happened to Tony Blair.

Natalie Saatchi of Saatchi & Saatchi fame? Her ISIS pendant symbolised by the ARK OF COVENANT - part of Illuminati slave programming - their 'soul/lifeforce' energy was supposed to be in this sepulchre. Natalie would drape herself over it to personify the two cherubim who guarded this 'treasure' i.e. kept the energy of the slave from him/her and more prosaically, had control of their mind control commands and microchips. Natalie's pendant symbolises the two hemispheres of the brain working in tandem i.e. that she has not been mind-split and made into an Illuminati slave. All of the Illuminati slaves that she controlled had been mind-split and were to varying degrees, bipolar.

The world's Intelligence agencies are infiltrated and controlled by "Royal Arch" Freemasons who owe their loyalty not to the State but to Illuminati (Masonic) bankers, posing as the "Crown" or "Monarchy." Most agents are tortured, i.e. trauma brainwashed and mind controlled using trigger words from texts like "Alice in Wonderland."

William engages in a certain rather disgusting practice, with members of the Royal Military. I have no idea of the Masonic 'esoteric' meaning behind any of it but basically, they get naked, cut themselves in various places and then lick the blood off each other.

Only for those seriously into S/M closet gay behaviour.

GOBLIN Satanic programming and the mind control command: "Hungry, hungry, hungry". The use and abuse of female mind control slaves for their menstrual fluid and zygote. The programmer is also a mind control slave, who has been programmed to be 'hungry' i.e. to follow a Pavlovian dog mind control command, in order to satisfy his 'hunger'.

The Royal Family were known to base their entire Illuminati cult upon the demonic TAU as in the OTO cult. Prince Philip used to be 'affectionately' called WIDOW TWANKEY when he dressed up in his regal Chinese Emperor robes and had everyone bow to the floor before him. Prince Charles has been named as the overseer of horrific tortures, beatings and beheadings in a 'secret' closed square in Tangiers - punishment for the 'camels' who had caused 'spills' on the Royal drug/contraband routes. The slaves who survived this horror - were suitably traumatised into silence - which was basically the whole point of them being kidnapped and forced to witness such acts of barbarity.

Years ago - in 1997, to be precise. I began to research eugenics by default and one phrase had stuck out in my mind - from one of the AIDS activists, it ran something like this: 'If you give Nazis the chance to interfere with the amniotic fluid and the placenta, as well as stem cell research -they will try to eradicate not only what they think is the 'gay' gene...they will begin to eradicate group after group...'blacks', 'coloureds', 'left-handers'...not just those who are deemed too 'weak' to survive...i.e. those with heredity genetic diseases...' One can see that there is another terrible facet to what the Illuminati have already been experimenting with in terms of stem cell research - cloning their own kind. This is the height of arrogance and makes me feel sick to the pit of my stomach. I could name the people that I know are 'clones' of certain members of British Intelligence (some of whom are now retired) but this would only harm the innocent. Remember the Spielberg film which deals with the spiritual aspects of this issue (the one about the 'boy' Nexus 6 type robot)? The message or subtext is that 'yes' these robots are equal to human beings and that god has blessed them also. This was perhaps an oblique way of saying that the Illuminati do not control everything, including the spiritual world as they would like to believe. Many of the British Intelligence Illuminati are convinced that they were Nazi officers in a past life. Stephen Daldry was convinced of this and I can name others. These people were all picked to be 'leaders' in the Illuminati cult and wherever they were subsequently placed in society. Did they really have Nazi souls? Could it be possible that the Illuminati had really found a way to 'bring back' the souls of their Nazi dead? This is almost laughable. If so, then maybe they think that they can reincarnate 'Hebrew' souls in order to use them again. This is too obscene even to think about and I will have to stop here. I remember that Richard Tomlinson was convinced that he was an 'Egyptian'.

Genetic research in the UK began far earlier than the mainstream historians would like to suggest. It began in the 1830s. In 1980, British Intelligence were experimenting with far more sophisticated equipment than that poor fool of a Took has managed to 'invent' at the University of Warwick. They had already perfected techniques by which one could

move objects around a screen simply by 'thought' i.e. brainwaves and electrodes. This knowledge, is only being leaked to UK universities now and on a small drip feed. Let us cast our minds back to the 1800s and look at which groups of people were being targeted for genetic experimentation. The British Monarchy and their associates, conformed to the societal prejudice and stereotyping that Jews were genetically more intelligent than the rest of us. Untrue. One could argue that it is Jewish culture which has done much to promote education in a similar way to that of eastern cultures but one also has to say that the original Hebrew genes had already been diluted within Europe to the point of almost complete assimilation into the gentile population - despite Jewish groups maintaining their bloodlines. Nowadays, roughly a third of European, gentile males carry what has been identified as the 'Jewish' gene. The Monarchists believed that the Jews were a cut above the rest in terms of intellectual capacity for knowledge and understanding i.e. they had 'superior' genes in this respect. The Jews were also seen as an extremely dangerous threat to those in aristocratic circles. Why? They were 'too clever' by half and the aristocracy knew only too well, their own genetic inferiority, not just in respect to the Jews but to the rest of society in general. The two main factors in this arena: brains versus Old Money. By the end of the 19th century, the Jews had made a large amount of money out of banking. Why banking? They had been denied any other profession, having even been de-barred from trades and crafts guilds in Europe. The only 'profession' open to them in European society, had been money-lending. This made the Jewish people of Europe, doubly dangerous to the Monarchies and aristocracies: brains and money. To make matters worse, the Jews were then rallied by Theodore Herzl to petition for their ancient homeland: Israel. The homeland they had been praying for, for over a millenium. They now had the money and general clout to do so in European society. This was to constitute an incredibly serious threat to the powers that be and they decided to 'indoctrinate' Herzl and use him as a puppet. They then sent him back to his people with the offer of a homeland in Uganda. Now, if you were Jewish, would you really accept such an offer? The Jews rejected the offer. Things began to look very difficult indeed for the European Monarchists. They had been used to kicking the Jews out of their countries, then stealing their money, possessions, land by pogroms and genocide, wiping out whole Jewish communities, villages and towns. The Jews now had too much money and power in European society for them to even attempt such a thing. Therefore the more 'intelligent' members of the Monarchies and aristocracies, had to think up a new plan. Give them Israel but control it via British administration and authority over immigration and citizenship. Then take their money (in payment for this huge condescension) and their land. The money they were allowed to take with them to this newly created British-run State would then be supervised and controlled by the Monarchists. Good idea so far. It worked. Allenby was sent in to do exactly that. British Officers then ordered the Jews who were escaping the gas chambers of Europe to form military units and forced them to serve under their authority. These people who were arriving on the refugee ships were barely capable of refusing and in the main, they didn't. The British Officers supplied the Jews with armaments, then organised and ordered them to attack the indigenous Arab populations in Israel, to force them off their land. The Jews were put into the most terrible dilemma: behave in the same way as their Nazi oppressors in Europe, by attacking indigenous populations and throwing them off their land - or face

certain death at the hands of the British. A choice that we all know about - having served in military intelligence. Disobey or question orders and you face death. The biggest question of all is: would the Jews have done this if they had been given a choice in the matter? Would they have willingly entered into such violent and bloody skirmishes with the Arab (and other) indigenous populations on the land at that time? Or would they have made peace with their neighbours and assimilated into their societies as they had done so in ancient times, before and after the Roman colonisation of Jerusalem (and also in Spain later on)? Or would they have attacked the Arabs and other populations anyway? How could they have done, arriving off ships, half-dead and despairing - without guns. It was the British who supplied them with armaments and made them fight. They were too weak to resist the British and their plans for the region. The British Monarchy. The Royal Satanic Battleship had gone into overdrive. They had decided upon a plan and that was to create their own Satanic version of Zion and at whatever cost, they would control the whole operation. Most people only understand the word 'Zion' as being Jewish, yet the Christians have talked about 'Sion' for centuries. The French set up Priories of Sion, all over the world. The Royal Arch Freemasons had their own brand of 'Zionism' and at that point, they had more money and power than any other group. What is Royal Arch Freemasonry Zionsim? The worship of Lucifer the Light-bringer.

How did it all begin? Well, the British Monarchy and the aristocracy knew full well what was going on in the colonies of the British Empire but they were quite happy to keep their coffers filled with the taxes levied from the middle-classes. They knew about the millions of slaves who were being worked to death on the plantations. In some colonies, the slaves were not even given food and water, women gave birth in the fields and then died along with their offspring. Auschwitz was similar. What was the response to this of the British Monarchy and aristocracy? It is fascinating to look at what depths, guilt can drive a person to, what lengths he or she will go to in order to try and expiate their burden of shame. The insane beliefs created by deluded minds, intent on saving their souls from damnation. The British Monarchy and aristocracy decided to try and keep their souls immortal - this quest was driven by their very real fear of hell and damnation when they died. Hence the insane experiments in mind-splitting to create 'sons of god' who would descend into hell and rescue their evil souls. Laughable but unfortunately true. Alters are the product of mind-splitting. They are the fragmented soul of 'I' of a person. During torture, a person can OBE (out of body experience) because the NDE (near death experience) ensures this. The mistaken belief of the Monarchists was that they could mind-split and trap their 'alters' into rocks, flasks, bottles (any sort of container really) - rather like the old magicians of folkloric legends i.e. Arabian Nights...or the many magi in the bible/Torah. Read the Book of Daniel for a blow-by-blow account of how the King of Babylon created 'sons of god' and remote viewers from his Hebrew slaves. These trapped alters were then put into a fertilised human egg and implanted into one of their chosen 'mothers of darkness' i.e. who would bear the next Queen or King incumbent. The idea being that the dead Monarch or member of the aristocracy, would then reincarnate! The Monarchists also decided to implant their 'royal' DNA outside the Royal nest i.e. as 'cuckoos' in other nests. Why? So that they could then use these blood relatives to govern society in all its aspects.

The chosen mothers had no idea that they were being used as 'brood mares' and tend to refer to themselves as the 'goose who lays the golden eggs'. The Monarchists then kept records of where their DNA had been implanted outside of the Royal lineage. Eggs with their DNA strands were implanted into women chosen for their 'superior genes', who had been put under mind control. A clue to an 'Illuminati' mother is that she will tend to refer to her child as a 'starfish' - the five-pointed star. The Duchess calls her baby a 'starfish' in Alice in Wonderland programming. (Alice later discards the poor child, referring to it as as a 'pig'). Hence the huge amount of 'bastard' children, who were then picked to be the next leaders, politicians, writers, artists of the next generation. This was to be an almost entirely successful operation in my generation but judging by the general mediocrity of UK society in terms of philosophical thought, literature, arts and science, maybe not such a good idea! These 'bastards' were supposed to not only have a few of the 'royal' DNA strands, some of them were also supposed to have super-human abilities which had been put in via British Intelligence training i.e. alters with photographic memories, abnormal strength etc. However these 'alters' cannot be accessed by anyone apart from the Illuminati programmer i.e. controller at British Intelligence. In general, the Royal Arch Freemasonry Satanic cult was divided into those who carried the 'Egyptian' genes i.e. the royal circles and those who had the genes of the slave class i.e. 'Hebrew' genes. This follows on from the tremendous fear that the British royal circles had of Hebrew intelligence and the need to suppress and control it. The British royal circles were aiming for immortality i.e. the symbol of this is their Masonic wavy sword - one can see the blue/green wavy flame in one of the underground caverns in Jerusalem. They believed their souls to be damned and these two techniques were ways in which to cheat hell and damnation. Did either of the two techniques actually work though? The transferral of a soul from one body to a fertilised egg and the idea that one could actually create a 'son of god' who could descend into the underworld and free their souls. No, on both accounts. What is interesting about the entire, sordid and despicable enterprise is that the Intelligence Services started to graft the DNA of their own heroes and heroines from the SOE, in order to create 'elite' agents. They also used the DNA of SS Nazi officers to breed their own new officer class. The Hebrew DNA recruits were told that they would not live past 30 years old and would then be 'thrown off the freedom train'. This is how dangerous 'Hebrew' DNA was perceived to be, by the ruling classes. The project failed. However, it did leave a large amount of their bemused recruits with the vague notion that they had had a past life as either an SS officer, as one of the SOE or as a Jewish person from the holocaust. The grafted-on DNA had memories at a cellular level and these were communicated through dreams and flashbacks. People who have had transplants sometimes complain of having 'picked up' the habits of the donor - a scientific mystery at the time of writing but one that will be doubtless be explained in the fullness of time.

European Royal Monarchies and aristocracy: Sun king (god-like status). Primogeniture. Selective breeding. Bad genes. Insanity/idiocy and hereditary diseases. Natural selection (i.e. Darwinian theory) would have wiped them out sooner or later. The end was coming by the 'age of enlightenment'. However, as a US Microsoft mind control programmer once clarified with an amusingly anecdotal story: The Monarchists developed a new breeding pattern called F-U-C-K (fornication under consent of the

King). What did this mean? The Monarch had the final say upon whom his offspring bred with. The ordinary people, hearing of this new regulation, decided to call it 'fuck'. The etymological root of this 'anglo-saxon' swearword. Anyway, the basic idea was that 'new blood' had to be injected into the old bloodlines which were deteriorating fast into madness, 'learning disabilities' and blood-related disorders i.e. haemophilia. In essence, the Monarchies and their aristocracies were becoming the biological rejects of the gene pool and they had to do something about it. In short, DNA became a 'god' to these royal circles - it was the only thing which could save them from this terrible fate. A huge amount of money was then ploughed into this early research and kept highly secret. The disgrace at this sort of public admission would be too great to bear. Scientists, doctors and quacks were given limitless budgets. No moral or ethical rules applied to their research. They were allowed to proceed as they wished and they did. This situation is ongoing and this research is currently still in operation. The British Intelligence Services were employed during the 20th century and authorised by the Crown, to find suitable new 'recruits'. The Masons who run the BMA (British Medical Association) were also employed, to trawl the public lists (databases now) in order to find the exact DNA coding which suited their needs. This is the manner in which prospective 'candidates' were chosen, on the 'X' chromosome factor. Nevertheless, the Monarchy and aristocracy were not content with goals such as 'above average intelligence' or a healthy mind and body. They wanted to be superior to the people they ruled, in every respect i.e. gods. Hence the research done on Psi, Theta and Epsilon brainwave patterns. The people who led this research in the Intelligence Services and the Military were culled from the upper-classes and none too bright themselves - the 'Officer' class.

'Royal Arch' Freemasonry of the British Illuminati: The 'Humpty Dumpty' cult, otherwise known as the 'Dark Lily' brotherhood. Currently run by John Scarlett - Head of MI6. In layperson's terms, this secret society is an 'esoteric' front for the Royal Genome project. Briefly, this cult was begun, in order to ensure the survival of the decrepit genes of the European Monarchies by infusing them with new 'blood' - more specifically, new DNA. Women were secretly selected, according to their gene pool and put under MI6 Illuminati mind control via the programme 'Alice in Wonderland'.

During the 1980's and 1990's, the selected, female British Intelligence recruits were taken to see the 'arum' lily. A plant which stinks of rotting human flesh. This was to reveal to them the 'mysteries' of the cult i.e. that they would be used for their zygotes (fertilised eggs) in order to continue the research of the Royal cult i.e. the Nazi, eugenics project. The Royal Family and their associates, didn't simply want to have 'above average' intelligence, looks, talents etc - they wanted to be the 'superior race' in every way. They were continuing the Nazi agenda. Nazism never went away and it is being perpetuated via pawns like Scarlett, who is part of the 'fifth column' in British society. 'Ar-rum' shouts the character in 'Alice in Wonderland' as Alice tries to break out of the symbolic womb of the house she has grown too big for... 'Ar-rum'...the lizard is held up by the two guineapigs (penis and balls) after his attempt to 'get down the chimney' (vagina). This is the real meaning behind the sick parable of the British Illuminati, as explained to their new Royal Arch Freemasonry recruits...too sick to go

into details but needs must. This has all got to be exposed. The women who have been chosen, have no choice as to whom they copulate with. They are raped by members of the Illuminati, having been forbidden to have sexual relations with any other man. They are not allowed to choose their own partner and not allowed to get married, have children or any sort of normal life. They are the 'sacred prostitutes'. After fertilisation, they are then forced through the most terrible and traumatic abortions.

For the unenlightened, I am talking about the Royal Genome Project. The use and abuse of women as enslaved zygote-donors, facilitated and implemented by MI6.

Read Humpty Dumpty's 'poetry' to find out exactly what happens to these poor women (the 'little fishes'):

`I sent a message to the fish:
I told them "This is what I wish."
The little fishes of the sea,
They sent an answer back to me.
The little fishes' answer was
"We cannot do it, Sir, because -

`I sent to them again to say
"It will be better to obey."
The fishes answered with a grin,
"Why, what a temper you are in!"
I told them once, I told them twice:
They would not listen to advice.
I took a kettle large and new,
Fit for the deed I had to do.
My heart went hop, my heart went thump;
I filled the kettle at the pump.
Then some one came to me and said,
"The little fishes are in bed."
I said to him, I said it plain,
"Then you must wake them up again."
I said it very loud and clear;
I went and shouted in his ear.'

`But he was very stiff and proud;
He said "You needn't shout so loud!"
And he was very proud and stiff;
He said "I'd go and wake them, if -- "
I took a corkscrew from the shelf:
I went to wake them up myself.
And when I found the door was locked,
I pulled and pushed and knocked.
And when I found the door was shut,

I tried to turn the handle, but -- '

The kettle was the boiling water, used to induce an abortion after breaking into the woman's accommodation - nowadays they use a stun gun to make the womb spasm. The 'corkscrew' was the implement used to break the waters in Victorian times. Until recently, a coat-hanger was used. The White Queen then gives 'Alice' (the female pawn in the British Monarchy's sick game) an extra clue to her fate:

"First, the fish must be caught."

That is easy: a baby, I think, could have caught it.

"Next, the fish must be bought."

That is easy: a penny, I think, would have bought it.

"Now cook me the fish!"

That is easy, and will not take more than a minute.

"Let it lie in a dish!"

That is easy, because it already is in it.

"Bring it here! Let me sup!"

It is easy to set such a dish on the table.

"Take the dish-cover up!"

Ah, THAT is so hard that I fear I'm unable!

For it holds it like glue--

Holds the lid to the dish, while it lies in the middle:

Which is easiest to do,

Un-dish-cover the fish, or dishcover the riddle?'

The above verses basically describe the process of repeated rape, fertilisation and then the subsequent kidnap, and enforced abortion. The 'dish' is the womb and the 'fish' inside is the foetus/fertilised egg - depending upon what type of experimentation, British Intelligence wished to do i.e. on a living child or the zygote. Why has no woman spoken out about this before? The women are put through 'Alice in Wonderland' mind control programming i.e. abused and tortured to the extent that they are too frightened to speak out. In addition, if they do remember these tragic events: the traumatic assaults and attacks (most are programmed to have no memory of the events but tend to remember later on, normally in their forties when they are no longer useful to the cult) - they know that they could easily trigger 'suicide programming' and lose their lives. If they do start talking about it - they tend to be 'detained on Her Majesty's Service' i.e. sent to asylums and drugged into oblivion.

John Scarlett is also a paedophile but this is a relatively 'normal' practice amongst the Illuminati, who view paedophilia as 'culturally relative' i.e. that what they are doing is simply 'different' from most cultural groups and not morally wrong or evil. Ask Dr Joanne Collie about it - she has been known to justify paedophilia on exactly these grounds. It is simply a different 'cultural practice' according to 'Dr' Collie and if one is

'intelligent' like her, then one can see that a father is probably the best person to 'break his daughter in' rather than some boy who might not 'care' as much about her. From the horse's mouth (Joanne Collie's) - 'cultural relativity' was one of the Illuminati's ways of preparing the ground to introduce Nazi idea as simply another 'culture' which had as much right to be, as any other grouping. Hence, Europe now has a paedophile party standing for election in the Netherlands and fascist (BNP) MPs in the UK. The ties have been loosened in terms of what defines and constitutes a culture - to let the fascists back in. The Illuminati plan has been very successful, in this respect. Ask at Susan Bassnett's Centre at the University of Warwick for details. Or better still, write to Mr Scarlett - ask him if he enjoyed raping and abusing all of those women on his way up to the top of MI6.

Notes upon the general trajectory of the Royal Illuminati cult: I might add here that the concept of memes are being used as a way to lie and cover up the truth concerning the Royal Genome Project - thought up by the illuminati who wish to continue their paedophile cult. Most people on the 1980 MI-6 training course didn't want to rape/abuse others, nor did the men want to become closet gay/bisexual paedophiles - who would? Yet they were being enforcibly 'trained' to become them. A meme is handed down generationally and culturally. Closet gay/bisexual paedophilia was NOT handed down generationally and culturally, it was put in as enforced brainwashing. You might have a handful of men on British Intelligence courses really were closet gay/bisexual paedophiles but the numbers would have been few. Most of those men were enforcibly brainwashed to become that. The idea behind this was to create men who were - the point here is that they were NOT born that as the idea of a meme would suggest. The illuminati were trying to make those men gay/bisexual paedophiles with the aim of this type of behaviour, entering the genetic chain but it did NOT do so in my generation. All you got was a number of men who resisted and either died in the attempt or got brainwashed out of their minds. It was NOT in their genes or hotwired into their brains as 'normal behaviour' and I very much doubt that it is today, in the youth being currently programmed. It is too 'evil', too much of a 'death wish' for the human organism to tolerate. It goes against all survival instincts of the species. One can see that those who wished to make all other men into closet gay/bisexual paedophiles, were extreme cowards, they wanted everyone to be the same as them so that there was 'safety' in numbers. In addition, there is a 'gay' homosocial thread here: that of gay men wanting to get rid of women altogether - their rivals - and creating the most sick and evil dream of all: PREGNANT MEN. Richard Tomlinson told me quite extensively about his dream of an 'ideal all-male society'. However, his Master was Prince Philip and the Royal Family, so one can say that this particular 'dream' originated in this sickest of all families. The Royal Family, all the men were gay, within it – Randy Andy was the most gay apparently, which was why they had to marry him off to a lesbian and use a 'turkey baster'...one can begin to see what was going on in that family. Prince Philip had such a small dick that it was almost impossible to fertilise a woman anyway. Hence a 'turkey baster' had been used on Queen Elizabeth II (and also those Royals before - had also used it - this was a 'norm' in Royal procedure, as far as producing heirs was concerned.) Randy Andy was the most gay and not Prince Edward surprisingly, but it had been covered up by the media. The incredibly sick and hetero-hostile Sat B'hai

Illuminati cult and the Royal Family have already started to create prototypes within the current UK population. Tomlinson was of the opinion that eventually the illuminati cult would create a society of men who had wombs, to run their ideal 'Lord of the Flies' warrior cult society of the Templars. Women would have already been eliminated. They didn't have the technology to actually create female human eggs from scratch (they had tried but failed), but could easily clone the large banks of female eggs at their disposal - therefore, this wasn't a problem. They now had enough eggs and enough technology to keep on cloning these eggs, to be then transplanted to the male womb. For some reason, the illuminati scientists had found that it was far better for the child to grow in a manufactured male womb than from a test-tube basis, and they had managed to genetically engineer men with these wombs but not vaginas...hence the need for Caesarians. What is worse, is that Tomlinson then admitted that his own erstwhile son - Orlando Bloom - actually has one of these wombs - one of the earliest prototypes that was successful - whether the guy knows it 'consciously' or not - I am sure that this is true. Tomlinson was matter-of-fact about it all - only a matter of time before they would take over. The whole project was already underway. Why is the UK Royal Illuminati cult so obsessed with the anus? Why do they all (men and women) hate female wombs? Why are they fascinated by the 'breast' to the point where this is the number one image of a male or female programmer? If you really want to understand the warped psychology of the illuminati cult - then I would suggest that you start here - with basic sexual psychology.

The snake-lines represent the 'Hebrew' or should one say 'Semitic genes'...the unfortunate people who carry the 'knowledge' and ability to 'time travel' and who have been used and abused by this cult.

A cult based on the debasement and slavery of human beings. A cult which has been trying to destroy the whole world, led by deluded fools who think that they have found a way to escape the wrath and punishment of God, for their sins and crimes against his creation. Their 'get out of jail free' card? Remember that? The creation of mind control 'sons of god'. They thought that they had found a way to create Christ-like human beings who could then, under mind control, descend into hell in order to release the evil souls of their brethren. Those who would then reincarnate and do the same for them when the time came. (P2 British Intelligence members also get the local bishop/archbishop to give them 'unconditional pardons' as part of their last rites. Check out Dennis Wheatley's family friends!) How insane is that? How desperate were these people to try and find a way to cheat their way out of hell and damnation for running the slave-trade and other terrible practices.

I was unfortunate enough to attend the IHS (Jesuit) Templar Castle rite in 2002. Amongst the people in attendance were: J. K. Rowling. Gordon Brown. David Miliband. Stephen Daldry. Stella Rimington (she was the Dr Mengele of the organisation, organising the torture and murder of kidnapped children). Dr Joanne Collie. Andrew Marr (he spent most of the time naked and screaming - off his head on some form of narcotic). John Scarlett (he was so drunk/drugged up that he had very little idea of what was going on around him). The Templars had captured a large amount of people whom

they called the 'snakes' i.e. slaves in a large dungeon underneath the castle. One brave person managed to set them free and the result in the neighbouring village of Mons and other places nearby, ensured that the British Army had to move in. Thus began the most incredible cover-up in recent European history. It was like WACO, Guyana. The British Army ordered those in the Castle to come out. They then sent a tank in to bulldoze the walls. Prince Philip and Prince William were in that Castle. Both of them had murdered countless tiny children in their rites. The British Army assembled watched as both walked out with large, dark, woven potato sacks over their heads. They were then bundled into a van and driven away. The British Army present at the time - may or may not have had any idea who they were but the SIS general there, certainly did. They might have managed to cover it up regarding the ordinary soldiers there but the videotapes are now on sale worldwide. The whole event had been closely monitored for blackmail purposes Mons, the village just above Cagnes-Sur-Mer in Provence. Richard Tomlinson used to live in Cagnes-Sur-Mer and his friends used to joke that he was now a 'James Cagney' rather than a James Bond. He was British Intelligence's 'ferryman' who used to bring the kidnapped children in for their Illuminati rites. Rimington devised games along MKULTRA lines e.g. the assorted children at the Templar Castle were given the most evil-minded torture games to play, imaginable. Many were murdered in front of the other children to set an example: you must never ever talk about this cult or what we do or you will be murdered in a similar way. The parents who brought their own children with them (Richard and Judy were present) were terrorised into obedience. They had no choice. The McCanns were also present. This is why the wife knew immediately that Madelaine had been abducted by paedophiles. She could name them all too and has been paid hush money by them. J. K. Rowling is an actress. She never wrote the Harry Potter books. She has seen very little of the money made from either the books or merchandising. She was made to pay the McCanns hush money. Sir Philip Green was also compelled to do so. The last and most terrible blackmailer in this scenario was the Raven King of this Templar cult. Ratzinger. Ratzinger was present at the rites, wearing his 'raven' robes. He is currently head of the St John cult - a denomination of OTO -internationally.

The name SPUDNIKS was coined because Prince Philip and Prince William had to exit the castle with potato sacks pulled down over their heads and bodies - so far in fact, that they couldn't move their arms and had to stumble across the uneven grass - towards the waiting British Army who had been called in by the French Police who were currently investigating reports of WACO in the South of France. The Royal Templars had already murdered two French policemen who had been sent in to investigate. Prince Philip and Prince William tried to hide their 'dignity' in potato sacks. Other present - None other than David Cameron. The sickbay was full of young men who had been butchered by the sadistic Templars - off their heads during their 'summer solstice rites'. They were refusing to eat the bread that had been baked for them by Cameron because he had peppered it with human bone ashes. It was of a speckled grey colour. The Templars had been incinerating babies in an oven, constructed to look like those from Auschwitz as well as burning 'traitors' upon their bonfires. What about Eliza Manningham-Buller? She was busy 'breaking plates' most nights - Templar-speak for reading the entrails of live human beings. She was completely out of it on a cocktail of

designer drugs but mainly cocaine - that is the Templar mainstay - cocaine psychosis - and was digging around in the bellies and wombs of women who were still alive, with a lighted torch. Manningham-Buller normally only does this with her llamas on ordinary rites but this was the Summer Solstice 'special'. It is all about EXCESS gone mad...extreme power, extreme S/M...extreme drug taking...extreme everything and they end up damaged out of their minds. And nobody tells them no. Why not? Because ostensibly, they look like adults, grown men and women who are now culturally allowed to pursue Satanism and/or Luciferianism as a bona fide religion. The fact is that they are NOT adults in their own minds. They are abused, crazed, tiny children - a product of mind-splitting and Illuminati mind control programming. It also doesn't help that these people are at the top of the Masonic system worldwide and control freemasonry globally, via mind control. If I were to take the piss out of them - then one needs look no further than American McGee's Alice (a pisstake itself, upon Alice in Wonderland mind control programming) for the right type of images e.g. where one sees those little children with epilepsy headgear on - beating themselves, giggling, laughing, moaning, crying - unable to transform the prisons of their own minds and to recover from such abuse.

I keep on dipping back into the Mark Philips/Cathy O'Brien book (because I skimmed it the first time), and each time I read another chapter I read something that coincides with what I experienced, and also enlarges my understanding of what was going on in 1980 and subsequently. The two authors state that illuminati mind control programming was mainly Christian based, or rather the Catholic Church was doing most of it, and that the 'top brass' illuminati hated the Jews. What fascinates me is that the CIA appeared to believe that they were 'untouched' i.e. that they were not put through the same hideous mind control programming regime, and that even those like Cheney believed that illuminati programming was reserved for those from families, where incestuous multigenerational abuse had occurred, but from my experience, none of this was true. They had all been abused and programmed in the same way, yet those groomed for high office were made to believe that they hadn't been put through the same program. Looking at the whole book I was struck by how everybody in it, from Reagan/Bush downwards, were all behaving like mobsters. Whether they thought themselves to be a 'white rabbit' or 'the wizard of oz', they were all just mobsters. It was also odd to read that they were nearly ALL paedophiles - and in terms of a clinical profile of this particular sector of society - I wouldn't have thought that such a high incidence of paedophilia would be seen as 'normal' - or indeed, in any given group. Personally, I would see this high incidence level of paedophilia as mind control programming. They had all been highly programmed but didn't know it. They ignorantly abused 'slaves' like Cathy, unaware that they were also slaves. Alternatively, one can say that they had all come from incestuous, multigenerational abuse families but had severely repressed all memories. I also find it odd that Cathy's experience of a purely Jesuitical form of mind control programming (until the military got hold of her) does NOT appear to include SON OF GOD programming...why would that be? Was this because it was simply a European/British Empire form of mind control? The odd thing here, is that I relate SON OF GOD programming to the Ashkenazim, or to the Jews turned Satanists, in general. They were the main top programmers. Looking at her book again, I began to realise that

the whole 'gang' at top of the White House administration e.g. Reagan/Cheney/Bush/Clinton were a bunch of sodomised, brutalised 'little boys' who were self-medicating i.e. by extreme drug abuse, to get rid of the nightmares. Just like Richard Tomlinson. Additionally, the illuminati consciously program all of their slaves with 'addictions' carefully selected for them, in order to control them. I bet they were all also put through SON OF GOD programming but didn't know it. That's why TRANCE FORMATION OF AMERICA reads like such a nightmare. How could such 'out-of-control', violent and unstable personalities be running the most powerful country in the world? The answer is ILLUMINATI PROGRAMMING, but these men had been told that it 'hadn't been done to them - only to those assigned to be slaves'. This is obviously, patently untrue. Even if George Bush sees himself as having reached the top of OZ/ALICE hierarchy, he is NOT free. He was programmed like the graduates, to be a drug-addicted, out-of-control, violent paedophile. They are ALL programmed to be that at the top of the US and UK tree. George Bush would have gone on the same 'whistle-stop' tour around the world at some point in his teens (probably whilst he was 'avoiding' military service), and he would have been programmed in the same way, as a 'puppet politician' like Tony Blair, Putin, Gordon Brown. So many of us who were seen as 'possibles' to be 'puppets' in powerful positions.

HUMPTY DUMPTY'S evil speech to ALICE about how she can remain at her age - just under 8 years old forever...'two can'...this is TOUCAN programming which ANTONY RADCLIFFE specialised in - the creation of 'child alters' frozen in time, through extreme torture. "One can't, perhaps," said Humpty Dumpty; 'but two can. With the proper assistance you might have left off (growing up) at seven.'

CARRIER PIGEON 77 PROGRAMMING essentially operates by the POSTAL STAMP and accompanying numbers upon an 'official' envelope. An Illuminati slave reads these numbers subliminally and then acts upon the mind control command.

Richard Tomlinson and other Templars, had all been put through Mummy programming i.e. the golden mask of Tutankhamen. This was part and parcel of the demonic Babylonian rite of Marduk, who supposedly wore a 'golden mask' and armour. They were then forced to worship Akhenaton, who was in fact Mr Lowry. The book used for programming is: "THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS FOR DUMMIES", CHARLOTTE BOOTH MA. ISBN 978 0 470 06544 0 51999 9 780470 065440. It had been used at the Templar castle to program new slaves into 'Tutankhamen' alters (who then worshipped their father 'Akhenaton'). I was programmed as a 'Nefertiti'. Drugged and tortured, the programmers told you that you were now 'dead' and would be embalmed, they then strung you up from the ceiling of a dungeon and in the darkness held up human organs to your face, telling you that they had just cut them out of your abdomen etc. I saw this happen to Stephen Daldry and Andrew Marr in 1980. I remember new male recruits being put through this programming to become TUTANKHAMENS. They were studying this very book and those lists, making up little 'mantras' in their heads, in order to remember the first letter codes...oblivious to the fact that these codes were to contact the DOS computer of their mind and nothing to do with lists concerning 'what the Egyptians ate', or 'what the Egyptians fought with' etc.

The NAZIS were creating aircraft that looked like flying saucers. Secondly, that if any retired CIA official decided to talk about all of this - after the documents had been declassified 'memory modification' would kick in i.e. the unwitting mind control victim would add fanciful stuff about the 'alien agenda' to confuse the issue. I know that there were ILL/NAZI designs of aircraft, of the 'flying saucer' variety - but they were not built or flown by 'aliens'.

I know that the CIA employees were programmed to believe in such alien forces in order to mask their uber programmers - these operatives were indoctrinated - made to foster this 'alien agenda' belief system and to pass it on.

What about COLLIE and her insistence upon the 'fact' that interdimensional space lizards are real - whilst helping ICKE to put his book together? COLLIE - who had handed out the 'alien lizard masks' to BRITISH INTELLIGENCE programmers at FORT MONCKTON in 1980. What about the GREYS? JOHN SCARLETT used to be a GREY - that is a British Intelligence-trained 'carrier pigeon'. JOANNE COLLIE and MI6 were using ALIEN LIZARD masks for their programmers - to programme their operatives into believing that their uber-programmers were aliens. The CIA (until recently) were using children's RED DEVIL masks to programme their operatives into believing pretty much the same old story i.e. 'alien devils' but with a 'twist' i.e. they are really 'good guys' (see Arthur C Clarke story used as programming script - from previous notes). Not to mention 'god' programming as used by MI6/MI5/Russian Intelligence and the MOSSAD (from my experience). The Head of the MOSSAD used to program himself in as 'god'.

The majority of those 'Muslim terrorist cells' in the UK are exactly like those of us on the MI5 Russian course, in the 1980s and 1990s. We were agents of chaos and anarchy - programmed to provoke civil unrest and the need for greater State security measures. The Russians were the big threat to the UK then and we provided that threat, under mind control. The Islamic world are now the big threat to the UK and these new, Muslim mind control slaves are providing the same sort of threat and with far worse consequences i.e. even greater State surveillance and control of the UK population, not to mention the possibility of WWIII. We were programmed to start the ball rolling and we did. They are now programmed to run with it. When Eliza Manningham-Buller talks of those huge numbers of 'terrorist cells', I wonder how she can be so accurate. Are MI5 surveillance teams really that good nowadays? Hi-tech facilities do not mean better brains and British Intelligence recruits on the 'X' factor, not intelligence. I find it very hard to believe that MI5 is 'powerless' to stop these cells, despite being armed with the full knowledge of who they are and where they are, and so we have the 7/7 tragedy on our doorstep. MI5 then feed the police entirely erroneous information about a Muslim family in London who are 'potentially terrorists' in order to terrorise the Islamic UK population. Manningham-Buller knows full well who those 'Islamic terrorist cells' are because she and her officers had put them under mind control, in order to start up those cells. MI5 can now 'activate' those cells any time they choose. In effect, MI5 is holding the country to ransom. Manningham-Buller was always a bully (understatement of the century) and this is coming out more and more in her public speeches. What can any of us do now

but speak out about it and try to free others from mind control. Until British Intelligence Services stop activating Muslim mind control victims of their disgusting Illuminati program - no one has a hope of peace in this world. Many Imams have said that suicide bombing or martyrdom is not part of Islamic culture and never has been. This is entirely true and the biggest mistake on the part of SIS. Martyrdom belongs essentially to Christian culture and primarily to Catholicism. Guess who was behind the idea of suicide bombers, then? SIS made the most glaring mistakes. Martyrdom is part of their culture - the using and abusing of mind control slaves as 'sacrificial lambs'. This has nothing to do with Islam. Manningham-Buller and her Royal associates are still going to holding the country to ransome. The ransome note runs something like this: 'If you do not agree to a Nazi-controlled, totalitarian State then we will continue to terrorise and bomb this country until you do.'

All I knew was that British Intelligence had been told to murder Diana, and that it went all the way up to the top, to the crown. Naturally, one assumed that meant Prince Philip. The top Illuminati at the Templar castle all worked for British Intelligence. Richard Tomlinson had actually been at the scene of the crime - upon his big black motorbike and he knew who was in the ambulance to take her away i.e. if Diana didn't die on impact...there was a British Intelligence operative (Tomlinson said John Scarlett) in the ambulance, who was there to 'manage' Diana until they got to the Versailles gardens. Tomlinson took a photograph of this man, for blackmail purposes i.e. if the Illuminati tried to pin her murder upon him as a 'dissident MI6 officer' living in France. Tomlinson had chipped Henri Paul before the event.

The shining raven = the coat of arms of Ramsey/Ramsay as depicted by a black raven/crow. The 'ravens at their writing desks' – see Alice in Wonderland – this is high-level Satanic Freemasonry. Andrew Marr and Stephen Daldry are part of this cult. Why is this paedophilic cult attacking The Crown for the death of Diana when they are guilty of the murder of countless children? This is the BIG question. They are hardly blameless themselves in their rape, torture and abuse of children mainly but also women and 'blacks' – it is a Nazi cult and severely racist.

Tomlinson was under mind control and under orders to give Henri Paul Ipsodal and he did. Ipsodal acts upon the neurological pathways of the brain – it affects the platelets and it is possible to create strokes, heart-attacks with this type of biological implant. Don't look for it on the internet because you won't find it as a 'drug'. Who gave Tomlinson the order? Scarlett. Who gave Scarlett the order? The Crown. Manningham-Buller knew about it. Now, do either of you know about the 'red and the black'? I am assuming that you do. The British Intelligence game were the P2 'red' Catholic team had joined up with the 'blacks' i.e. the Monarchy (who you MUST know used to be 'white'). Daldry was planning the funeral with his mates, months beforehand. Tomlinson knew who the MI6 operatives were in France. He knew that Henri Paul was one of them. Who was a prime target and suspect for 'control' of Henri Paul from the very beginning then Tomlinson. Why did he invent this cock and bull story about the Fiat Uno and a laser beam of light? Because he was still working for P2 and was primarily under Manningham-Buller's orders in France. I know this – I met him there in 2002.

Tomlinson couldn't say to the press: 'I know who did it because I did it...' He could however threaten British Intelligence, who were about to throw him to the fishes if the whole thing turned into a murder investigation – he was a prime suspect...a traitor to Crown and Country in the Public Eye...What was the easiest thing to do? Create a diversion which is what he did. The poor man was under mind control and under orders. I personally do not hold him responsible for the crime. Do you? The truth is that all British Intelligence operatives are chipped and Tomlinson told me that Henri Paul had been chipped with Ipsodal. This can be triggered to create seizures, fits, strokes and heart-attacks. Remember what happened to Robin Cook up that mountain? The point I am trying to make about Tomlinson is that he HAS been severely brain-washed and was NOT in his right mind whilst administering Ipsodal to Paul. He was under orders. Don't kill the messenger or mind control slave. The ones who made the plans and gave the orders, are the ones who should be exposed and brought to trial.

33rd degree Royal Arch Freemasonry has the grand title in Hebrew of 'learner camel'...you become a beast of burden.

...if you know anything that is, about RA Freemasonry and what British Intelligence get up to...i.e. the prostitution rackets, people-trafficking, paedophile rings, zygote black market, money-laundering, smuggling...ad infinitum really – they have broken every law and ruling in the lawbooks

Do you remember that Birmingham pop group – Duran Duran and their number 1 hit in 1980/1 which had the line 'calling Planet Earth'...I loved it at 17 years old...it was called 'Planet Earth' and the idea was that they were calling back from outer space – rather like David Bowie and his Spiders from Mars and The Man Who Fell to Earth (poor man really believed he was an alien – something went wrong with his programming then because of the drugs or some twisted programmer figured it might be a laugh...)...well, one can say that they were all under MI6 COSMOS programming then...

'Tip toe through the tulips' programming was put in to make you feel that you had no right to stand on this earth...you owned nothing...not even the right to walk around unless the programmer said you could...which is why there are so many 'tulips' in the odd assortments of programming symbols around Harwich...a fundamental symbol of the fact that they had attempted to steal the ground from under your feet...and made you feel nervous and guilty for walking on it...

London Eye – a programming site used for programming in the 'carousel'.

The MI6/Illuminati demonic rites are all about solar eclipses and sunspots and in connection with the planet Saturn...the Royal planet...the Roman Saturnalia god. You have to 'see through the moon' in Delta programming i.e. 'go to the centre of the earth' in a visualisation...and end up on the 'dark side of the moon', courtesy of MI6 cosmos programming. In short, MI6 were experimenting with what the mind could do – i.e. remote-view and 'time-travel' and they created people who could do both. Manningham-Buller's lot were gleefully destroying the infra-structure of British Society

via cultural theory, politics, fashion, trends...in short, they were attacking education and youth culture, trying to dumb down Britain into mindless morons. Programmed slaves who didn't deserve any real knowledge or education to carry out their functions. Instead of creating an island (properly, islands) of mind control slaves, what if they didn't realise that what they were actually doing was attacking the foundations of the country, to the point that it would collapse. Everything has been attacked in this country, the politicians are under mind control, the NHS is still continuing with the Royal Genome Project, the media is fully under mind control gatekeepers, and it is all sinking fast...The 'Battleship Britannica' as that film-maker, what was his name? Made a film about the destruction of Britain as we know it, by Thatcherism ostensibly...the Illuminati loved Thatcher...Rimington, Daldry... but it isn't Conservative politics which are destroying this country, it is mind control and a mockery of a 'freedom of information' act.

You have no idea of the abuse, torture and general hell that constitutes putting Intelligence Officers and agents under mind control. Read up about the Monarch mind control project on the net. That should give you a basic idea of what these services do.

Monkeys in the MI6 mind control program are children who have been deemed resistant to programming. One of the first experiments which is done to the child, is to put it into a pen with a small animal – normally a squirrel with a pile of nuts. If the child manages to steal some of the nuts without getting harmed i.e. scratched or bitten – then it is deemed a 'monkey'. Why is this? Read up on the Monarch program. The 'nuts' are the different sub-personalities or 'alter's programmed into an intelligence agent and if the child is to be programmed correctly, it will not tamper with the 'nuts' of programming. Our friend obviously did and managed to unscrew his different 'nuts' by merging them into his original personality by recovering his memories of how he had been run as an agent.

'Little screws in space' This is also about MI6 COSMOS mind control programming. They use artificial reality to make a recruit believe that they are really weightless and in the depths of outer space – rather like those water tanks used for therapy. The 'screws' or 'nuts' are then put in i.e. the programming commands and 'alters' whilst the recruit is in an altered state of reality i.e. using different brainwave patterns.

I might add that as new recruits to British Intelligence, those deemed to be 'monkeys' are put through the very worst torture possible. They are seen as the trouble-makers, the subversives but are still used if they have shown PSI skills. You have no idea what goes on in some nursery schools nowadays. Your child could easily have been put through this initial stage of testing.

'Sooty and Sweep' was the worst in my book. 'Sue' the panda, was an early learner stage for zygote-donor training. Remember how everyone had to guess how long her 'bun in the oven' would take? Sweep the dog, would take a broom to her and beat her if she 'over-cooked' it.

Personally I make a date to watch The Simpsons which rips the piss out of MI6 and their mind control programming in just about every episode. Very refreshing. Nota bene:

Halloween V and the 'Stone-Cutters' episodes. Ever wondered why Mr Burns looks and talks like Prince Charles?

Re: Harry and the Ipsodal Chip. There is no way that British Intelligence could activate this type of chip in a car. In a public place certainly, but not in a closed and fast-moving space. So whether one of the motorcyclists or a satellite was used in an attempt to do so, is not an issue here. If Tomlinson had told you that he had Ipsodal-chipped Henri Paul, that is entirely believable if he were still working for British Intelligence and in France at the time. Why not? He would have been an excellent double-agent. He says himself on this blog, that he is sometimes approached by other services to provide information. Who better to turn to, in order to chip Henri Paul? However (and this is your stated aim), by blaming Tomlinson for chipping Henri Paul, you are in deed, getting him off the hook, rather than on to it. This looks to me as if British Intelligence were following standard procedure here by putting the blame onto one of their own operatives under mind control: Forcing the operative in question to believe that they actually committed the crime. Pushing them forward as a prime suspect. Tomlinson probably told you about the Ipsodal chipping, whilst in this guilt-ridden state of mind. Afterwards, he began to work it out in relation to the reports of a white flash in the tunnel, having remembered that this type of beam was to be used in a project relating to the assassination of Milosevic. If a 'white flash' was indeed used, then this means that the whole car and everyone in it, was electrocuted which would go some way to explaining why the bodyguard had no memories of it afterwards. A massive electric shock takes hours off both sides of a person's memory, before and after the event. I do not think that a trained bodyguard would have been traumatised to such degree, by a car accident (he himself, couldn't understand it) and electrocution sounds much more likely. It really all rests upon whether the reports of a 'white flash' are true or not. Additionally, if Tomlinson said that he was under orders from Scarlett and the Crown then I have no reason to disbelieve this. If the cap fits wear it. With all due respect to Mr Tomlinson – whom I am sure will not comment upon any of the above on the internet – the fact that all British Intelligence officers and agents are Ipsodal-chipped is not something which he should stand trial for, on this blogspot or elsewhere.

For anyone forced to attend the Templar Castle 2001 - you will have been reprogrammed with the rooms of the castle (as compartmentalised 'blocks' within your mind). The ILL programmers also put in the MI6 'carousel' visualisation beneath this and in addition, 6 large cans (rather like TUNA CANS but in fact more like FILM CANNISTERS)...AND underneath that, you will find the CATS EYES IN THE DARKNESS which hide the faces of the top Illuminati programmers e.g. the LOWRIES AND SAATCHIS of this world.

I think that we have all had a bit too much sun, in terms of Royal Arch Freemasonry RA SUN worship in our time, one of the many downsides of the job, working for British Intelligence and ISIS (SIS). RA Freemasonry is basically based on Arab Freemasonry which is what makes it so ironic – that they are now attacking the Muslim/Arabic world. Shadow-punching is the most appropriate term to describe this punch-drunk fighter attitude. NIt IS all about the subjugation of women and the use and abuse of their

reproductive systems and it has to stop NOW. No more Masonic markets for human zygotes, the sex-trade or paedophile rings advertising their wares. British Intelligence has to stop running and facilitating them NOW. As far as red lettuce is concerned – let me explain it for the layperson. One of the mind control scripts used for programming young children was all about Mr MacGregor who had a garden with green lettuces which the rabbits (white Wonderland rabbits = British Intelligence) used to pinch. Green lettuces = greenbacks = \$\$\$\$.

Tomlinson was Putin's 'boy' for a while. Daldry had a good time bugging him on training and he developed a taste for it. Putin's mother was Jewish but converted to Russian Orthodoxy. In Poland, he decided to go back to his roots, and because his mother was Jewish he didn't have to go through a full conversion. He went through 'brit milah'. They put him on a throne and cut it off! Apparently he enjoyed the whole thing enormously. Takes all sorts.

I watched the 1989 MI6 video of Putin and his mates about to go out on the town (Berlin), courtesy of Johnnie boy. The three of them were in the basement of that old KGB building and coming out of a white door, to climb the stairs. Putin was dressed in a very fetching number. A scarlett satin, dropped-waist dress (1920's style) and high-heels. All very tasteful - not so with his darker, more hirsute and hefty communist buddies - what can I say? Straight off Monty Python and looking rather uncomfortable with it. Anyway, Putin decided to turn circus acrobat in his heels and began to climb the stairs on the other side of the bannister, before reaching the stairwell where he whipped his dress up and hoicked a rather shapely leg over the rail. Scarlett thought it all hilarious - joy of joys - a man after his own heart. The main point of showing me this video was to give me an idea of what Putin looked like. Hardly the best example to give but you probably know Penelope Pitstop as well as I do.

Tomlinson joined the P2 mafia years ago and has been helping Rimington, Daldry, Marr and Co. What is his job? Why do you think he has a 'boat'? He is the 'ferryman'. They are still running the child-trafficking trade down from Amsterdam to Cannes - to Cagnes Sur Mer. He has to work to live and only P2 (which incidentally, Putin thinks he runs) would give him a job. His old 'mates' picked him up and got him back under mind control. P2 headquarters? The Eastern Catholic Church in St Petersburg. The 'Vatican' are their puppets. I guess the re-appellation of this organisation as the 'Russian Orthodox church', must have confused quite a few people. They run the Vatican - look how friendly Mr Putin is with the Italians. They are as thick as thieves.

'Rocking Horse people'. This is mind control programming where the victim is drugged and then given the auto-suggestion that they are a 'rocking horse person' i.e. that they cannot move their arms or legs and can therefore only 'rock'. This 'alter' is created and then used if a British Intelligence operative has shown signs of disobedience or trying to escape. Remember the old joke: what do you call a legless, armless man in a pile of leaves? Russell. Toby Macklin is an MI6/Illuminati operative who has recently produced a new children's programming book, especially for this purpose and on this topic of mind control programming. His location? Northern Cyprus.

Toby Macklin, John Scarlett and Richard Tomlinson were all Royal Arch Freemasons. Macklin was the one who shopped Tomlinson to MI6 (HQ, London) late 1994, on grossly unfounded and frankly laughable charges in order to get a promotion. Macklin supplied a passport photograph of one of Scarlett's and Tomlinson's agents in eastern Europe (none other than 'Erica Chambers') claiming that the Tomlinson and Chambers were double-agents and working for the Russians. They were all certainly working with the Russians but not for them. Scarlett was working hand-in-hand with Putin, as were Tomlinson and Chambers - did that make him a 'double-agent' too? 'Chambers' wasn't working for the Russians, but she was helping the CIA. If MI6 had bothered to contact the CIA, this could have been verified but they didn't. Why not? Why was Chambers helping the CIA? She had just been put through a traumatic abortion to obtain her fertilised egg for experimentation - she had been sleeping with Putin. I guess she didn't have much faith in British Intelligence after that - nor did Putin after he found out MI5 were planning to murder him. Macklin was duly rewarded for his 'services to the Crown' in shopping Tomlinson and was subsequently given the title 'knight of the realm' by the bigwigs in Royal Arch Freemasonry. John Scarlett (Head of Moscow MI6 station) was livid with Tomlinson for losing the contraband i.e. diamonds (which Tomlinson couldn't touch, according to his 'smelly cheeses' programming and had left on the dead agent). Macklin was one of the stupidest and laziest MI6 operatives out. The Russians nicked his Illuminati mind control laptop in 1995 - as easily as taking candy from a baby.

Did Macklin get punished for this? No. He got promoted. Go figure it out - Looking Glass World. Macklin was 'introduced' into the Service by one of his old school chums (St Paul's, London). The Cadogans are a well-known Illuminati family. Macklin is one of the most idle and hopeless characters going and yet he managed to get rid of one of the most talented and intelligent officers that MI6 has ever managed to recruit. Tomlinson is a paedophile (raped one tiny girl to death at their last P2 rite) and gets paid as the 'ferryman', running the Crown paedophile racket from Amsterdam to Cagnes Sur Mer. Want to know what Tomlinson was programmed with apart from 'smelly cheeses'? Watch 'Tiger Bay' to see the prototype role of a SIS officer - which is implanted into their subconscious during training. A sailor/smuggler role on the 'snake-lines'. The SIS officer is allowed to murder the SKTS SIS agent if she refuses to obey orders. SKTS are programmed as 'zebra' - look out for the large ornamental zebra behind this woman as she is murdered. In addition, ask any film lecturer to analyse the paedophilic overtones in this film and see what you get. The 'love' relationship between the 8-year old girl and the sailorboy in his twenties. Want to know what happens to an SIS officer after he retires? Watch 'The Night Porter' for a metaphorical and allegorical account of a SIS (SS) officer who meets up with an old victim of his (SIS agent) and embarks on a sado-masochistic affair with her (they are re-enacting what happened during SIS training). However, the programming of the pair begins to unravel i.e. they start remembering training and try to escape. They are subsequently shot whilst trying to escape over a metaphorical suspension bridge (rabbit pons - i.e. trying to take control of their own minds). The SIS moral of this little gem? No one ever escapes Alice in Wonderland programming.

Tomlinson has been working for Scarlett since he was apparently 'sacked' from MI6 in 1995. He has been paid into an account at the Leumi bank which quite unbelievably

went under the name of 'Jowell'. He tended to withdraw cash from a cashpoint in Cagnes Sur Mer. Until recently. What happened? Guess. Tomlinson recently launched an attack on MI6 and Scarlett in particular in various blogspots - he must be feeling very let down. The easy money is no longer gushing through the system.^[T T T]^[SEP SEP] Tomlinson has been trafficking children down the coast from Amsterdam to Cannes and Cagnes Sur Mer for Rimington's Ring - now run by Manningham-Buller. There is a Templar castle just outside of Cagnes Sur Mer (take the main road out, turn right and right again and keep going until you get to a large iron gate). The number pad to let you in was: 1461 although Tomlinson used to add 5 to this number - maybe this was his specific code number. The code is based on a Templar battle fought in this year, in the area. The castle was completed 30 years later in 1491. Stephen Daldry and Andrew Marr are frequent visitors to this castle and have organised as well as participated in the Templar rites. They have tortured and murdered women and children in the castle and grounds. The rites are atrocities, pure and simple.

Another important detail is that the French locals know nothing of the castle. It was restored by craftspeople who were brought in from the outside. It can be seen aerially though. Try Google Earth. Also, the castle belongs to the British aristocracy and the Ring refer to the Lord who owns it as 'Blueberry' or 'Bluebeard'. Remember the Arturian legend of the Fisher King? King Pelles of Corbinea Castle? It is a 'magical' one which moves around alot. This is no 'magical castle' - it is British Intelligence's Azakaban where they torture and murder innocents in the main, according to their ORDO/OTO rites. The Fisher King is interesting - the last Templar King on Malta was called: Hompesche - homme + peche. The Illuminati cult began in ancient times as primarily a 'fishing cult'. The fear of volcanoes erupting and the idea that the fish in the rivers, streams and lakes might dry up - not to mention the seas. The 'warrior code' developed once naval forces began in the West...and this primitive fishing cult developed into something far more sinister. A cult which involved human torture and sacrifice. MI6 has its roots in naval intelligence and they also inherited the most terrible blood-lust S/M Masonic cult from it. They still worship underground springs and ancient wells.

Why hasn't anyone talked about the psychotronic warfare which has been in development since Kruschchev? The 'teardrop explodes' - anyone remember that? The lachrymose glands produce proportionally exact, minute amounts of what used to be seen in many cultures as 'magical tears' which can produce miracles. Bizarrely enough, British Intelligence used to collect the tears of their experimental guineapigs in phials, for the psychotronic experiments. Operation TEARDROP was all about nuclear fission though, the ability of remote-viewers to cause explosions. The shape of a teardrop, try watching a tap drip and work it out. The Chinese knew about this 3000 years ago. The Daoists monks were the first real scientists on this planet. The Russians were gassing their remote-viewers, changing the plasma of their blood in order to change the magnetic polarities of the positive and negative ions, in order to get people to levitate and do far more extraordinary things. The Russians now have the ability to explode British nuclear plants through psychotronics and British Intelligence haven't worked out how to do this one yet. On verra.

Royal family codes for Putin are: Narcissus 4321. Dingobat 4321. Crusador 4321. FBI codes are: IPSSISSIMUS 41371

For the record: Tomlinson's real name is Rory Macklin. Rory Macklin is back working at MI6 - the whole sacking was a set-up to get him abroad and working for the Golden Chain again aka Rimington's paramilitary mafia ring, after she had been forced out of office. Yes, his brother did have a hand in his sacking but they have made it up since. Both Macklins were last seen in their father's old flat in London. Rory was recently ordered to deliver documents in Thailand - ostensibly as a representative, attending conference, in which he was to hand over the papers to a marine biologist. The papers were to do with Royal Illuminati plans for more terrorist attacks in the UK.

The 'NEPHILIM WATCHERS' explained: The Illuminati cult had decided to create 'unfallen' creatures...those angels of ancient times...those referred to as the 'two-backed beast'...the male and the female incorporated into one being - before they were split apart, put into the garden of Eden...and then came the FALL OF MAN. How did they do it? They experimented with the chromosomes, using firstly 2X 1Y...which didn't work...then finally using 4X 2Y which did work - resulting in 'higher consciousness' with the associated 'psychic gifts' of telepathy and the ability to see past, present and future altogether. There were many 'failures' in this genetic experiment but some successes. In addition: A man with 4X and 2Y will have 3X and 1Y dormant - so as to appear a 'normal male'. A woman with 4X and 2Y will have only 2X active and so also appear to be a 'normal female'.

MI6 like to mind control program their slaves with the RaW Library ^[SEP] QUICK READS selection too - look at either the ISBN numbers or programming numbers in the front to work out the general Illuminati lessons within each book - very few books have no programming numbers, a refreshing oddity to find one which doesn't.

For those who are new to Illuminati mind control programming, the first book you should look at is: "FROG "- BARRIE WADE and BARRIE WATTS, FRANKLIN WATTS 2003. This tells the evil little tale told to Illuminati boys at a very young age, is all about how one's memories of cult abuse are synonymous with the TAIL of a TADPOLE. As you get older, survive the various brainwashings (that invariably involve drownings and OBES/NDES), you develop 'lungs', come up for air and your TAIL drops off. The Crossword Fiends at MI6 love this one - YOUR TALE/TAIL drops off i.e. your memories of ILL cult abuse are no more. They simply don't exist. Such is the brainwashing power of the Illuminati cult. Those of you who are more advanced in this subject - here are some more notes on FROG: This is a RECOUNT TEXT in that it is used for programming reinforcement upon abused child alters of grown men: "This is how you were born, little tadpole...in a large test tube with a whole load more sperm which had been 'doctored' by us...you were just a BLACK SPOT in jelly...and you grew and grew until one day: "Now, after twelve weeks, I am a frog. BOING!" BOING in Illuminati cult-speak means total disassociation through anal rape and/or extreme torture. This is often experienced as an NDE/OBE where the person's 'I' floats free of their body. This 'I' can then be trained to remote-view for military operations.

"DOG KNOWS BEST" by MARGARET NASH AND PETER COTTRILL 2007. TADPOLES SERIES (EDITOR HILARY MINNS), FRANKLIN WATTS 2007. ISBN 978 0 7496 7297 3 9 780749 672973. Yet another book that I have already seen - at the Templar Castle 2001 (British Intelligence had all of the new literary programming materials for children and adults available - to be released as a later date)..anyway, this one is an oddity...because of the word BEST denoting CIA in the title...and also the SALMON PINK colour upon the back of the book which means SACRIFICIAL SLAVE. The two main IMAGES within this book: A 'DIRTY' DOG who needs a good 'WASH' because he is 'SMELLY'. Roughly translated ('smelly cheeses' = Royal contraband) so this dog is a CROWN smuggler who needs to have the goods taken off him and then brainwashed i.e. memory modification to take away his memories. Second image: TWO GARDENS with a GARDEN FENCE inbetween and a hole through which SMELLY DOG can escape through. Why does DOG want to escape into the other garden? Because he prefers the style of 'washing' by that OTHER FAMILY next door. This is basically 'reprogramming' by the ROYALS/TEMPLARS for CIA members. Do not give up the booty to the USA...give it to us and we will wipe your memory clean afterwards. The image of the two halves of the brain also came to mind in relation to this two gardens...it could also be pertinent here. An MI6 ORANGE TOMCAT sits upon the FENCE and watches the whole proceedings as SMELLY DOG makes a run for it through the hole in the fence and gets washed by the neighbouring family, with a hose in their garden. I met PETER COTRILL the graphic designer, at the TEMPLAR CASTLE - he has this to say about himself in the front of the book: "I'm a bit of an old dog myself. I like a tasty biscuit, a good walk, a long sleep and someone to tell me 'who's a clever boy, then?" That tells me more than enough about how COTTRILL has been programmed.

"MILE-HIGH APPLE PIE" BY LAURA LANGSTON AND LINDSEY GARDINER, RED FOX. ISBN: 0 099 44388 0 9 780099 443889. A really sick book, this time starring Rimington as Illuminati 'granny'. I remember Tomlinson pointing her out as such, in this very book. This is a truly disgusting book. The Illuminati subtext symbolic code is all about rape and abortions - zygote slaves (young girls)...and 'granny' is responsible for the lot...and she gets to eat her BRUISED mile-high apple pie...think Rimington delicately feasting upon a human foetus and you have the whole of this book in a nutshell...it is incredibly sick...this 'granny' refers to her grand-daughter as 'MY APPLE-CHEEKED BRUISE GIRL'...the images upon every single page and the text combined...a truly revolting spectacle...the BLACK AND WHITE CAT called PRINCESS PEPPER (PP)...THE LEAVES ON THE TREES (with writing upon them)...PIANO/PAIN PROGRAMMING...PIZZA (CANNIBALISM)...A BLUE BIRD on granny's hand as she holds onto her 'grand-child'...granny only grows SWEET PEAS (she gets her 'grandchild' pregnant)...the little girl has a HAIRSLIDE by her TEMPLE (already had a syringe full of DNA Silicon into her skull)...she mustn't try to get rid of the BRUISED bits of the apple (APPLE = BRAIN)...because granny likes eating them...they are the 'sweetest part of the apple'...the PANDA DOLL on the little girl's bed...the RED SHOES...her 'party' where she has 6 small EASTER EGGS in her hair...granny's picture of her FERRYMAN'S BOATHOUSE on her wall...too many disgusting images to talk

about really...enough said.

Remember the code for the Jesuits of the Illuminati cult? PP. The PP are controlled by Prince Philip by the numbers below. So if you are a Catholic and do not want to attend another Illuminati cult day (see book title below), then read the ISBN programming numbers very carefully indeed: "POSTMAN PAT - A DIFFICULT DAY", HIPPO - SCHOLASTIC BOOKS, New Ed edition (15 Mar 1996). ISBN-10: 0590134353. ISBN-13: 978-0590134354. This book is all about how Catholics are made into what the Illuminati call 'unicyclists' i.e. only operating on their instinctual side of the brain - where the biddable child alters exist. They will have no memories of the abuse that they witnessed or were made to commit at this Illuminati rites (unless their programming has begun to unravel). The red postbox on the front symbolises the 10 tribes (NUMBER 10).

If you want the codes to run the mind control slaves being used in the UK for the Royal Family/Saudi zygote, human eggs and sperm deal: Look no further than the latest releases from FRANKLIN WATTS series for 'early learners'. Anne Adeney as an author of these books, is a particular laugh - he/she is an old paedophile transvestite. Read up on the ISBN numbers - they will give you any and every code you might need. Usual MI6/SIS shit.

THE KILLER CAT STRIKES BACK by ANNE FINE, PUFFIN BOOKS 2006. ISBN: 978 0 141 32098 4 9 780141 320984. Anybody, want to know what the Illuminati agenda is for the Templar cult? Try reading this book and making an extra-special note of all of the words in italics. They are your programming commands as TEMPLAR TOMCATS. They control your 'night-time' alters and can be used to make you continue what the Saatchis call their DAIRY FARMING i.e. the use and abuse of male/female Illuminati slaves for babies, foetuses, zygotes as well as human eggs and sperm. The Saatchis are doing this for the BRITISH CROWN deal with the SAUDIS. That's not all - have you checked out the CONTENTS PAGE? Run your eye down the first letters of each chapter to obtain this Illuminati code: NWO AA LC BRA. I suppose most of you already know that AA is shorthand for SAATCHI and that a BRA relates to 'TIT programmers' and the insane ABRACADABRA command used upon Templars to turn them into 'child alters' who believe that they are 'great magicians' in HARRY POTTER terms. I am not sure about the LC though. What could it mean? I am getting LC as in ELSIE TANNER here. What do you think? Rimington was well-known at MI5 and MI6 as 'Hilda Ogden'. However it is Eliza Manningham-Buller who is in charge of the whole DAIRY FARMING PROJECT for the ROYALS - Rimington is merely her second-in-command.

Here are the mind control codes for the Templars of Prince Philip's Illuminati cult. They 'run' an 8 year-old boy alter who believes himself to be a young Arabic Prince of ancient times: TUTANKHAMEN. You can find all the codes as ISBN numbers (what else, with MI6?) in the following book: "THE DANGER ZONE: AVOID BEING TUTANKHAMUN!", David Stewart (Illustrated by David Antran). 1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2. THE SALARIYA BOOK COMPANY LTD. There are a huge amount of ISBN numbers so I will start with the 4 at the front and then go on to the barcode on the back: HB ISBN-10: 1-905638-04-3. PB ISBN-10: 1-905638-05-1. HB ISBN-13: 978-1-905638-04-8. PB ISBN-13:

978-905638-05-5. The back cover bar code: ISBN 978-1-905638-05-5 9 781905 638055. This is an 'elite group' of the Golden Chain at work - in short, it is Prince Charles's Templar group who have been given separate codes, to work against his father's men who are still trying to put Princess Anne onto the throne, after his mother. You can hardly believe the insanity or petty power struggles internally, of this family. The 'Egyptian Pyramid' book is relatively the same old shit pictorially, about how to create a 'mummy alter' slave in the same sort of way as before but this time the coding given, is different. So this is the elite and MOST recent code for COBRA slaves aka TUTANKHAMEN slave: 978 0 7496 7916 3. There is no point in saying that I have 'transgressed any security laws' here because in fact, I am pointing out that if Israeli Intelligence knows, then quite a few other agencies fighting the Illuminati, will also know i.e most of the rest of the world and so I am doing the Illuminati a favour by blatantly pointing this one out. I will also point out the other books in this series and their codes: They all follow the generic beginning of: 978 0 7496 7916. And then have one last digit which is different e.g. TUDOR THEATRE: 0. WORLD WAR II BUNKER: 2. EGYPTIAN PYRAMID: 3. MEDIEVAL CASTLE: 6. ROMAN VILLA: 7. INDUS VALLEY CITY : 9. There appears to be no chronological order here...so how were these subjects chosen from 1-9? The 'devil' at number 9 is the INDUS VALLEY CITY - this isn't about the Aztecs again, is it? I haven't come across a 0 level before...the 'carousel' is 1...and so 0 might be their front alter...their profession...as 'puppet politician' or 'theatre director'. 'THE WORLD IS A STAGE AND WE ARE ALL PLAYERS' as Shakespeare once said.

Let me set out what I can see as the NWO agenda: Create an international NWO Islamic State to be run as a front by the Illuminati. Maintain the SIGNALS shipping lines base, in Ghana. Try to landgrab 'oil fields' from all countries/States (R & D projects include Tibet/borderlands of China and Iran). Drill for oil up at the North Pole (get rid of the obstructive ice). Maintain the Royal Genome Project and extend databases (which means far more 'dairy farming' slavery than ever before). The Final Solution: elimination of all human females. (Additional terrorist bombing attacks where necessary to cause instability, anarchy and the need for oppressive 'national security' legislation.)

Why has nobody mentioned the most terrible Templar rite of all? The one which Tomlinson described as the 'whirling dervishes' rite but was in fact based on an old ETONIAN PISS-UP whereby the older boys beat up the younger boys with their canes. However, the Templars have now enshrined this pathetic little bully-boy game into something far worse. They now call it the RITE OF CAIN and beat the children to death in a frenzy. I saw Gordon Brown - out of his face - beating a small girl's head in - he was completely emotionless as he did it - almost zombified and in a world of his own. That is how they get after taking so many drugs. Thankfully, she lost consciousness almost immediately and died shortly afterwards. There was nothing any of us could do to stop them. ^[SEP]^[SEP] All Illuminati slaves are told NOT to touch the GREEN. Every wondered why Illuminati kids won't eat vegetables for love or money? They have been terrorised into 'NOT touching the GREEN'. What does the GREEN constitute in real terms? None other than Sir PHILIP GREEN and his mates. Most of them are also under mind control. However, somebody that ISN'T under mind control is CHARLES SAATCHI. A quick trip around this Satanist: He is NOT Jewish and his family never has been either. They hail

from Iran and currently own properties in Israel near to the GOLAN HEIGHTS. They also control a border crossing there for smuggling operations - and you wondered how Palestinian/Arab mind control slaves get smuggled into Israel to commit atrocities, like the 'yellow bulldozer'? Saatchi's family are NAZI WAR CRIMINALS who escaped to the UK on FALSE JEWISH ID. The BRITISH CROWN arranged it all. The Illuminati cult HATES true Jews and the Saatchis have no claim to be Jewish whatsoever. The Saatchi's currently run the MOLOCH CULT in the UK - in modern terms, the paedophile trade. Their ancestors sacrificed children on the GOLAN HEIGHTS.

THE AGE OF THE TEMPLARS is now over. They represented the 'warrior' cult - the 'fishing King Fisher cult' - the Naval/nautical cult of those who sailed overseas to war. Look at the story of Esau and Isaac. The civilised world depends upon 'farming' communities to civilise it and NOT warrior cults - such as the mythical Atlanteans, opposed to the Lemurians. The Illuminati cult is an Atlantean Templar cult. It will destroy the world if higher consciousness is not reached. Islam and Christianity hid the fact that at their heart, was the secret knowledge of mind control. The Templars hid this successfully for centuries - whilst experimenting with creating 'sons of God' i.e. the Nephilim. The Templars teach that both Jesus and Mohammed were Nephilim. Christianity and Islam have a close correlation to slavery historically. They spread their religions all over the globe and wherever they exported these religions - slavery followed in different ways. That is because the heart of these religions hides the fact of mind control. Theta brainwave level is the lowest level of human consciousness which the Templars use to create mind control slaves. They implant their sea god and goddess visualisations into the minds of their slaves, at this level (as well as the 'figure of 8' the Octopus of the MI6 carousel programming to defend these evil idols of the cult). Everyone who has been programmed by them has to wipe this level clean or else they can be run as mind control slaves of the Illuminati cult. MARY AND JESUS...MER - sea. MERE - mother. Mary is neither an Arabic or Hebraic name - it was a name made up by the Templars. This is all about the worship of the mother sea goddess and little else in Templar terms. Jesus is the same - the Hebraic name is Yeshuah.

Alexandra House, Dovercourt - rest home for the naval elite. The adjoining Pink House is where the most diabolical Illuminati mind control medical procedures take place - check out FLAT 1. Rimington has left her dog-toothed coat in this particular Illuminati flat. You can see it through the window. 'Toad of Toad Hall' programming. Join the dots. Minatour in the Labyrinth programming in the Jerusalem tunnels to protect the Crown Jewels. The 'Ruby' of the Crown was India, where colonial mind control programming began 'mass production'. Read E M Forster's account from his 'mother of darkness' contact 'Mrs Moore' in 'Passage to India'. The Ruby or jewel in the forehead of the toad in Hans Christian Andersen programming. No jewel - just a bloody hole. The crimson mess left after the 'needle through the eye' which all Illuminati slaves were put through. Why? To extract most of the pineal gland. The PG...pearly gates...the 'pearl' or 'soul' of a victim. The pineal gland grows back eventually and this is why those in their 40s begin to regain their memories. If this is found out - you pay another trip to 'Flat 1'.

The Crown was extracting the 'pearl' or Pineal Gland from their slaves. If you want a

visual image of this in esoteric terms - check out the album cover 'weak from kissing' by Al Gromer Khan. You can see the 6 pointed turquoise star (symbolic of an Illuminati slave). The crimson red triangle (extraction of pineal gland). The horizontal crescent white moon (next stage in the process of the removal of almost all of the pineal gland). The 'full moon' to the right which denotes the 'soul' or pearl of the mind, extracted. The crimson triangle is often called 'The Bermuda triangle' by mind control programmers, where all memories of Illuminati programming (torture and abuse) are lost. The orange sign of Uranus refers to the 'lock' put over this type of programming i.e. repeated anal rape which makes the Illuminati slave disassociate if they even go near what has happened to them in their heads.

Has any one mentioned the abbreviations for the computer codes that 'run' the computer of an Illuminati slave's mind? The system works in this way: It is a series of computer commands and quite lengthy ones which neither the programmer or slave can necessarily remember unless in a deep state of consciousness and so an abbreviation is used. Every command begins with two letters. The very worst commands being with 'Z'. They then go through the whole gamut of the alphabet: ZA:....and a string of computer code...ZB:ZC:AD:AE:and so on until you get the final and most deadly command ZZ: Naturally the first and most innocuous codes begin: AA: ... AB: ... As I went through the Z series in my mind...immediate words and images that had been used as a 'reminder' of each string, came up...and I realised that none of these were now effective upon me, at all. The last ZZ command is up to the Illuminati programmer in question but ZZ TOP is often used as an innocuous reference in general conversation to that 'joke pop group' or perhaps in less public surroundings - a reference to the demon PAZUZAZ.

The top Illuminati Templar Castle is in the South-West of Ireland. Don't take a trip or book into Tinakilly Hotel either on holiday...it is owned by Eliza Manningham-Buller's family and is used for 'church of the poisoned mind' programming i.e. Satanic Catholicism.

It is quite amusing really, the Catholics were right all along about their theory of transubstantiation (i.e. we are really eating the body of Christ and drinking his blood) and the Protestants were entirely wrong in their theory of consubstantiation (we only do this symbolically at a metaphorical level). During Satanic Catholic Illuminati programming, you are taught to be a cannibal - to drink the blood of others and to eat their flesh in those evil atrocities that the Royal Family and British Intelligence call 'rites'. What is more - they all believe that this is what the original disciples of Christ really did. So the Catholics have been upfront about it all along and everyone turned a blind eye. It is an ancient belief, according to the Illuminati - that everyone has to eat a piece of the old 'magus' in order to gain his powers. They figure that Jesus was one of those - as was the 13th Tibetan Lama Rinpoche - they did the same to his body. The Illuminati tend to think in 13s and Jesus was the 13th one of his group. In spiritual terms, what these cannibals are really doing, is opening themselves up to possession. It is now widely taken as a given that if you have a transplant of another human being's organ - that you may easily develop some characteristics of that person. This isn't esoteric

nonsense - simply what 'dominant genes' do within the body - they tend to take over. From my experience, 99% of the Illuminati that I have met, are weak-minded fools. By eating other people they simply open themselves up to be taken over by those with more dominant genes.

Let us look at the 'naval intelligence' HH codes which are being used to run 'clinical coding' at the NHS. The Templars are an extension of this 'fishing cult' as are MI6 (who evolved from Naval Intelligence - currently run by the sickly Prince Philip.) For an example of how high up this coding of data goes: check out your European Health Insurance card. All Illuminati slaves will have a long first number for 8: identification number of the card and the last two digits represent their 'expiry date' or 'shelf-life expiry date' or their planned 'death date' if you prefer. In addition, number 6 Personal Identification Number gives you your 'self-destruct' code. Remember that, if your programmer gives it to you in general conversation as a 'telephone number'.

This is all about the Jesuits isn't it? AND the Chinese knew that from way back...when they sent me those Jesuitical texts...because they had researched their own history and found out how interested the ^[SEP]Jesuits were during the late 19th and early 20th century (as far as I can remember in terms of those texts) about the helical risings of Venus in ancient Chinese history...now, why would the Jesuits be so interested in finding documentation about those heliacal risings? I asked Israeli Intelligence about all of this and they said - get it down quickly - August 8th 2008 - the Illuminati cult had tried to draw down what they see as demonic energy from Venus in 2001 but messed it up and now the new date for this is August 8th 2008 - NASA is involved and various other space stations...they have now put up a rocket which is planned to explode - part of making contact with the 'devil energy' which they think that they can make contact with from some interaction with Venus... we are all working against this happening...if the rocket does explode then it could create a cataclysmic chain of cosmic reactions...not just involving this planet...all about nuclear explosions in space...I contacted them again for more information...cannot give anymore away than that but everyone must expose the ILL as much as they can in general...because they are insane...their whole cult has now gone completely crazy...If one cuts out all of the insane demonism surrounding the occultist view of the 'pink planet'...then what we are left with is simply 'nuclear-testing' in Space...and in a 'vacuum'...no idea what effects that might have but can clearly see that this isn't a good idea -not 'containable'at all...and obviously the repercussions of this, could be massive...I 'sense' that the insanity of those who believe that they are 'space lizards' (like George Bush) is so great, that they could be thinking in military terms...about protecting themselves from REAL aliens from other planets...hence testing nuclear missiles in Space...

The OZ (or should one say FBI) top programmers, put in two safety valves to 'switch off' and also to 'set free' an Illuminati slave. The first, has been most often used by Christian preachers - i.e. pushing a person backwards by their forehead. The second is not so well-known (Rimington certainly wasn't aware of it), but highly effective in setting oneself free. It is also designed to get rid of any demonic 'possession' implanted into the mind of an Illuminati slave. Remember the 'Elves and the Shoemaker' programming? Where

your soul is synonymous with the sole of your shoe. In order to set oneself free from a programmer, one has to throw one's shoe at him/her. If one's 'demonic alter' was programmed into the left brain of a righthander - then one would throw the left shoe. Vice versa for a left-hander and both shoes should be thrown if one is ambidextrous - although it is best to throw both if you cannot remember precisely which sides of the brain were programmed with what. A member of the House of Lords once did this to his programmer within the House - but was mobbed by the Illuminati later because he had set himself free. This has to be done collectively - if it is to be done at all or the Illuminati will indulge in one of their favourite sports: mobbing.

Overall, I can see that two things need immediate attention: The exposure of the 'Lizard of Ahs' and all that this entails. The exposure of those Illuminati Medical Records. The first would put a stop to the 'lizard programmers' in general and stop the Royal Family/Saudi deal for zygotes as well as the whole 'dairy' trade worldwide. The second would provide indefatigable proof that Illuminati programming goes on and then NHS doctors would be able to spot it, report it and put a stop to it - with other governmental agencies. They would also be able to research 'cures' for these victims. I have no idea about other more sprawling subjects like: how do you stop major religions from being turned against one another and fighting to the death...but that is something that those religious leaders have to deal with...and so they all need to try to put a stop to mind control within their own communities...or else they are all 'easy pawns' within the Illuminati game.

Let us talk about what GCHQ get up to now. You have to have a physics degree with a specialisation in Quantum Physics, in order to qualify for a job in the decoding department, nowadays. Why, when Illuminati coding is all about 'literary puns' and 'graphic design symbolism'? I suppose this 'electronic circuitry' applied Quantum Physics business is simply about RUNNING HIVES OR ANTHILLS as in the electronic microchips and enforced, programmed 'pathways' of the brains of Illuminati slaves, in Western Society. What a nightmare...but hey, by KNOWING the above, that makes me NOT an ANT or a BEE. However, then it hits me...what was the VERY first book that my mother ever read to my brother or to myself as a young child? What was our very first picture book? ANT AND BEE. Two 'HIVE SOCIETIES' of two basic character types designed be competitive with each other. Ant is the 'naughty one' and Bee is the 'sensible' one. Ant is the DELTA WARRIOR ROBOT and Bee is the one to be 'juiced' for sperm, human eggs and fetuses. You can hardly get ANT AND BEE books for love or money nowadays. They were BANNED for a while - then Heinemanns came out in 1994 and published the entire collection. WHY? These books are highly dangerous - they constitute programming material for Illuminati mind control - to brain-damage toddlers. This was the original MKULTRA Nazi ideal: Western countries as HIVE SOCIETIES run by the sickest, stupidest and most deluded people on the planet i.e. all of those 'inbreds' like the Royal Family (UK), the Rockefellers (USA), the Katsavs (Israel) and so on - those descended from slave-driving families who have kept the evil torch of SLAVERY in this world alive today.

Has anybody noted the MICROSOFT OFFICE cartoon assistants yet and how they are

used to 'guide' Intelligence operatives? Try one out yourself. You have a choice of several cartoon characters – they all do coded actions to either programme the mind control slave subliminally or consciously. Right-click on the cartoon icon and go down the list to ANIMATE! You can then keep clicking through all of the 'party tricks' of this animal/object/person. The 'cat' is particularly nasty in that at some point it changes into a whizzing computer base inside its outline i.e. computerised mind control slave. Try the DOG who will guide you through various deprogramming techniques. His name is ROCKY. Try the CAT which directs the mind control slave, subliminally i.e. all creative ideas are put in the YELLOW folder for the programmer to use as his/her own. Try MERLIN who taps the screen with his RIGHT hand –a programmer command. Try the WORLD which freezes into a crystal – FREEZER programming. Try the DIAMOND JIGSAW which activates different compartments of the brain. Try the ROBOT BUG which automatically prints off data for a programmer. Try the RED BALL which turns itself into a SAFE with one eye i.e. CYCLOPS programming – a mind control slave operating upon one side of the brain. Try the PAPERCLIP – remember OPERATION PAPERCLIP? PEARL Y GATES. This was the basic elite at FORT MONCKTON in 1980 - the ROYALS and MICROSOFT who were both involved in 'Son of God' programming.

PS on this Microsoft cartoon screensaver...the magician is walking a maze in the dark...the maze is composed of musical notes (unheard) but signified by the 'bars' of the route and when he stops or disappears. Colours and notes are all part of 'frequency' programming as they correlate. Anybody want to work out the 'tune' whilst they are at it? Somebody already has: it is CHE SERA, SERA. You have to wait quite a time before the wizard reaches his grand 'cellar' experiment but be patient - it is worth it. Scan the ceiling to see the microchip and the pink 'brain' behind it. Richard Tomlinson took me through the entire new Microsoft package and all of its new imagery and coding for Illuminati slaves but at a very basic level. The photographs are used as Illuminati symbols. The 'reconversion' command (right click mouse) is all about making an Illuminati slave into a 'double negative' again - a French word to denote the recycling of a slave, or the 'mutation' or 'conversion' of him/her into new programming.

I have to add that the biggest joke of all is that they will all 'reveal' themselves from behind the blue/green Microsoft curtain as the NWO - when the time is right. Look at the tail 'feathers' of light that are joining up at the bottom left of the picture - these represent the different Illuminati groups joining up all over the world after the military juntas have been imposed.

CIA programming consisted of LOBSTER programming – as small children they were put through similar to what had happened to those on BRITISH INTELLIGENCE mind control programming courses to create a 'rubber duck' alter. We all had boiling oil thrown over us and were then quickly immersed in a cold bath. The CIA were plunged into boiling water, as children – much the same thing.<sup>[L]
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At any rate, one can see that the slavery trade was going on in Constantinople before even the Romans got going. This was the nexus of the first big trading centre upon the globe and according to the illuminati like Richard Tomlinson, it never went away. The

Royal Arch (RA) cult evolved over the centuries as a 'secret smugglers society' who became very skillful at mind control in order to create human 'mules'.

I know this sounds really silly...because I know that the Illuminati are simply a bunch of cannibals (from centuries back and the formation of the ST. JOHN cult), but I am beginning to think. Are they really insane human beings or some alien species? Simply because their behaviour is so 'anti-human'. I have previously rebuffed this line of thought because those like RIMINGTON who thought she was an 'interdimensional space lizard' which was 'indestructible', were so easy to outwit and overpower (and they are easy to kill too). Yet I wonder about what is controlling the brains of these mind control slaves. I have posited that it is only their 'lizard brain' DNA which has been activated – therefore they simply act like 'lizards' but have been told that they are 'alien' and 'indestructible'. Is that all there is to it or in terms of experimentation with 'anti-matter' – is it possible that some terrible 'force' came in from another 'dimension' and entered the brains of these people? It is a moot point – I cannot dismiss it but think it highly unlikely. All I can say is that stupid people with too much money, who fund the type of 'research' which resulted in the above – have to be stopped immediately i.e. in governmental PSI/GENOME projects. How? I do not know. That is a political and legal matter and best left to intelligent/skilled people within those fields, who know how to stop it. One can see that this will result in a battle between the LEGAL/POLITICAL field - against those that the ILL control i.e. the most powerful factions in WESTERN SOCIETY e.g. the MEDICAL PROFESSION and INTELLIGENCE AGENCIES. The latter are but a 'puppet' of the former. The former in their 'lesser' roles of power (like my mother as a DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC HEALTH) are simply mind control slaves.^[1] However, one can see the potential play-off: illuminati scientific/medical slaves and 'Intelligence Agencies' - against the Political and Legal profession. It worries me that MARK RICKENBACH was also a mind control slave. He had tried to get free. He had tried to work the whole 13th ONE game out – having been a victim of this 'most dangerous game' times 100. Cathy O' Brien talks about a bog-standard 'the most dangerous game' as run by GEORGE BUSH and his associates...but the EUROPEAN game is so intricate and sick, as to defy belief. MARK had then 'realised' that he couldn't keep his money without kow-towing to the illuminati system. He therefore kept in with this system and learnt their 'secret' codes and bases. He had always been 'one of the lucky ones', in terms of coming from a family which had meant that he would always be a MASTER and not a SLAVE...yet he wasn't quite as insane as the rest of them. However, he had still been indoctrinated by his family into the idea that this world has to be run as a 'slave' one. He was a 'master' but he wanted to see himself as a 'fair' and 'just' one - Son of God programming obviously had a lot to do with that one. The fact that he laughed his head off with excitement, to NIKOLAS HULBRUSCH, once he had learnt that I was a 13th ONE in 1994, meant that he knew the 'whole game' and he wanted to have 'fun' with it. I presume at the expense of the ROYAL FAMILY. However, the 'game' changed as to who was being victimised/harassed/hunted. MARK didn't know what my 'final square' upon the ALICE BOARD would be but advised me 'whatever it is, do not do it'. Advice that I simultaneously 'took to heart' and yet also ignored. Why not push it as far as it goes? I have the attention of the world. That was

the whole point. To get it out to the general public – to expose it and stop it. I 'passed the last square' in the 'game' a long time ago...and the illuminati are desperately trying to make up new ones for me. That is the way that it is in ALICE/OZ programming. You are never allowed to be 'free'. Not even that poor old WIZARD OF OZ. Even if GEORGE BUSH now believes he is the LIZARD OF AHS, he is just another mind control victim.

Read this stanza, used by GEORGE BUSH upon CATHY O' BRIEN to programme her: "I am a true patriot, living an American dream, I will become my role when you pull my string. I will become my part, so I can 'be all I can be'. Cause just like the Vice President, I am what I read." Firstly, I had been programmed since birth by Illuminati books...later on, the above became more transparent e.g. DALDRY turning up at ESSEX UNIVERSITY and handing me the CONRAD novel SECRET AGENT, and attempting me to program me with it, 'you are what you read'. He failed to do so. I never read the book – he tried to 'test' my knowledge upon it later – I hadn't a clue what it was about and so he gave up. I had pleaded amnesia, whilst maintaining that I had read it. Secondly and more importantly, GEORGE BUSH was the vice president at that point and this stanza makes it clear that he was also heavily under mind control – he was also under the spell of 'I am what I read'. He was also, living 'AN American dream' but not THE American Dream. The use of the definite and indefinite article 'a' and 'the' - is an important distinction here.

Templar Castle 2001, near Mons, South of France: ATROCITIES committed, the like that the world has never seen or heard of before. ROYALS and TEMPLARS are then presented with the 'blackmail tapes'. A few months later in 2001 - 9-11. Asian Tsunami - at the end of 2004. One can see that a covert war had been declared between the UK and the US although one has to say that apart from 7/7, there has been no direct attack on the ROYALS and their TEMPLARS. Then Prince Philip's plan to nuclear sub attack Israel - a year ago 2007. However, last year - the US basic plan was to destroy the UK and then put the ROYALS and TEMPLARS upon some 'Guantanamo Bay' island and slowly torture them to death. THAT is how angry the PENTAGON was and still is. Forget the war in Iraq - that is just an international 'oil grab' operation - the real Illuminati WAR, which may easily lead to WWII, is the one being waged between the ROYALS/TEMPLARS and the US Military. Most people nowadays have heard something about mind control slavery and if they have, tend to blame the CIA for the MKULTRA program and for starting the whole thing. It started during the BRITISH EMPIRE as the Royal Arch Freemasonry 'mind control slave camel' programme.

[[[SEP]]] AMERICA was founded upon ILLUMINATI CULT SLAVERY by the EUROPEAN ROYAL FAMILIES. [[[SEP]]]

The ROYAL FAMILY were not aware until recently, that they were no longer in control of this ILLuminati mind control RA cult. After 2001, they were left in no doubt at all - they were no longer the rulers of it. Hence the insane and criminal lashbacks which threaten everybody's safety and security upon this planet. They cannot come clean about it because they cannot admit blame for anything - particularly not for the BRITISH

MONARCHY having been the main culprits of this RA cult, to begin with. They also figure that they might have a chance of winning against the US and get the ILLuminati cult back under their control again.

Who do the Royal family rely upon most to do their mind control programming? Historically, it has been these Illuminati family surnames: SPITALL. BUCKET. CARTER. GLASS. POTTER.

Checking out MR ICKE'S site again...he normally comes down upon the ROTHSCCHILD family being the main Illuminati family who control the globe...and yet this family...according to my father's own experience during WWII of the 'Bauers'...was NOT that of a high-up Illuminati family who was of equal 'power and status' as say, the BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY. Okay, the ROTHSCCHILDs might have more money than the ROYAL FAMILY or indeed the ROCKEFELLERS. Evil SLAVE-DRIVERS. In short, the 'electricity' or rather the ENERGY of the SOUL was something that the ILL didn't understand...they had found out that they could force it out of the body and then 'trap' it but they had no intrinsic idea of what it constituted. In 'rabbinical' or 'kabbalistic' terms - this 'it' was known as the spark of God. The 'spark' that is in every human being. The ILL thought that this 'spark' was contained in the pineal gland and could be 'extracted'. They were therefore attempting to 'imprison God' or rather His sparks. In KABBALAH, (in the beginning - metaphorically the BIG BANG) a pot is shattered...a pot full of light...and then the shards of this light, descend into matter...and thus, human beings each have a 'bright spark' within their 'dark matter' of density...and this 'bright spark' is commonly called the 'soul' (despite our bodies being dull, earthenware 'pots' - fashioned of clay - as in the bible - GENESIS) - BUT this gift from God is of a supra or preter-natural energy - this 'spark' we all have...a gift from the Creator...which the ILL were trying to steal from us all. Our souls (and not as the ILL at the Templar Castle were trying to make everybody believe as a religion: 'ar-seholes' - not 'our souls' but phonetically 'ar-sehoul's'...) MI6 - the AZTECH company. Their 'hidden hand' being the 'A-Z OF US' i.e. their American puppet-masters. COLLIE was obviously worried that things had got out of hand at the TEMPLAR CASTLE...because the TEMPLARS had strung her up in a tree to reprogramme her as an OWL...I have no idea what else they had done to her...but one can see from my experience, that RIMINGTON and TOMLINSON thought that bringing you near to death whilst being severely abused...and then 'rescuing you' - to then treat you like a newborn baby...i.e. some sort of horrific 'regression'...was the KEY to reprogramming you. It didn't work on me. Did it work on COLLIE? In synopsis, the ROCKEFELLERS had had access to all of the mind control slaves run by US Intelligence, globally - since 1995 - after having kidnapped and interrogated LOEHMANN. They could run any of these slaves, including LOEHMANN - who was HEAD of this department that was in charge of 'mind control' (including experimental drugs) in the FBI. Every mind control slave was also microchipped in the back of the neck. Apparently it is like a bit of shrapnel in your spine - put there as a child and it is now almost impossible to extract - the bone developed and grew around it. I have no idea if it is true about the microchip at the back of the neck (just above the neck - where cranium meets spinal cord) but figure that COLLIE must have been telling the truth - I know that a NEODYMIUM MAGNET knocks it out -

wipes the chip.

British Masonic Zionism took off in the 1920s. Hence the reference to the sculpture on Mt Herzl. I was on the P2 'Russian' British Intelligence course too, you know! The heart of darkness within British Freemasonry: specifically Royal Arch Freemasonry. They used the Egyptians and their ancient rites to explore research into time and space travel according to their ancient texts. They used the Jews for their understanding of the Kabbalah and the creation of 'golems'. The Royal Satanic Family. Everyone else was a slave. They were the ones who were 'born to rule'. The 'true' Egyptian Pharaohs, the 'true' descendents of Abraham and Moses...their pomposity and stupidity knew no bounds. The twist in the tail rests in the fact that the European Monarchists had a massive amount of cash but were not that bright. They wanted to be the Lords and Masters of the Universe and the FBI tricked them with the most elaborate package. The 'Illuminati' program. The FBI 'ran' their research via their 'royal' lapdogs in Europe. I would laugh if it weren't for the extreme abuse that I have been put through and for most of my life. The cult of the 'snake-lines' was born in the 1920s and began the steady decline of the British Empire as the FBI started to take over their networks. [11:11] [SEP:SEP] Unfortunately the idea of the Annunaki is not something I would subscribe to because I had been FBI-programmed as a 'WATCHER' and that means 'Annunaki' in biblical terms. In reality, it simply meant that I had been taught to think outside the 'perimeter' (the 'saucer') and had created my own 'language' which could not be decoded - in order to 'watch' the world at large and to record it i.e. to act like a database of information (a safeguard against 'scanning' by other telepaths or 'infection' by other programs - my information had to be kept safe). Most, if not all of the children who were brought up on DR SEUSS books will have had this type of programming. We are not 'annunaki' or 'angels'. We are simply intelligence operatives who were taught from early childhood to develop strategies to think beyond the traps and snares of the 'linguistic maze' of the ILL.

Have you seen Siloam's (Sultan's) Pool outside of the Jerusalem city walls? There is a massive concrete crocodile plaza there, complete with iron-railing teeth - view it from above to get the best picture. This is where the British Intelligence recruits were taken to be inducted into the Masonic 'mysteries' of mind control i.e. all of the hocus pocus they whitewashed it with, in terms of Egyptian myth about the 'crocodiles' tried to eat your soul on its passage through the next world. What they were really talking about was their disgusting Royal Genome project. The 'crocodile' eats the 'little fishes' i.e. he takes their zygotes through traumatic abortions.

Another important point which has not been detailed here is that of the repeated rape of a female British Intelligence agent. The women to be used for their 'zygotes' were called MI6 'bees'. In Alice mind control programming, they were to be used for their 'honey' (see the insect who accosts Alice in the wood, to ask her if she has any honey). One of the 'esoteric' practices of MI6 was to have this woman repeatedly raped by the chosen sperm donor in order to get her pregnant. After a short amount of time (enough to check that she had been 'fertilised'), they would then break into her living quarters and force her to abort.

[SEP]Also, MI6 male officers and agents are trained to rape their female agents into obedience. This is to do with the effect on the brain. Repeated rape has a very damaging effect on the spinal cord and brain - the 'alarm signal' up the nervous system to the brain eventually cuts it out. It is based on the 'black arts' - controlling another person by their 'kundalin' i.e. their basic life-force. This practice was used if an agent had begun to question or disobey orders. It was not limited to female agents either. If a male British Intelligence operative stepped out of line - the same would be done to him - this is probably even more harmful as the rectum is nearer to the spinal cord.

Do you remember the 'flowerpot men'? Those puppets on a string...controlled by little weed, the sunflower? Well, they have all fallen off the wall now. Every one of them. Rimington, Manningham-Buller, Scarlett and the 'electric eel'. Surely you remember him? The Ely - he is still mind control programming in Manningtree, along with Pat Andrew (High Priestess) and Tony Green - that malevolent, little dwarf who is currently terrorising Acorn Villages Ltd.

SIS keeps a tight control on all of its experimental rejects from mind control programming. There are a fair sprinkling of their operatives (mainly from the sister service - MI5) acting as gatekeepers in institutions such as Acorn Villages, MIND (let us namecheck 'Brenda' and 'Bob' at the Ipswich branch). These people are put in place, to make sure no investigation of SIS mind control programming crimes, is possible. Crisis' also have what they call mental health workers to keep an eye on ex-servicemen and women who have gone AWOL and who SIS/MI5 do not want to go missing. They would prefer to check up on them and preferably in institutions where they can safely 'disappear' eventually. Unfortunately for SIS, NHS mental health facilities are now so overcrowded that this is not possible and therefore they now have a big problem on their hands - it is all getting out of control and the information is leaking out.

Funny how many 'deluded' people they are around, nowadays. People who misguidedly think that they once worked for SIS/MI5 as agents. One of the 'grinds' of the job that Tomlinson most hated at MI6, was the ever-increasing quotient of agents that SIS wanted trained up. Expansion was the name of the game in the 1990s. 'Trained up' meant put under mind control. These people were then used without their conscious knowledge. They were not paid to do the jobs they did. This wasn't cheap labour - it was slave labour. When these victims of Alice in Wonderland mind control, began to wake up (remember what they had been ordered to do in dreams and then flashbacks), they were labelled as 'deluded' and SIS/MI5 denied any knowledge of having recruited or trained them.

Anyone who wishes to do some valuable research into SIS mind control, need only be 'down and out' in London for a week, to pick up on the accounts and stories. George Orwell wrote 'Down and Out in London and Paris' from his own experience before writing '1984', and what a prescient novel that was to become. MI5 got Orwell in the end but not before he managed to get published. Nowadays, it would be better to take Tomlinson's route and publish abroad. SIS now controls most UK publishing houses as 'fronts'. Hence the plethora of trash in our bookshops. So much 'choice' but no real

choice. The USA, Russia and China are the best bets to find a publisher.

Has anyone read Andrew Marr's appallingly bad novel 'Jonathan Strange...'? It was co-written with his wife. Her photograph (taken about 30 years ago) is on the flyleaf of the hardback. They chose the pseudonym 'Susannah Clarke' to publish under. Read this novel to find out how deluded and downright insane some agents become. Marr really thinks that he is a 'magician' - no joke. He has been working for P2 for years. The high-level Satanic branch of the Masonic Illuminati, which is incidentally no longer under SIS control. Guess who runs it now?

Ely? One of the Royal lackeys. You think that the Royals themselves didn't get their hands dirty? Visit Princess Anne's house at 18-19 Marine Parade, Dovercourt, Harwich. She was programming new Intelligence recruits there, during the 1980s. Those of you familiar with Alice in Wonderland will know what I mean when I say that she was programming new recruits with 'mirror-work' in this house - an MI5 officer facilitated this procedure normally, along with an MI6 counterpart. The basic mind control programming process used the usual methods - 'wearing the crown' i.e. metal band to give an electric shock before and after the programming (to implant it into the subconscious) which consisted of positioning a recruit near to a long mirror but so they could not see their own reflection. Then telling the recruit that they did not exist, that they had no identity other than as a slave to the Monarchy. Princess Anne then stood in front of the mirror to show the recruit that the programmer in their subconscious (on the 'other side of the mirror' i.e. double-life of a mind control slave) was in control of their life from that point on.

The 'tower room' in the Tower Hotel, Dovercourt, Harwich. Eliza Manningham-Buller and her Royal companion watched as the male intelligence recruits were drilled in how to carry out the ZCHTZ abortion procedure. The young woman had been scalded in the bath and was now tied to the bed. The windows were open and she was naked, rapidly going blue with cold and shaking so much she almost got free of the restraints. Under mind control, she had been ordered to keep silent. ZCHTZ victims had been put through so much torture beforehand, that they knew that if they made a sound, they would be tortured even more than they already had been. Like Pavlovian dogs, their minds and bodies knew how to keep silent, even through the most disgusting and obscene ordeals inflicted upon them. The 'extraction' commenced. The young men were told by the Royal, that the young woman was only an 'animal - just a frightened animal'. Their response to their orders was directed in those terms. The women are then instructed to remember the horror as a 'bad dream' and invariably they do. The nuns in the Russian compound in Ein Kerem, Jerusalem were instructed to view the entire process from forced impregnation to abortion in biblical terms i.e. a night-time 'visitation' followed by a 'demonic attack'. Welcome to 'the other side of the mirror', in Alice in Wonderland mind control programming.

Programming hotels in the area? Why not check into: The Crown, Manningtree. You can spot every SIS/MI6 banking fraud going, by simply following the gaze of the golden Egyptian pharaoh perched above the bar to the rafter opposite, upon which is pinned

every single grubby note. The first one is a British pound from the Cayman Islands. Remember that scam? Rimington was supposed to have exposed it. MI6 weren't just liars, cheats and thieves - they were also number fraudsters, murderers and paedophiles in their ranks. All part of the Illuminati game. What a sick game.

Anyone interested in Illuminati programming sites should check out: The Continental Hotel. The Pier Hotel. The Cliff Hotel. Easy - they are all in Harwich. While you are at it, why not check out beach-hut Number 11: the Soldier's Retreat, near to the Low Lighthouse (another programming site which is now behind barbed wire and bars - wonder why?). Having done that, you might like to walk left along the front until you get to beach-hut Number 208 in Dovercourt. Far enough away from 'civilization' for the wind to carry off any screaming or moaning...In addition, check out the 'white diamonds' on certain huts - only for the brave.

Check out the islands off Harwich and The Naze. A lot of history was covered up here in WWII. Churchill had to get the locals to get rid of the dead bodies of German soldiers who had managed to land. It is all coming out now. The 'Harwich Force' was under Royal Arch Masonic control and NOT governmental. Harwich was the most suitable port to be used for the Royal Navy. It was the one closest to the German coastline. The Harwich Force was supposed to be 'responsible for preventing enemy vessels from passing unobserved or unmolested in the area of the North sea bounded by the English, Netherlands and German coastlines.' (According to the Low Lighthouse Maritime museum, which was a SIS programming site but is now behind barbed wire and bars.) How many did they let pass 'unmolested'? This was a Royal 'rat-line' for their Nazi counterparts in Europe.

The Continental Hotel has an interesting painting in the bar. A night-time scene of a coastal town on a peninsular. A satanic mill overshadows a pub which is named: 'The Crucified Gnome'. The crucified genome of the Royal Genome Illuminati project. The 'sons of God' genome which SIS was trying to perfect for their Royal slave-drivers. The Satanic Mills? The windmill has long been a symbol of the British Illuminati. It is a substitute Swastika. A few examples from mind control programming scripts and artefacts used by SIS include: 1. Don Quixote, who fights the windmill sails (Swastika/fascism) because he is 'insane' but then recovers his 'sanity' to go off travelling around the world as a pirate/smuggler...you name it...MI6 officer training prototype role. 2. Note the Swastika SS (lightning) insignia on the Montefiore windmill in Jerusalem. No accident - Rimington pointed it out to our team on the Royal Arch Freemasonry course there. 3. Check out the scary 'Teletubbies' toy windmill which begins to whirr in the programme...along with the nautical tannoy which surveys and then orders them around. Most SIS programming sites have a windmill artefact somewhere around because it is one of the most potent, subliminal images of the Swastika. Why don't they just use a real Swastika? That's the whole point of mind control - it is subliminal and reinforced by seemingly innocuous imagery i.e. the WINDMILL.

Ever seen CBBC's children's programme: 'The Best of Friends'? In the last episode, a team of five girls were given a choice between the 'red and the blue' (tongues)...this is SIS 'hot and cold' programming. They were then given a choice between 'trick or treat' (SIS 'halloween' programming). Finally, the two unlucky ones were made to clean up and change the lightbulb in Lowestoft Lighthouse. The LIGHTBULB and the LIGHTHOUSE - two more potent symbols of SIS mind control programming. The LIGHTBULB = ECT to lock in programming. The LIGHTHOUSE is a programming centre. Each mind control slave has what is called MI6 'beast computer' programming put inside their heads. In order to de-programme, one has to unscrew the lightbulb because this is what 'powers the system up'. These girls were being asked to change the lightbulb and then turn the Lighthouse bulb on i.e. activate programming.

Another programme directly after this was 'MI-High'. A group of schoolchildren are apparently working for British Intelligence in this programme. Their goal is to defeat the 'Grand Master' who appears hidden on camera, with an upper-class British accent, stroking a white rabbit called 'Flopsy'. The white rabbit? Alice in Wonderland mind control programming. The 'white rabbit' is a mind control programmer. The 'Grand Master' = the Masonic Lodge Master. The joke in MI-High, is that the kids are actually being instructed to fight MI6 mind control programming whilst being told that they are working for British Intelligence. How oxymoronic/paradoxical is that? Just like the MI5 Russian teams who were told by Manningham-Buller that they were all communists fighting for the New World Order, whilst the rest of the world thought that MI5 was supposed to be fighting the KGB in the cold war.

SIS/MI5 have been using children's programmes to train them up young since 'The Flowerpot Men'. (The sunflower is the highest esoteric symbol of SIS). The Magic Roundabout (SIS carousel programming.) Yellow Submarine (The Beatles were the first SIS experimental 'boy-band' under mind control.) Teletubbies and any other programme by Ragdoll Productions (note the symbols used in programming on their heads.) Noddy ('red and blue' car/body programming i.e. Pavlovian dog responses.)

Remember how the French threw out 'The Magic Roundabout' and 'Teletubbies'? Didn't want us programming their children. Quite right too. (The Japanese loved Teletubbies). You only need to trace the path of Teletubbies as an export around the world to see how far the long arm of SIS mind control reaches. It has to be stopped now. ADD, autism and epilepsy are now reaching alarming levels amongst the younger generations. The results of SIS experimentation will eventually enter the genetic chain and then we will all be done for. The Royal Genome project and SIS mind control experimentation has to stop NOW.

Andrew Marr has helped to torture, abuse and rape - not only women but their children as well. He is part of the 'Humpty Dumpty' cult, otherwise known as the 'Dark Lily' cult or the St John 'sign of five' MI5 Freemasonry cult. Marr is part of the P2 paedophile ring which is currently operating in Europe. He has forcibly impregnated women under mind control and then put them through the most terrible abortions, threatening them

afterwards with more torture and certain death if they speak out. Marr takes his children on holiday abroad to initiate them into the Illuminati rites i.e. he has shown them other children being raped and murdered in front of their very eyes, in order to indoctrinate them into the value of 'silence' and what will happen to them if they speak out about the horrific crimes of this cult.

The Masonic cult of St John ('sign of five') in British Intelligence: The esoteric 'mystery' of this cult was shown to the new British Intelligence recruits by the cutting open of a heavily pregnant sow. Her babies were torn from her womb and dismembered. Where did this cult originate from and why? The Johannites worship St John and in their early churches, they idolised the Magdalene and not Christ. The symbol of this cult is 'X' in the 'de Molay' system. It doesn't just mean FUCK (fornication under consent of the King), it is emblematic of birth, life and death. It also represents the tearing out of unborn children from a mother's womb. How else would the early 'scientists' (e.g. Leonardo Da Vinci's drawings) have worked out the mystery of conception, child-bearing and birth? This cult has been experimenting with women and their unborn children for centuries and at every stage in process from conception to giving birth. In the 20th century, the St John cult continued its diabolical practices because of the shortage of human zygotes. The Royal Arch Freemasonry Genome Project. They elevated their obscene procedures with rites and rituals. Instead of paying women to be surrogate mothers on the black market (where at least they might have been given an anaesthetic and hygienic conditions), the Royal Arch Freemasons and the cult of St John (part and parcel of the same Masonic order) decided to 'do it on the cheap'. These barbarians selected women according to their DNA and then used and abused them in the most obscene ways imaginable. Their rites and rituals could be construed as 'high-level Satanism' but that is peripheral. The main point is that this was the Royal Arch Genome Project which was authorised by the British Monarchy and carried out by SIS. This disgusting project is still in operation today.

The 'de Molay' 20th Century additional meaning, added on to the 'X' symbol. It now signifies the 'X' chromosome in British Freemasonry. The female chromosome which carries most of the 'intelligence' and 'memory' of DNA coding. The 'Y' chromosome represents the crucified Christ and as such, no big deal - it doesn't carry so much information. Why was this 'X' a big joke amongst Royal Arch Freemasonry? It symbolised a woman tied to a bed in an 'X' shape as they sadistically tore her living foetus from her womb. I talk from experience - I was forced to watch one of their 'rites'. People have to start exposing them for this because if this isn't done, then they will continue under a blanket of secrecy. Marr was and is one of the main perpetrators of this cult.

The Naze. The tower built circa 1721 at the end of the peninsula. A shameful and horrifying history: The early British Masonic slave-traders used this landmark for their Ashkenaton (Egyptian Pharaoh) rites which involved the sacrifice of black slaves. They then made totem-poles out of their heads. The Jewish converts from Aram (Armenia) and the surrounding regions, brought the worship of the primitive goddess Ashken to the attention of the British. Ashken was the goddess of underground springs and the

earliest known deity in the area. 'She' also demanded human sacrifice. A new rite was created which incorporated the male and female deity: Ashkenaton and Ashken. Ashken on The Naze. ASHKENAZI. The term was used in the early 18th century by this Masonic cult of slave-drivers. Later on in the century, it became a specialised term for the Jewish converts who had settled in Germany and the surrounding areas. I pity the Ashkenazim who are not part of this cult and are 'true' Jews who practice the real Judaism because this word has such terrible historical associations.

What is the agenda? If the Crown cannot control Israel, they want to destroy it. PP promised it to Charlie-boy when he was born. Crazy, isn't it? They lost control years ago and the wound still smarts. PP wants to start WWII. He's 90-odd and doesn't give a fuck. Unfortunately, he has the Masonic clout to do it. The Royal Family has controlled the Navy since whenever. MI6 began here, an offshoot of Naval Intelligence.

Anyway, the Ashkenaton cult worships a female deity which someone refers to as 'Ashken'. Is this an amalgam of Ashteroth and Anahid? The earliest pagan goddesses to whom child/human sacrifices were made, as well as bloody sex rites. Anahid was the goddess of the Ashkenazim who had lost their faith in Judaism. They then decided to worship this primitive goddess of volcanoes. She is the earliest known Babylonian goddess (Armenia). The Ashkenaton cult also worship the Egyptian deities: 1. the 'Ram' god which was the earliest Egyptian idol. 2. ISIS - which is the revered goddess of SIS i.e. MI6. 3. Ashteroth - the earliest Semitic fertility goddess. The Ashkenaton cult's aim is to destroy Israel and put in their satanic 'Messiah'. This person is 'hidden' in one of the Jewish Rabbinical schools in Jerusalem but will reveal himself when the time is nigh. Not so hidden. His real name is Josef Katsav - bastard son of President Katsav. Now, I have heard about Jewish mothers who pray that their son will be the Messiah but I have never heard of a Jewish father orchestrating this via the Freemasons! Katsav - didn't he engineer this through Shin Beit? He used to be an officer for them in the 1980s. Katsav's son no longer goes under the name of Josef Katsav. He is currently 'hidden' in one of the three Sephardim schools in Jerusalem. He goes by the name of 'Sharon' or 'Aviv' depending upon who strikes up a conversation with him. His false police ID card from his youth, gives the name 'Aviv Yichzak' (not sure about translation of surname but something similar). He is a nice, kind and intelligent man. He has also had a lobotomy. Note the small scar on his scalp on the lefthand side of his head. He claims to be in his early thirties but is in fact, around 41 years of age. Josef has no idea of what is planned for him. He is under mind control and doesn't appear to know a thing about his programming.

The Magdalene's story: I was recruited into British Intelligence in 1979. I was then used and abused as 'zygote' from that point on. I was also programmed by this Masonic cult to anoint the anti-Christ and then Messiah. The Royal Arch Freemasons have a very eclectic view of world religions, picking and mixing the very worst and most barbaric rites to suit their obscene tastes i.e. ritual murder and S/M torture - not to mention paedophilia and child sacrifice. They chose their 'anti-Christ' in 1979. A young Russian officer from the KGB called Mr Putin. He was 'annointed' in 1993 and rapidly rose up the ranks of the KGB to become spy chief. Later on to become acting Prime Minister of

Russia and finally the President. Mr Putin was programmed as the 'anti-Christ' to attack Israel in the Ashkenaton cult's endgame. (They have been planning this for so many years.) Luckily, Mr Putin broke free from the Royal Arch Freemasons in 1994.

The Ashkenaton rite in 1980 on The Naze. Let us look at this in more detail: Stephen Daldry castrated a black man and then helped Andrew Marr and Richard Tomlinson to behead other victims of the cult, on this island. How and why? They were supervised by Stella Rimington, John Scarlett and Eliza Manningham-Buller who had an SAS guard with them. The young British Intelligence recruits who were forced to attend this night-time ritual were told that if they tried to swim for safety that the currents would take them out to sea. One young man tried and was never seen again by the other recruits. The others were forced to watch this insane and diabolical rite. It was based on 'Peter Pan' mind control programming and those named were playing the 'lost boys' - a sort of Lord of the Flies enactment. The victims were illegal immigrants who had been captured by the Royal Navy, trying to enter the UK via the East Anglian coast. Daldry, Marr, Tomlinson and the SAS, disposed of the bodies by throwing them out to sea. However the SAS thought that the severed heads might float back onto the beaches and therefore buried them. They had been made into a 'totem-pole' by Stephen Daldry.

The same people also murdered veteran members of the SOE. Why? These brave people had discovered the existence of the Ashkenaton cult after meeting one of the young British Intelligence recruits at one of their annual gatherings. The recruits had been sent in as a training task, to mingle and identify who George Millar was, without attracting attention. The young woman who found him, got rather drunk and told him that they were being drugged and put under mind control. She was tortured afterwards because of her 'indiscretion'. She and her peer group were then forced to watch the murder of individuals from this group who had voiced their concern to SIS over the training of young recruits. The SOE veterans hadn't quite worked it out. SIS/MI6 had been their enemy from day one. They contained the fifth column of UK Nazis who had never disappeared but continued to proliferate. The SOE had been assimilated into SIS/MI6 after WWII and the SAS was born. Safely under the control of MI6. No more independent 'armies' to fight the Nazis. Where did the Ashkenaton bury the bodies of their victims? Take the B1414 out of Thorpe-le-Soken and turn right just before the cottage which sells old-fashioned ornaments. Go past a huge manure stack on your right and continue straight on until you come to a ditch. The wood beyond is MI5/MI6's 'potter's field' as they call it. The graveyard for traitors to the Ashkenaton cult. They are still using it to bury people today. The manure heap was used as a temporary place to keep the bodies before being transferred for burial. They were put under a tarpaulin. The thinking behind this was that the incredible stink of the heap would put anyone off discovering them.

Guess where Plan B 'Royal Bunker' is? Located 6 miles off the east coast of Britain in the North sea. It only appears when the tide goes out and you can see the Royal Navy around there from time to time.^[1]_{SEP}

Isn't Blair the new priest Melchizedek of the P2 Satanic Catholic division of Royal Arch

Freemasonry? Now, why would the Ashkenaton cult revere this priest in the bible? Easy. He came before the Law i.e. the 10 commandments were given to Moses. British Intelligence have always taught their recruits that they are above the Law and so it kind of makes sense to worship a priest like Melchizedek, doesn't it? I mean, if you have either broken all of the 10 commandments or intend to - what is the point of Moses and the Law? Far better to chose a priest who has no connection to any such drawbacks or liabilities. In addition, Melchizedek is described as being like a son of God. Jesus Christ is described as belonging to the order of Melchizedek and not a descendent of the first priest Aaron - to whom Moses gave the 10 commandments from God. What does that tell us about sons of God? Melchizedek gives Abraham bread and wine as a gift. Jesus tells his followers that after his sacrifice, that they should eat and drink bread and wine to remember him. The earliest priest/kings of the sacred groves were murdered/sacrificed in fertility rites and a new one was then chosen. The main point must be that the Royal Arch Freemasons and British Intelligence decided that Melchizedek was a suitable role model for those who had no interest whatsoever in obeying the laws of this country and it shows.

Re: 'Sharon' or 'Aviv': The name he goes under nowadays (may even have been his 'cuckoo' cover name since 1980) is: Yitsach (You can translate it from the Hebrew as Yitsak.) The British Intelligence bastards used to call him: 'tic tac'. Tomlinson, Daldry and Marr all dressed up as Chassidim with 'tic tac' to do quite a bit of mind control programming in Israel 1980, concerning the 'end of days' scenario i.e Armageddon. MI6 were programming people with 'cosmos' and 'prophet' mind control programs in order to literally control the future of the world. They have failed. 'Tic tac' fed them a whole load of gobbledy gook concerning mystical Kabbalah and they all learnt it by rote, thinking that they were being initiated into the higher mysteries. They weren't. The basic idea behind the 'yellow' team (British Russian Jews) involvement with the Royal Arch Freemasonry satanists was that they would pull out at the last minute (when they had become powerful enough) and worship God rather than the devil. Putting a stop to the sick Royalist plans, commandeered by the St John cult within British Intelligence i.e. to implement St John's Revelation.

MI6? Smuggling, Zygote experimentation and the slave-trade. That is all MI6 has ever been about, from its inception. The trust people put into an institution which did not tell anyone what they were really up to - no controls, not answerable to government and we let them get away with it for years.

Tomlinson is aware of the whereabouts of critical evidence concerning the MI6 operatives/Royal courtiers who were staying at THAT hotel just before Princess Diana met her doom. What is that evidence? Videotapes. Every spy agency worth their salt was trying to bug that hotel in order to get the goods on the politicians and notaries who stayed there. The question is: which agency has those tapes? How much are they worth? Answer: more than Mr Fayid could cough up, poor man. This will all present an interesting legal conundrum eventually regarding Royalty and murder. MI6 are now simply trying to stave off the day by persecuting Richard Tomlinson who is certainly NOT the only person who knows about this particular piece of evidence. Tomlinson

chipped Henri Paul with Ipsodal. All MI5/MI6 officers and agents are chipped with it. Tomlinson was also on a black motorbike at the time of Diana's accident. He did nothing to help, he claimed because he was undercover MI6 - working for them again after his supposed prison sentence.

The S SH is symbolised by the first story in 'The Complete Illustrated Stories of Hans Christian Andersen' (The Silver Shilling). The book you should buy is from 1983 - reprinted in 1984 by the Chancellor Press (printed in Czechoslovakia). Translation by Dulcken. The book contains all of British Intelligence's mind control programming codes. They follow an alpanumerical system of mind control programs which are symbolised by a code given at the bottom of every corresponding righthand side page e.g. 'C' programming is on: P18 - c2, P385 - cc, P387 - cc2, P753 - ccc, P754 - cc2.

The S SH is an aristocratic Nazi cult from Scandinavian/Germanic countries - read 'The Story of my Life' by Andersen to get an idea of how this cult was spread worldwide by Illuminists. The Americans worked the code out and used it back on them...the Jews in the early state of Israel did the same thing and developed a counter-code using the S SH on the Jerusalem Palestinian Prison typewriter to signify 'China-house' i.e. Shin Beit. The S and SH of the Hebrew language.

The 'northern swans' are a teutonic knight brigade who believe in a mixture of Satanic beliefs stemming from Atlantean, Arturian and Armenian sources. The St John cult at large. They worship the Armenian goddess Anahid. The goddess of underground springs and volcanoes. They are a paedophilic bloodlust cult who practice human sacrifice. People programmed into this cult are indoctrinated with the nordic warrior code. The berserker Vikings and their Satanic beliefs.

http://www.gazette-news.co.uk/search/display.var.1529562.0.dovercourt_beach_huts_blaze_police_probe.php

Check out the FBI records on Scarlett: What was his original HOOK that got him so deeply embedded into UK Illuminati culture? He murdered the nanny of Lord Lucan in the 1970's. Lucan wasn't actually involved. Scarlett got it wrong. He was under mind control at the time. How we all laughed on his training sessions when we heard that one. Not funny, really. We were all in the same boat. Each had something terrible attached to us, in our past. That is all part and parcel of the Illuminati contract. Young people forced under mind control to commit murder when young and then later on, picked up by British Intelligence to be used and abused as they wished - as loyal servants of the British Crown. One can only hope that by exposing these HOOKS, that some sort of amnesty can prevail. If these people are freed from the demonic Illuminati contract by exposing their HOOKS - one can only hope that they will come forward as a sizeable and influential body of political and public figures, in order to put an end to it. Here's hoping. Check out Rimington's hook to see what sort of mind ran MI5 for so long. It's a game called 'mafia' and it is ALL about blackmail.

David Miliband, Gordon Brown, Prince Philip and Prince William all attended the Templar Castle rite. In their abused child alters - they enacted Lord of the Flies and murdered countless children. When will SIS stop this obscenity of a cult?

Dr. Joanne Collie is David Icke's programmer. She is the main UK Nazi behind the Illuminati cult who has decided the Royal Family are a public embarrassment to the cult and have to be removed. Ever wondered why Mr Icke is so well-informed AND deadly accurate in most of his information? It has all come from British Intelligence archives and files. However he is NOT correct on Judaism or Israeli Intelligence Services in general. Collie's agenda is an Islamo-fascist one. She is insanely anti-Semitic. Islam is currently being used as a front for the NWO. Islamic leaders have been promised world domination if they continue to obey the Nazi cult. In the main, they have all agreed. If you sup with the devil, you need to use a long spoon - as the Jews found out when they made a deal to get their homeland back. The Islamic peoples will find out the same thing. The NWO won't profit them at all - quite the reverse.

This is all about 'computerised' mind control and just how far it has got a grip upon our 'modern world'. BARCODES/ISBN numbers are not made up at random and 'out of the blue' - nor do they follow a normal sequential or chronological sequence in order to keep track of things. Everything is now 'coded' and 'branded' - as well as human beings.

Look at someone like DR MANDERS at ARDLEIGH SURGERY - he now runs the place. It is quite obvious to the other doctors there (who have remarked upon it) that this man doesn't know much about MEDICINE at all - but he has the 'qualifications' and so nobody questions it. Look at J K Rowling - her interviews and 'workshops' made most other authors doubt her authenticity but she looks the 'part' and so why not? This is how the ILL subsystem works. No wonder MAX and LARA called the UK a 'circus' - full of 'performers'. It is all on 'appearance' and not upon 'content'. Even the GEORGE SMILEY books referred to MI6 as the CIRCUS. [ILL] I remember in 1980 on the 'British Intelligence' course - at the deserted Harwich Primary School - various naval Masons were invited to rape the new 'recruits' under mind control - whilst RIMINGTON telling the MASONS that these people would be their new leaders, politicians, 'stars of the system' and therefore this was a chance for the Masons to 'get them back' beforehand i.e. for any injustices they might perceive from these people, later on in their lives i.e. to 'get one over them' beforehand. Not so much 'stars' as 'abused beyond belief' mind control slaves, who were then to be used as PUPPETS by the ILL - who could then pull the strings of those in Parliament - and also make sure that no popstar or entertainer got too 'mouthy' with the media - given their subsequent fan base and started to talk about the Illuminati system in the UK.

The psychiatric disorder 'transsexual schizophrenia' - I have no idea if it is a real disorder and as it is pushed by DR GOLDMAN. One can see that what is pushed is utter disinformation, to cover up 'son of God' programming e.g. people suffering from the disorder, tend to develop stigmata (something we were all taught to visualise upon programming although it was an illusion - simply in the mind of the mind control slave)...maybe some people really can make themselves 'bleed' or present 'weals' upon

their backs on demand but I never could...however, I could make the white scars upon my hands show up of where I had been branded with VENUS on my Venus mount, once triggered...so it was possible to a certain extent...JOAN OF ARC is mentioned as an example of 'transsexual schizophrenia'...and I begin to see how those like RIMINGTON and MANNINGHAM-BULLER could be termed this...because neither were capable of having their own children and they saw themselves as 'men' rather than women in the ILL cult world. I am almost sure that this was a result of ROYAL GENOME PROJECT experimentation and also a psychological/social experiment upon ILL mind control.

Ever wanted to know how one becomes a 33rd degree Mason within British Intelligence? I had first-hand experience of the rites and rituals as well as the tortuous procedure involved, in order to become one, until I decided to speak their 'holy name' and get out. I am now 'unattached'. My protest was staged against their most unholy practices which are virtually unspeakable but I have now found the courage to speak out about them. Let me explain: 'Water' torture - the programmers in British Intelligence bring you to a near-death experience in order to make you OBE. Some people never come back. This is the birth, death and resurrection process. The stages of the Cross - most initiates are then taken to Jerusalem to walk the Via Dolorosa in order to reinforce this programming i.e. that they have become 'Christ-like'. The programmers torture the initiate repeatedly, in order to break their spirit. An initiate is worthless to them if they are capable of disobeying orders from above. Once a recruit has become what the programmers term as a 'son of god' (remember Antony Blunt and his 'apostles'?), they are fully under mind control. The photographs above depict the symbols involved in this programming procedure. I will not elaborate upon what each symbol means in detail (check the price tags - together they add up to 330). However, I will say that these photographs are of a cabinet-case used by the British Illuminati to test their initiates in terms of how well they know their own mind control programming. Each initiate has to go up to the case with a 'master' and interpret the symbols and their meanings. The Rabbi blowing the ram's horn? British Satanic Zionism - nothing to do with the Jewish faith. Everything to do with the worship of 'Ra' or rather 'Amen Ra' - the Egyptian sun god. The 'hubbly-bubbly'? Nothing to do with Islam, it is Alice in Wonderland programming - think the 'caterpillar' and his 'hooker'. The DNA candlesticks, the owl (who is a 'doctor' in the upper case) and the owl (who is a mechanic in the lower case)...the upper level is the mind of the initiate as controlled by the higher Masons...the lower level is the body of the initiate which can be controlled and run like a car. The 'masters' can borrow the 'car' of the initiate and use it any time they wish i.e. to run errands, messages under mind control.

You can do a lot to fuck up a person's mind, with an implanted radio chip. In fact, it is quite 'low-tech' wizardry in its way - my guess is the Illuminati have been experimenting with radio-chips, at least, since WWII. I suppose this type of experimentation would have started off in respect to war campaigns and military battlefields - if the soldier loses his radio - his 'controllers' can still keep in touch. Additionally, each soldier will have been chipped in order for a radar to pick up where they are upon the battlefield - as we were chipped in our middle molars, on the British Intelligence course in 1980 and not

told that we had been (just another 'medical check' i.e. trip to the dentist - who used gas on us all) - then given the horrific task of trying to hide for 2 weeks whilst being hunted down by our controllers - as I have previously related in other notes. This was not to 'test' the equipment which they already knew worked - it was to prove to us 'there is nowhere you can run and nowhere you can hide'. As the SAS Captain at Fort Monckton, was to say to me: 'You can never retire. Nobody gets out of here alive.' One wonders now about the distinct lack of Army radios - stated as a formal complaint, by the British Army to the MOD - in Iraq. I suppose nobody wants to admit that many of the military will have been radio-chipped but without their knowledge - and that therefore, the radios given out, are mainly 'for show'. This has all been a massive cover-up and for so many years - leaving the Illuminati free to continue with their 'experimentation' and to degenerate into playing sick games with their 'micro-chipped slaves'. I pity those who framed this horrible experience of 'waking up' as something 'going wrong with their minds' or put it into some horrible 'esoteric' context. I pity those who went to their doctors to get un-necessary heavy-duty pharmaceutical drugs upon prescription. Those like Shana Lewis, even admitted that the 'drugs do not work'. Nobody in their right mind would take them, but Illuminati victims are in the hands of their abusers who will not admit to the radio-chipping (leaving their victims distraught, alienated and 'in the dark') and have therefore taken no steps to take these radio-chips out. I was even told by Joanne Collie that the one put into the spinal cord of Illuminati children - is not possible to be taken out, because the spinal column had then grown around it. I can understand why such an operation would be too dangerous to perform. MI6 has radio-control centres which use the British Telecom phone masts to continue this sick practice. The Illuminati of this country would prefer that these people, went crazy, took un-necessary drugs which damaged their livers and shortened their lives, committed suicide or ended up in jail...rather than admit to their hideous malpractices. To make matters worse - as I have already outlined - these military 'secrets' regarding mind control were stolen and sold to multinationals, who are now in the business of creating their own 'mind control slave' bases/hives. This practice has been spear-headed by the Illuminati elite families and in particular the Rockefeller family. British Intelligence do most of their computer mind control programming upon their victims - butchering their minds into what they term 'computer-brains' through the use of drugging and mind-splitting.

Regarding David Icke - we were all put under mind control. Mr. Icke has fought valiantly to get free and has been being fed information directly from British Intelligence files to expose a lot of what has been going on by Dr. Joanne Collie (who was originally in charge of the mind control experiments at Fort Monckton for MI6). However, Joanne Collie is one of the Queen's women. That makes it a little more complicated. She had formed a group around the Queen because of the increasing insanity of the Templar cult, run by Prince Philip. Collie knew that the Templar cult had been hijacked but didn't know by who - or what organisation. She wanted to find out and therefore employed David Icke as a 'worthy' and 'trusted' spokesperson who knew how to handle the media and had great experience in that area - having been a very popular BBC sports commentator. However, why Collie would want to push 'space lizards' through Mr Icke is still a mystery. She would have known, as much as anybody else, that mind control programmers at Fort Monckton, used to dress up in lizard masks in order to terrorise

British Intelligence recruits (who had been drugged) into believing that they were run by alien 'masters'. Why would they want to do anything as crazy as that? Go ask the Marines. A lot of what happened during those early years of mind control experimentation was pure insanity, but perhaps it was because they didn't want anyone to believe (on the other side of the mirror) that their Master mind control programmer was a human being and was therefore far more vulnerable to confrontation and exposure (as well as being made accountable for their actions), than a 'space lizard'. Collie was 'triggered' to make a deal with Mr. Icke in order to bring down the Royals i.e. paint them all as 'alien space lizards', which Icke agreed to at the time (I was also in the room and also agreed at the time - any rebellion was a good thing, as far as I was concerned)...and Collie then fed him with a massive amount of information from MI6 files, regarding mind control programming and the whole NWO project...but with added 'disinformation distractors' like 'alien lizards'. It was at the Templar Castle near Mons that this Collie/Icke deal was struck in relation to bringing down the Monarchy by this propaganda - which like all good propaganda - had a large amount of truth to it, but I have always questioned 'why the alien lizard' bit...and never found a satisfactory answer...that meant that those programmed like Eliza Manningham-Buller, Stella Rimington, George Bush (who think that they are descendents of 'alien lizard gods' who came down to Earth in Aztec times and intermarried with human beings), were kept hidden...and the whole Royal Genome Project wasn't fully exposed for its mafia trade in human eggs/sperm. Perhaps that is why Mr. Icke is so popular - and why British Intelligence are continuing to run/use him (I saw the Los Angeles photograph of his 'lizard' projection in a large theatre there)...to create 'awareness' that there are those like Stella Rimington ('space lizard' abortionists/'lizard programmers' who believe that they are a 'lizard' that eats human eggs and fetuses) amongst us and that they have to be stopped.

Templar Castle near Mons, France in 2001 - the French police know all about it - why not ask them? Eliza Manningham-Buller keeps lamas because, like George Bush, she thinks that she is a descendent of the 'space lizards' who came down to Earth and intermarried with human beings. The 'spaceship' of her ancestors landed in the Aztec world. Manningham-Buller reads the entrails of her lamas in her spare time - dresses up in that 'sun god' costume that Aleister Crowley was infamous for using in his black magic PANTOMIME charade. However, even he didn't go as far as the insane Manningham-Buller. Her friends describe what she does at these rituals euphemistically as 'BREAKING PLATES'. She cuts open the stomach of a live woman and then fishes around in their entrails (whilst they are in agony upon the ground) with a large lit torch. Something more horrific or gut-churning, you could not imagine - I saw it in person but was powerless to stop her - I was one of the 'slaves' taken at that castle but subsequently freed by the British Army (who also know what happened - a MASSIVE cover-up) Womb envy. Mixed with insanity - resulting from Illuminati programming.

J.K. Rowling is an Illuminati Monarch slave - she is an actress who has hardly put pen to paper regarding the Harry Potter books. The original author of the first four books hasn't seen a penny from it. Rowling was only ever a puppet actress to dupe the media, and wasn't allowed to keep 99% of the money generated from this massive industry.

The book CELEBRITY CAT was used to program Rowling as the 'actress author' of Harry Potter. I was backstage at the Templar Castle at the time, as they led her on stage to be humiliated. She was only wearing a 'cat collar' with a bell. I didn't see what they actually did to her, on stage. She was also programmed as a PUFFIN because the graduates thought she looked like one. The real author of Harry Potter created the hellish prison 'Azkaban', including 'the dementors', after horrific OIL CULT mind control programming. It was based on her experience in Azerbaijan. Another note, Rowling was also present at the Templar rite in which Madeleine McCann died - hence her offer of a reward in public, was all the more sickening.

What have the Harry Potter books got to do with all of this? They are a thinly disguised allegory for the Illuminati PSI projects run by British Intelligence and immortalised in fiction. All of the torture and abuse prettified into a fairytale. Rowling was on one of the courses but is still under mind control and being used to write it all up for future generations as programming scripts. See Alice in Wonderland, Three Men in a Boat...

My aim is to expose the reality upon which this mythical and 'magical' story is based. The reality was the MI6 Illuminati mind control program, not located at 'Hogwarts' but Fort Monckton. The Harry Potter books are all about re-writing the most hideous torture and abuse which went on during the Illuminati mind control program.

AMADEUS had taken the 'NY crazy company' underground to see where the ROYAL FAMILY had housed their massive ship. This was to be their ARK. The ARISTOCRACY was included within this 'passenger list'.

HITLER believed that UFOS were flying in and out of the NORTH POLE. Until recently, so did MR PUTIN. The UFOS were the 'ferengi's/Rothschild's' satellites. PRINCE PHILIP obviously didn't know enough about the whole situation - and had probably been programmed to sail his 'ship of fools' into the waters of 'certain death' like the leaping salmon against the ILL of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN's doors in the NORTH...What had he wanted to see there? He had probably been convinced that he would meet the 'devi'/dark lord/lucifer/satan himself and be shown UFOS and OTHER DIMENSIONS..who knows? It is all too insane for words but the ARK was built and it is real...and underground...waiting to be used...which still leaves the problem of the ROTHSCHILD BASE at the NORTH POLE (or thereabouts) and the deliberate melting of the ice-cap.

I then thought about how HITLER had intimations that UFOS were coming in and out of the Arctic pole...and then thought about the FERENGI and his SATELLITES...they weren't going to the 'centre of the Earth'...they were going to the uppermost reaches of the atmosphere of this planet...HITLER must have confused things...during ILL programming when they say 'go to the Centre of the Earth' it is the lowest level of consciousness...and then you can remote-view...it is an NDE experience...and then your soul rises up out of your body and can fly out from this Earth and reach the PLANETS...So the FERENGI must have had a massive base up at the NORTH POLE...and yes, the satellites must have been flying in and out from there...but the real

reason for being up there must have been twofold...firstly it is the most secretive place on Earth...secondly that there are OILFIELDS below...and recently RUSSIA got interested in the whole thing, didn't She? SCARLETT had told me that MR PUTIN was of a similar opinion to HITLER...that UFOS were coming in and out of the NORTH POLE...but now that the FERENGI has been 'found out' - I do not suppose that he still holds that view...

So what can I assume here - the ILL CULT are flying their satellites much lower in the atmosphere - so as not to be attacked by PENTAGON GODDESS 401? I suppose that they would have to fly much lower in order not to be hit...and then the ILL would try to pass them off as UFOS...because they can now be seen...Remember the US NAVY in WWII? Consider it a field day...shoot 'em down...They are actually quite difficult to hit but you can 'scare' them away by just shooting at them - they are not programmed to shoot back at the EARTH (only OUTER SPACE and possible alien attack)...you need to know where the 'battery pack' is symbolically speaking...and that will be either inside or outside...they were all PODS but there were different places to hit them in terms of disabling them.

The LOO are an ILL sect who are primarily of ARYAN/GAELIC/IRISH origins. ABBA was given a song to sing about them: WATERLOO (and how they were beaten as individuals and then surrendered). Surrender to the beat...forcibly given POPPERS to the point where you heart stops and surrender to the LOO...yes, ABBA is high-camp nowadays but in the 1970s...it was all about ILL programming. I still love ABBA tunes...they reached beyond ILL programming (to the parts that it couldn't reach).

Harry Potter PATRONUS...which is the STAG...and this is the SACHS element (GOLDMAN SACHS, JONATHAN SACHS, BEIT DIN RABBI etc)...so many SACHS around...the protectors of the STAG mythology of the GAELIC/IRISH element of the ILL cult and NOT 'jooish' in the slightest within their DRUID beliefs...Real JOOS beware of these people...unless you would personally like to identify with and be part of a primitive cannibalistic sect of Europe...or maybe BABYLON was more to your tastes, in terms of the above...if so try the BAGDHAD JOOS and the SEPHARDIM although they won't take you unless you have dark hair/eyes etc.

The worst type of ROTHSCHILD programming - ARK OF COVENANT programming.

What else did I find out about the PRINCES? They have a pack of cards with all of their slaves upon them - and they exchange them like cigarette cards. KATE MIDDLETON is on one of them and they call her XENA PRINCESS WARRIOR because she has the attributes of a QUEEN and she is a lesbian. WILLIAM gave HARRY her card, for him to protect her...and they get on very well. HARRY had sold WILLIAM my card which was number 43 for some reason - as MACDONALD was to tell me, later. As far as I can see...most of the top ILLuminati tend to be closet gay/lesbian in general - and I would guess that this is because of the extreme sexual abuse that they had all suffered - at the hands of the opposite sex, during childhood.

ILL CULT slaves are seen as 'computer brains'...ILL CULT slaves are taught to believe that their brains are computers...which are controlled by their MASTERS. See previous notes upon TOMLINSON in the CIA lab - telling me to see my reflection in the computer monitor as well as what was going on, on the screen of the computer...and to visualise this as going on in my head - my 'computer brain' - that is how we were all programmed - it simply depended upon how much you believed the above...as to how taken in, you were by it all. You were supposed to identify as a 'computer brain' and monitor.

PRINCE PHILIP had funded the major part of research into PSI WARFARE (see previous notes about NAZI SCIENTISTS that he had 'repatriated' in the USA after WWII, in various paramilitary and military establishments).

I also remember being ECT'd out of my mind by the PRINCES in an insane rage to get the 'future' out of me...and the fools didn't get it at all...ECT makes you forget EVERYTHING...it doesn't help you to remember...they were SHOUTING and SCREAMING at me like mad things...hitting me, abusing me, throwing me against a wall and SCREAMING...yet after every single electrocution...I could remember less and less...^[L]_[SEP]

Paul Burrell was one of the 'Jesuits' who conducted a 'sting operation' against Jonathan Evans. All ILL slaves are told the nature of their deaths - it is part of programming. One of the first things that I was asked by the CIA in 2003. Lady Diana had been programmed to believe that she would be murdered by British Intelligence in a road accident. Paul Burrell let that out to the public at large. Tell me again, why did John Scarlett have to carry the can in court concerning David Kelly - instead of the MI5 boss (surely MI5 territory)? Anyway, Paul Burrell is alive and well - and so is his family - apparently all now living in the USA. So one thing is for certain - the power of the ILL has dwindled remarkably, over the past few years - in the USA as well as the UK. I suppose the ILL didn't really want to tangle too much with the power of the Jesuits and the Catholic Church (not forgetting the Queen's pardon).

^[L]_[SEP]For the record, I remember MADONNA at the Templar Castle 2001 - dressed up as a NAZI OFFICER along with several other people. The 'slaves' had to troupe in front of them and I remember looking at her thinking 'why the hell are you here' and she saw me look at her. Tomlinson then told me that I had to apologise and I wouldn't and replied 'a cat can look at a queen'...and so I was punished. MADONNA has certainly been linked to ILL Ashkenazim 'kabbalah' groups and therefore to the ILL part of the Mossad.^[L]_[SEP]Because the whole OZ thing - to my mind - appeared to be a 'construct' of the FBI and from a long time ago - in order to fool the ROCKEFELLERS and the EUROPEAN ROYALTY who ran the Illuminati cult into giving up the reins of power - by a complex and psychological manoeuvre - based upon forged artifacts which pandered to their belief systems...and their wish to be 'magicians' and 'gods'...Even the highly clever 'lizard god' construct which was especially designed to fool those who were what the Americans call 'lizard brains' as slang/a joke i.e. those who operate upon the very basic and cold-blooded instincts of the primitive LIZARD BRAIN which is near to the nucleus of every human brain...just a stage in our evolution into walking, talking primates...Odd, how the British do not have such a 'slang' description in the English dialect...but it should be put to good use now...to cut anyone down who is acting in an

AB-human and 'lizard-like' way. The FBI had caught the ROCKEFELLERS by the short and curlies, with that one...and those like RIMINGTON who even believed that they were SPACE LIZARDS...not withstanding those like GEORGE BUSH who began to believe that they were descendents of 'alien lizard gods' who had interbred with mortals...^[1]_{SEP}

MARK told me that the project was based upon the BELL experiments of the NAZIS. I have no idea about the 'science' of it all but know that this simply meant using negative human brain electricity, culled from ILL microchipped slaves – who were generating this negative energy. This 'energy' was then going to be used, in order to 'break on through to the other side' whatever that was...and I know that this was something to do with timetravel. Anyway, the publicity about CERN is a complete lie. They had activated that generator years ago and were experimenting with it - but then, that is the normal ILL way of doing things...they never normally let the public know until they have done whatever it is. Firstly I remembered that I had been in CERN before and had been shown the tunnel by MARK...in fact (and this is really sick)...they had been putting ILL slaves upon a platform constructed before the 'train' (installed upon the 'buffers' as it were) and then sending them through the tunnel - they did this to me - you disassociate almost immediately because of the speed. I have no idea why they were doing this. MARK had told me not to worry - because he would be coming the other way...I had no idea what he meant but this was apparently said to reassure me that the whole process was 'safe'. One could see the enormous black hole that Mark was trying to generate from the radio transmissions from ILL cult slaves as being culturally akin to calling up the 'devil'. The 'eye of the devil' - a powerfully negative vortex which he figured that he could leap into and become a god...I suppose it is the old Satanic idea that there is this 'DEVIL'S EYE' which can be opened...at the bottom of the ocean...or something like that...it is in Hans Christian Andersen...an image that Tolkien used in THE LORD OF THE RINGS and was imaged brilliantly in the recent films. This is metaphorically what they were trying to do - open this 'demonic eye' in the Universe. I suppose if they then attempted to 'go through' this eye and into the vortex - they imagined that this would truly give them access into a supernatural power, in order to control it - something beyond good and evil perhaps - just pure energy - pure power - the mind of God or the mind of the Devil, through the EYE - although it is quite obvious that they saw this as the mind of the Devil behind the EYE - pure Luciferianism. This all rather reminds me of the prophetic novel THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH by C S LEWIS who had written of just such a company...forget what it was called now but the same sort of principle - hi-tech wizardry linked to primitive magic...the lowest and most destructive instincts of the human brain...RAW mental energy...bio-energy produced by 'computer brains', microchipped and upon a massive network - the 'dark alters' of the ILL slaves. The type of energy that the ILL were attempting to control and use in DELTA slaves for example who are capable of almost superhuman feats, whilst in that state. This type of energy, is what the ILL were trying to radio transmit to CERN laboratories.

APOSTLE programming by BRITISH INTELLIGENCE which had begun even before the official 'birth' of organisations like MI6/MI5 etc...the COLONIAL CHRISTIAN MARTYRS of the BRITISH EMPIRE...those respectable 'Christian' Army Generals abroad, who

kept a stiff upper lip and so on...

I can still hardly get over any of this...it was one thing to be taken to 'meet' the 13th DALAI LAMA in Switzerland as a '13th ONE' in this sick game...and to find this greedy, stupid 'little boy' obsessed with his 'money' in the Stocks and Shares upon his laptop and BBC WORLD NEWS on the TV...but then to be taken to meet OSAMA BIN LADEN - the world's most wanted TERRORIST...who was another 'sad little boy'...who wanted to write his autobiography...who did he get on the wrong side of in Saudi Arabia then? Which top mind control programmer did he annoy? But then this was CUCKOOLAND...clockwork Switzerland...on the other side of the mirror...the perfect TRUEMAN SHOW world, that MARK RICKENBACH had wanted to create...The Illuminati were all living here...RIMINGTON, TOMLINSON, RICKENBACH, THE AMBASSADOR, BRICHTO, 13TH DALAI LAMA, OSAMA BIN LADEN...so who else?

For those of you who are interested in Bohemian Grove and the current list upon the Internet of those poor unsuspecting 'invitees' who will be pressganged into going (and subsequently blackmailed out of their minds afterwards, by the Illuminati) - here is an account of what others have witnessed in previous years. CIA/FBI have video footage of the following: Prince Philip and Prince Charles in a brightly lit changing room - painting themselves with body paint - in black and white stripes. Prince Philip and Prince Charles 'in tent' or rather in a shaman's hut (heavily in disguise) in a secluded part of the forest. The hut is based on Ashanti design. From the video it isn't clear in the darkness, who the two skinny, gaunt figures in 'skeleton' body paint are but having seen the previous video, one is left in no doubt. The entrapment going on at BOHEMIAN GROVE is of an avaricious and esoteric nature - in relation to all of those unlucky 'invitees' who want to join this 'prestigious club' but then get videoed doing things that they wouldn't want anyone to know about - 'guests' who are then subsequently blackmailed out of their brains...and for the rest of their lives. But then that was what the Illuminati cult and their SAT B'HAI contract has always been about...promising that you would get everything for nothing (if you agreed to be unquestioningly obedient to the CROWN) and that you would now be part of an 'esoteric' prestigious Satanic club.^[SEP]

The 1980 course run by British Intelligence at Powergen. Why has nobody mentioned the Royal Arch Freemasonry training in how to be a mind control slave smuggler for the British Crown? What about the trip to Israel and the occultic OTO ceremony under Temple Mount in 'Herod's Temple'? What about the short trip to Tibet in order for the Tibetan monks to ascertain whether or not our minds (and souls) had been entirely wiped out - that we were now just 'automatons'. What about the trip to Jamaica where we met Prince Phillip, Princess Anne (at her most deranged - whipping the Royal Illuminati slaves) who watched us go through various tortures in an ancient Roman arena. What about the visit to an outpost town near Luxor - where we were all trained to smuggle parcels over the border by Arab Intelligence?

DRINK ME - early ALICE childhood programming. The syrup upon the spoon tasted of ANISEED and I wouldn't play the game, as a toddler and pretend that it tasted of 'delicious things'. Is ANISEED important to the ILL as a 'taste'? I have hated it all of my life as a consequence - particularly PERNOD.^[SEP]

RAILWAY NETWORK. RIMINGTON's family were part of THE RAILWAY PEOPLE - the business people who owned the railways in colonial times and this business culture of many contacts, all over the world - had decided upon the above metaphor, for their SIGNALS network. THOMAS THE TANK ENGINE was developed, as a ILL children's programming book. Almost every little boy in the UK, had a favourite 'engine' with which he identified. Nobody really liked the FAT CONTROLLER because he was 'fat' and a 'businessman'. Apart from a few - like one of my brothers i.e. 'control freaks' and the 'ambitious' - those who had been chosen to go high up in the ILL CULT. They identified with the FAT CONTROLLER. Most kids simply wanted to be the 'engines' because they were 'good characters', in the main. (The ILL have even introduced a female engine now, called EMILY - who is supposed to help GORDON to bring the trucks back into line.) Anyway, think back to HENRI PEULEVE and GEORGE MILLAR of the SOE. How did they stop the NAZIS - literally, in their 'tracks'? They blew up the railways. They blew up the tracks - they blew up bridges, they blew up engines, they blew up trucks. Anything they could, to stop the URANIUM from getting through - from Africa - up Spain and then France and then to ARNHEIM. Today we have a similar battle upon our hands - how history repeats itself - again we have the old RAILWAY metaphor. This time however, the SIGNALS MASTERS are those who direct the microchipped ILL slaves who are running like ENGINES and TRUCKS according to the signals sent out, along the ILL SMUGGLING lines. The FAT CONTROLLER is at the top of every ILL 'railway network' and as such, controls the 'memory' FAT of each 'human computer'.

The ARMY knows the phenomenal 'effect' of STELLA ARTOIS as a beer, upon their troops. It has become a cliché to find out that the guy who got arrested on a 'night-out' for brawling/street-fighting - had been on the 'STELLA' at the time. It is known as 'fighting juice'. Why? It is no different from any other beer - apart from a small alcohol content difference to the less potent supermarket brands. The reason is that the ILL used it to call out the 'fighting' DELTA alter in slaves. It is a highly potent symbol.

Does anybody remember IVAN P.? Why was IVAN P. called THE PEA? He was one of the main controllers of the human zygote/eggs ILL trade. IVAN was an erstwhile PRINCE of BAVARIA and on very good terms with the BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY. PRINCESS ANNE was another controller of the human zygote/eggs ILL trade and was known as the PRINCESS AND THE PEA. IVAN P. is now dead. Israeli Intelligence tipped off the mafia and they got him in Perugia - or was it Argentina - no matter, they got him.

CARE OF CREMATION. RIMINGTON arranged his 'cremation' at CHINGFORD crematorium. This was an old ILL torture which we had all been put through in 1980. COLLIE talking about how 'the soul comes out of your bottom' to the adults in 'child alters' at the TEMPLAR CASTLE? This is how it works: I was led into the 'chapel' and told to get into the coffin. It was then nailed/hammered down. The coffin then began to go into the furnace as the funeral organ music blared out. The heat was suffocating and my body was swimming in sweat - extraordinary how a couple of seconds can feel like an eternity - I truly believed that I was about to be burnt alive. The idea behind this was that your 'I' or 'soul' then OBEd up the chimney. This was a quick ILL way of cutting

off the soul from the body - to leave an 'automaton'. However, it didn't work with me - I didn't go up the chimney but went into the next room where I saw the ashes and urns. I had been programmed as a WATCHER from childhood and it was imperative that I stayed with my body in order to 'watch' what the ILL were doing. What happened to the others who were not trained in this way? A lot of fragmented 'souls' or if one puts it into scientific language: a strange sort of 'noble gas' was then separated from the body and left 'in the ether' as it were.

The 'cabal' that had met in TANGIERS - headed up by MARK, then PUTIN, TOMLINSON, MILIBAND, BROWN...these were members of the ORANGE team...and they were laughing...the comment about me was 'she will never guess it was us'...Anyway, immediately everything fell into place. CHINA 2003: the ORANGE team of PUTIN, TOMLINSON and MILIBAND turned up, pretending to be worried about my 'safety'. I was carrying 3 messages - all of which were true: ASIAN TSUNAMI - from the ROYAL FAMILY via ELIZA MANNINGHAM-BULLER and ANDREW MARR. MOSHE DAYAN'S BLUEPRINTS to be given away, in order to bring down the ILL CULT. MI6/THE ROYAL FAMILY had sent the first message. They had also sent in their two top '007s' aka MILIBAND and TOMLINSON. These two were supposed to meet up with PRESIDENT PUTIN - ex-head of the KGB/FSB and no doubt, still controller of it. I wonder - did MI6 have any idea that all of these people were on the ORANGE team and most probably all MOSSAD agents? MI6 aka COLLIE - had thought that I was either working for SHIN BEIT/MOSSAD and had threatened my life because of it in 1997. Yet in point of fact, I was NOT working for them - I was carrying the MOSHE DAYAN rebel group's blueprints - a different agenda altogether. It almost makes me laugh - what can I deduce, apart from the idea that the higher up you go - the more likely you will be working for some form of ISRAELI INTELLIGENCE.

TEMPLAR CASTLE 2001 was like cutting the top of the ants' nest and the ROYAL FAMILY and ROYAL MILITARY came out fighting. ISRAELI MILITARY/ARMY INTELLIGENCE had the tapes. They were under threat. A NUCLEAR SUBMARINE attack was planned against ISRAEL which could have started WWII. The ASIAN TSUNAMI was planned by BRITISH INTELLIGENCE to knock out, amongst other things - a certain island with a top ILL CULT 'magician' called AARON. As far as I know - all parties concerned (including the CIA and Chinese Intelligence) let this one go ahead. By 2003 - things had come to a head and the 'MOSHE DAYAN'S group' had decided that now was the time to ditch the blueprints - to give them to the 'goys' as it were...because the ILL CULT was going to destroy the world if they didn't - the top echelons must have gone completely crazy. PUTIN'S group...the ORANGE team were trying to get me to go back to RUSSIA with them - I do not know if they knew what I was carrying but they obviously suspected that it was very important. In the event, I didn't go - PUTIN and TOMLINSON told me that I could now expose the lot on the INTERNET in the UK but that 'they' would probably murder me for it i.e. the ROYAL FAMILY/BRITISH INTELLIGENCE. If I survived - I should head for REJKYAVIK (where presumably Putin's operatives would murder me there but they didn't tell me that bit).

RIMINGTON was obsessed with the 'MARY AND CHRIST CHILD' story and for obvious

reasons - she loved the Satanic element of abusing a pregnant woman, aborting her child and then 'cannibalism' because of Rimington's Porphyria.

MARK wanted to be JESUS CHRIST along with his APOSTLES...and they would number his closest friends e.g. ETI, NIKOLAS HULBRUSCH, NICHOLAS HYTNER, IAN RICKSON...TOMLINSON loved the idea of being a TURKISH 'JEWISH MUSLIM' - hence his idolisation of SABBATEI TSVI. Tsvi was thought of as 'demonic' even in Jewish history and so NOT A good role model. So let me now pin the evidence I have found, around the world together: Firstly DALDRY had coached CHRISTINE DARG and her 'EXPLOITS MINISTRY' in Jerusalem. This group were all waiting for JESUS to come back and even had an WEBCAM trained upon ZION GATE for this 'staged comeback'. Secondly, MARK relished the UK ISLAMIC NWO plan - why? PRINCE CHARLES was going to be the new 'Mohammed'. What would happen then? WWII would result with MARK emerging the victor - with the US tanks and missiles behind him. CIA - are you proud of your operatives? 'Mohammed' and the UK would disappear under the waves. SABBATEI TSVI would come out as a JEW and have to go on bended knee to the 'reborn' MESSIAH and so on...I am not sure how RIMINGTON would have written herself into this insane script but I would bet that she married 'TSVI' with a blood-marital price, in there, somewhere. This is no joke - the higher echelons of the ILL had enough money to pull this sort of stunt off and enough mind control slaves to do it. Guess why the MOSHE DAYAN rebel group had to act quickly. The entire 'world' was a playground to the ILL - they could stage their sick dramas, wherever they felt like it.

I remember the programmer whom I only know as 'john waters' - instructing myself, as a toddler, how to remote-view from a great height. It was so easy for me to OBE out of my body and from such a young age - because of the hideous abuse I had already been put through. I simply rose higher and higher - into the earth's atmosphere - 'john' was worried about me going too high as an 'eye in the sky' - because after a certain point - 'they don't come back'.

The FBI were programming extremely abused kids (part of the 'training') to become 'human satellites' in the sky. The Royal Arch Freemasons weren't interested in that - they were simply interested in getting rid of the 'eye' out of your head i.e. separating your 'I' or 'soul' from the body so that it didn't 'come back' and using the bodies as 'human automatons' or robots for their slave markets/hives.

THE SMILE CHANNEL - coming to a dental surgery near you. Get your teeth fixed - into an unnatural set of 'pearly white'. The Americans love this sort of stuff - they pride themselves upon their 'false' smiles and deride the Brits for their 'terrible teeth'. Get real. This is all a nefarious cover-up of what has happened to so many children. Growing up in the 1960s and 70s, I was struck by how many UK kids of my age - had 'yellow tombstones' for teeth. This was seen as 'ordinary' and not uncommon. Yet a quick 'audit' of my schoolfriends reveals that the abused kids from ILL families, were the ones with the yellow teeth and those who had been left untouched by the ILL CULT - had

white teeth. How could this be? Put simply: TETRACYCLINE/ANTIBIOTICS given to young children after ILL rape/abuse - in order to stop infection. These drugs are well-known to cause 'yellow teeth' in young children - especially when they are abused. The SMILE CHANNEL cleans up - hides this type of abuse. RIMINGTON laughed to the MASONS in 1980 - after they had been allowed to rape young men and women upon the BRITISH INTELLIGENCE course, on mattresses in a disused school: 'Don't worry, you won't get an infection off any of them. We give them horseshots of antibiotics afterwards.' She also added that these people would be the 'stars' of the future i.e. the Prime Minister and government - she therefore advised the MASONS to 'get your own back now'.

LORD OF THE RINGS. RIMINGTON had a 'ring of power'. It sent her insane. Her 'ring' was a paedophile and Cocaine one. The ELFS? Electro-magnetic frequencies...those who can 'surf' them. The ALL-SEEING EYE? PSI military R&D warfare.

MI6 and their ISBN numbers - their insane demonic occultic societies - 'you are what you read' as in: 'you are programmed by the books we give you to read'.

The CIA apparently think that TOMLINSON has been holed up upon a game reserve in JOHANNESBURG - hence the jokey article in the DAILY MAIL today about 'THE KINGDOM OF WHITE LION' - so has this become a 'big game hunt' for the 'man-eating tiger-programmed MI6 operative'? The photographs from 'getty images' recently released - were taken by the woman Australian journalist who interviewed him during his 'great escape' around the world before MI6 sent him undercover in the south of France (to run the 'ferryman/paedophile' ring). This woman has since learnt that the photographs of Tomlinson 'blushing' - she thought he was just 'shy' were charming - were not quite what they seemed. Having now realised what great danger she had been in - sitting alone with TOMLINSON in a hotel room, as he 'switched' into his psychotic 'abused child alter' and turned blood red - she has decided to release the photographs.

The public UK LIBRARY is one of the biggest bases for ILL programming - no wonder MI6 was well-known to use bookshops/publishers as 'fronts' for their activities. The question though is: how come the VATICAN knew this ISBN coding system inside out, in the first place?

A few more minutes and so I might as well note that RIMINGTON'S programming number for me in terms of trying to get me pregnant and then aborting my child for the ILL to eat...was a LIGHT BLUE colour. The LIGHT BLUE of the gown of the MARY - mother of Jesus. The 'washing of hands' after the abortion. The easiest way to get a handle upon the ILL CULT and how they program - is to look at the COLOURS.

I was the 'free radical' who was 'awake' and walking through a nightmare - of ILL slaves who were not. They belonged to different slave-driving factions e.g. EMIRATES, the ROYAL FAMILY and so on.

I remember MARK laughing in his MINISTRY OF JUSTICE office about making 'trains crash'. He showed me. Two SENIOR CIVIL SERVICE operatives, having a massive argument. This to MARK, was the result of two 'trains crashing' i.e. given conflicting mind control commands.

REDDISH BROWN TARTAN was representative of BELLY-BUTTON chipping - the remains of your umbilical cord, which is then injected with a microchip. Slaves are then 'exploded' if they are disobedient to the ILL CULT. This generally takes the form of a real or imagined heart-attack, stroke etc. Remember DRINKING STRAW programming from the FRANKLIN WATTS books? The PINK STRAW across the dull turquoise 'KILLING MISTER WATSON' is symbolic of this practice. I also found out - that REDDISH BROWN is the 'tartan' of government as in Blair, Brown etc. That government information film about having a STROKE. It is to warm people up to the idea of having their belly-button microchip 'exploded'. I am not entirely sure how this works but think that the 'bellybutton' chip is activated which sends a signal to the chip in the forehead. MARK R showed me this evil 'advertisement' of the 'burning bush' in the woman's forehead. Forewarned is forearmed.

Chipping bellybuttons...performing their ILL rites...sacrificing and then eating these people because the ILL figured that this would give them the 'powers' that they thought these people possessed...a moot point...and anyway, you cannot 'absorb' this through cannibalism...you either 'have it' in the first place or you don't..

These people are all being used by some massive computer program...I know this sounds like DR WHO...but I know that this is also true...the ISBN numbers are linked into massive databases...Additionally, just before I left the CIA in BERNE 2003 - the head guy told me that I had to be good at giving accurate transmissions of ISBN numbers...he had previously instructed me upon the procedure...to find the books and to relay on, the ISBN codes...or rather the barcoding, to save time (but both if possible) i.e. the barcodes of the books that RIMINGTON and TOMLINSON had been using as programming objects.

LES COQUELICOTS. RIMINGTON used this painting (a reproduction) to program her female 'zygote' slaves with. She used to point out herself as the 'lady in grey' and the little 'poppy girl' beside her, as the young woman to be aborted and generally used and abused for her babies, foetuses, zygotes, menstrual fluid. MARK R also showed me this reproduction and pointed out that CLAUDE MONET had also been a programmed member of the ILL CULT and as is the case, with many artists...he had subconsciously put many ILL symbols into the painting. For example: The GREY DANDELION which stands tall in the green trees of the background. This represented the DEVIL (it has horns). The GREY MOUSE which has two massive 'mickey mouse' ears - you can see this grey splodge to the right of the painting - over the field. This is the 'grey mouse' which comes into the steal from the ILL CULT slaves (particularly human eggs).

The BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY had been in talks with their extremely 'influential' and wealthy friends, at the TEMPLAR CASTLE in 2001. Apart from their 'banker' friends, the

ROYALS were particularly interested in discussing plans for the ASIAN TSUNAMI with Eliza Manningham-Buller, representatives of Royal Dutch Shell and 'Pete' of ADIDAS fame. What I do not understand is PETE's involvement in this criminal action. Why was ADIDAS involved or was the company, purely incidental? Royal Dutch Shell were to drill the hole for the nuclear bomb but what input did ADIDAS have? Did they simply fund the whole terrorist exercise?

NATASHA RICHARDSON: Her death was caused by her microchip being activated. The Press reported this as an 'accidental death'. Apparently she had had a 'fall' which resulted in epidural haematoma - a leak of blood between the brain and skull. This 'leak' had occurred because of the microchip exploding in her skull - she then fell over. NATASHA RICHARDSON and her family are widely hated in the theatre world - perhaps that is because of her mother's mafia connections and VANESSA REDGRAVE's former role as 'concubine' to PRINCE PHILIP. MARK RICKENBACH's group were responsible for the death of NATASHA via the activation of her microchip. As far as the removal of these microchips is concerned - it should be relatively easy because they were injected into the remains of the umbilical cord - a simple operation.

Who was behind 9-11? The TEMPLARS/ROYALS and US BANKERS. MI5/MI6 knew all about the plan - many years before. I found out that they knew, in 1997. The CIA didn't know - even after the event. Who was behind the ASIAN TSUNAMI? - pretty much the same 'cabal'- facilitated by MI5 but with important additional players: Royal Dutch Shell and Adidas. Who was behind 7/7? Again the same cabal but solely carried out by MI5.

What about that incredibly foolish TEMPLAR stunt during 9-11 by the BBC? ANDREW MARR in a perspex box overlooking the LABOUR CONFERENCE at Blackpool - pretending to NOT know that 9-11 was happening - whilst the 'action' was being played out in REAL TIME behind him - broadcast from another TV station. Firstly the anomaly of the BBC and their 'flagship' LABOUR CONFERENCE coverage - with their BBC political editor ANDREW MARR - standing in front of another TV station (as far as I can remember it was CNN) whilst doing a BBC broadcast. How 'peculiar' is that? Do the BBC normally have a monitor showing CNN/ITV etc news behind their BBC broadcasters? Surely the TEMPLARS were over-egging the whole 'we do not know a thing and are certainly not responsible for anything to do with 9-11'? Having that Templar, ANDREW MARR standing there and trying to feign innocence, in front of that non-BBC monitor...a big mistake. At the TEMPLAR CASTLE 2001, PRINCE PHILIP read out a list of their 'companies' to the assembled TEMPLARS - in order to inform them about how well all of their companies were doing. The BBC was top of the list.

PRINCE OF WALES PROGRAMMERS. This needs a little explaining: Firstly - why TOMLINSON was called the BUBBLE by RIMINGTON. This related to the BUBBLENET that HUMP-BACKED WHALES create i.e. they dive deep and then send up bubbles to make a shoal of mackerel swim in a tightly knit group, close to the surface. The whales then form a ring and swim up, to take huge mouthfuls of them. RIMINGTON and TOMLINSON had programmed a whole Primary school in JAYWICK with BUBBLENET

programming. They had used a children's book about a whale (I have already noted this in a previous post) and did a dramatic reenactment upon the local beach, with the children and parents. What was the ILLUMINATI meaning of BUBBLETNET? Look out of a window at the night sky - imagine WHALES swimming up to swallow 'souls'...a shoal of souls...This was the SATANIC meaning of BUBBLETNET i.e. when a PSI-trained slave OBE'd - they were terrorised into believing that if they went 'up'...which is where you can see everything...when your PSI skills are at their height...an 'eye in the sky'...that they would be swallowed up by WHALES. Sounds insane? Not to a gullible, drugged child or 'child alter'. The PRINCE OF WALES runs these WHALE programmers. Basically, the ILLUMINATI are terrified of anybody that they have PSI-trained - particularly telepaths. Therefore the basic message to PSI operatives (who often OBE during their sleep and 'see' many things) was to 'keep low' - keep earthbound. Never 'fly' up. I now understand why the PRINCE OF WALES and his WHALES programmers were giving their slaves the visualisation of the HUMPBACKED WHALES which dive in the 'ocean' of the night sky...and then swim upwards to try and swallow the 'little fishes' before they manage to escape out of the atmosphere of this planet...The 'little fishes' are SOULS...and to the ILLUMINATI they are PEARLS.

I also know that the 'interdimensional space lizard' ploy is also part of the 'alien agenda' but with a 'twist' to it i.e. MI6 programmers being hunted down - those like RIMINGTON for their vile, disgusting and putrid SATANIC practices. That is why I do not mind this type of 'propaganda' going out. It is just another example of 'use their techniques and use them back upon them'. As far as I know GEORGE BUSH initiated the 'alien lizard' form of propaganda, to terrorise his slaves.

The TURQUOISE BOX related to the very worst memories of ILL abuse. So many ILL SLAVES are in denial - in relation to what had been done to them, by the ILL. I remember DAVID MILIBAND in that SHANGHAI HOTEL room - 2003. MILIBAND woke up but didn't open his eyes and sleepily told me that he 'packed everything away in boxes' before he went to sleep. This is ILL 'PETER PAN' programming - where the child is taught to pack the memories of the day, away into different coloured boxes, in their mind. They are NOT allowed to access boxes which contain ILL ABUSE/PROGRAMMERS etc unless given a mind control command to do so. In the novel PETER PAN - there is a passage relating to this hideous S/M practice of doctoring a child's memory - teaching the child to 'clean up' his/her memories to hide ILL abuse.

JONATHAN EVANS - would you like to know your 'cat's eye' mind control command? You know the one - your programmer stood before you (MARK) and just before your heart gave out on the CROSS - you were told: MAG - NOLI - A. Why the name of a flower? It was an ILL PUN. One of your most favourite movies is STEEL MAGNOLIAS. (You always had such a fetish for Dolly Parton). TANGERE NOLI or rather NOLI ME TANGERE - remember the Latin inscription beneath the CRUCIFIXION of CHRIST? 'Do not touch me' - from CHRIST to MARY MAGDALENE. 'Tangerine Dreams'. Courtesy of the ORANGE TEAM.

I kept up my 'secret newsletter' for several years - from 2004 onwards...as I progressed through the hell of the 'ILL GAME'...finding out what they had done to myself and others...visiting ISRAEL in 2006 (Son of God programming) and then SWITZERLAND last year (GYSSBACH mountain underground base etc)...In ISRAEL, I began to go public about my findings, upon the INTERNET...only to find an ORANGE BOMB within my luggage at the airport at the start of my journey home - or rather TEL AVIV airport security found it - told me how they despised the MOSSAD and then put me on the next plane back to the UK.

The CIA would like you to KNOW that the 'BUGS BUNNY' "what's up DOC?" which appeared on your ILL screens and prevented you from accessing any RA CULT data - was a 'present' from them. I had offered up the idea of BUGS BUNNY in Switzerland 2004 - because I was (and still am) FURIOUS about having been nicknamed a BUNNY RABBIT by the ILL. This was their sick way of describing the torture that I had been put through since childhood and also my subsequent slavery as a ZYGOTE slave. BUN (in the oven) KNEE (damaged knees through sexual abuse as a child) RAB (RA CULT) IT ('computerised' i.e. butchered brain - into 'compartments' of memory). BUN KNEE RAB IT. PRINCE WILLIAM had referred to me as the BUNNY RABBIT out of the staff at the British Council Prague DTO in 1994. Anyway, it was with great joy, that I viewed RIMINGTON and TOMLINSON on CCTV - unable to access their files after the cartoon of WHAT'S UP DOC? had appeared on their screens. TOMLINSON was eventually forced to tear the plug out of the wall. The American CIA guys loved the idea because the cartoon character was 1) American 2) 'masculine' 3) a suitable emblem for their CIA 'operation'.

A note to the MASONS who gave me a 'death threat' in 2004 - concerning the DARK TURQUOISE BOX which used to be RIMINGTON's...these sick fools considered it an 'object of great power'. NO, IT IS NOT. Try learning up about how VOODOO works. That is all it is. The box had NO intrinsic power. RIMINGTON had tortured people into the ground - then shown them the box and supplied a mind control command - she had then had her victim electrocuted with a stun gun. That is NOT 'magical' - that is MIND CONTROL. She could have picked up a child's DINKY TOY and used that as the programming object instead. [L]
[SEP]

My guess here is that the CIA engineering division - couldn't work out how the damn thing could fly under 'normal conditions' i.e. using mathematics derived from the theory of relativity and so put it into the catch-all net of 'alien intelligence' at work. But it wasn't 'alien intelligence' - it was HUMAN intelligence which had created that aircraft but by using different theories of time/space/physics. I know this because I am beginning to remember what the BLUEPRINTS were all about - only images so far - and one was of a sort of 'flying saucer' - the prototype NAZI aircraft.

The ELASTIC BAND was one of the first symbols shown to us at POWERGEN. We were all told that we would be stretched until we broke.

In brief, the MICHELIN NORTH WALES 'MINIGUIDE' is the major book to all ILL practices within the UK - it has been thoroughly coded by them. Look at the ORANGE

first letters of each chapter - MARK R had pointed these out to me - they spell out what the ILL are up to and where in WALES - all coded references. He didn't tell me that the ILL had been thrown out of the UK/Scotland but it looks likely - for whatever reason - this ORANGE team had moved its HQ to NORTH WALES. Their main HQ is POWIS CASTLE. THE PRINCE OF WALES is top of this ILL GROUP. It would take too long to recite the reasons why I began to realise this but suffice to say - it is all in my notes concerning the TEMPLAR CASTLE - PRINCE CHARLES was higher up the ILL scale, than the rest of his family. He ran the CATS EYE programmers. I saw the CCTV with MARK R - of PRINCE CHARLES admitting to his sons that he had murdered DIANA. I also saw his CATS EYE programmers attempted to murder the QUEEN and upon PRINCE CHARLES' orders.

Electric cables. ECT. The most effective form of mind control. The one thing a slave is most terrified of, regarding punishment. TWO WIRES up the nose - an ILL lobotomy to take away the memories of their slaves - the single most effective way that the ILL could maintain power over their slave base. DR BETTLE is 'controlled' by MANDERS - MANDERS now operates more as the 'office manager' but still does the TWO WIRES up the nose 'lobotomies' to ILL SLAVES. He recently performed one upon my father (a few years ago). MANDERS was and is a PRINCE CHARLES 'cats eye' programmer. PRINCE CHARLES is obviously the PATRON SAINT of the MARY cult. He has been behind all of those rapes, abortions and murders of innocent women - aided and abetted by RIMINGTON, TOMLINSON (the ARCH GOBLIN) and MARK R.

Ever wondered why JAMES BOND was called 'James BOND'? Why the surname BOND? Let me take you back to 1980 - towards the end of programming by BRITISH INTELLIGENCE for the BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY: Quite a few of the course were presented with BONDS - GOVERNMENTAL BONDS. Each GOVERNMENTAL BOND contained their encoded mind control strings. I was given something different - not a GOVERNMENTAL BOND. RIMINGTON crowed with delight: "You are only worth a GIRO - get it?" She presented me with a piece of paper which looked like a BOND - about A5 size and of cream colour - with a silvery emblem embossed at the top of it. However, it was a BENEFITS cheque for the sum of £803.97. I didn't get it. RIMINGTON slowly enunciated the word: "GI - RO. ROE - get it?" I was a 'human egg' slave a ZYGOTE SLAVE - one of the 'little fishes' who laid 'roe' for the ILL. I still didn't get it because at that point - I had little or no memories of what had been done to me that year. I was almost a complete blank. I stared at her. This insane woman shrieking with laughter at her own inane jokes. The ILL system of GOVERNMENTAL BONDS is ludicrously simple. Everybody thinks that they are just about investments/money but they also contain the coded information and mind control codes of every ROYAL SLAVE. In short, these BONDS represent REAL PEOPLE who are MIND CONTROL SLAVES. The BANK OF ENGLAND has a 'dual system' in operation here: 1. MONEY 2. HUMAN BONDAGE/SLAVERY.

'THE WONDERFUL 'O'. Remember the book by JAMES THURBER? Remember how it was dedicated to the people who had freed him from 'wicked wizards and witches' i.e. mind control programmers? Remember how the PIRATES end up DEAD? ILL SIGNAL

boxes are quite easy to scramble once you realise that all ILL slaves are so easily governed by colour: e.g. take away a RED ANTS 'RED' folder in the office and replace it with a YELLOW one and their 'red ant' alters are left clueless. DARK TURQUOISE is the colour of PURE EVIL. ORANGE is the colour of BOMBS.

REMEMBER 'PO' out of the TELETUBBIES with his 'O' on top of his head? Now would one call that a microchipped 'O' slave? If so - are we saying that RED/ORANGE have the same sort of effect? The ROYAL PURPLE hook of ROYALTY upon the biggest TELETUBBIE'S head. The HOOK to hang you upon - or also used in ILL abortions. The SKEWED SAFETY PIN upon the head of the YELLOW 'DIXIE' teletubbie. The BRITISH ASHKENAZIM colour - they were the ones mainly responsible for 'a needle through the eye'. However, this group now appears to be in revolt against the ROYAL ILL...on verra. The URANUS GREEN SPIKE upon the head of the URANUS GREEN teletubbie - signifies what TOMLINSON loved to do most - anally rape little boys - although this also covers girls and also the hideous ROYAL torture of putting slaves upon an electrified spike up the anus - to make them disassociate completely - to make them OBE out of their heads. Perhaps even more effective than the MI6 CAROUSEL.

"Suspense" by Charles Burton Barber. The ILL used this 'innocuous' painting of a girl praying in front of her boiled egg - to program girls into being 'zygote' slaves. The two programmers tell the child that they are the 'cat' and the 'dog' who look on in 'suspense'.

THE ALLENBY KEY: Sir Edmund Allenby entered Jerusalem 1917 - and then stayed at what is now Mr D'Ajani's Modern Imperial hotel (although I think that they have now changed the name) in the 'snake' bedroom i.e. the one with huge green snakes, patterned in circles, upon the tiles of this once magnificent bedroom. You can also see the design upon the dining room floor (partially hidden by the carpets). Anyway, to cut a long story short - this ALLENBY KEY is the mind control code to access the 'internal thermometer' of a mind control slave (in Allenby's time, these 'slaves of the Empire' - were called 'sons of God' and 'Christian Zionist martyrs' to the British Empire cause). I have seen ILL slaves go into HYPOTHERMIA once this mind control command has triggered them. Despite the fact that they are in a warm room and adequately clothed. It is frightening to watch. The body carries the memory of this state and re-enacts it - and to all intents and purposes, the hypothermia is real - their extremities drain of blood and their hands, feet and faces feel like ice. They began to shudder all over.

FAITH 'OPE 'N' CHAS' TITTY (faith hope and chastity) Let me give you a clue: Who was the main top programmer of PRINCE CHARLES? The top TIT programmer? Come on down STEPHEN DALDRY.

I found the main one - US INTELLIGENCE called it 'hokkaido' but it appeared to be on an island...it was certainly JAPAN...HO KK (white brotherhood) AI (artificial intelligence) DO. Which is the most powerful HOUSE? The HOUSE OF GREEN which has its HQ in LA but in fact, most business goes on in SEATTLE. AXA is a front for the GREEN BANK...and the HOUSE OF GREEN are the ones responsible for 'micro/biochipping'. The other 'bases' and I do not know if the CIA actually ran them or were simply in

contact with them in the US - the 'HOUSES' all had a different FLOWER allocated to them. The HOUSE OF GREEN in LA/SEATTLE had a DAISY as its symbol. There were MARIGOLDS, SUNFLOWERS etc used as symbols of these bases - all appeared to have YELLOW in there, somewhere.

The 'KING STAN' with his demonic/Satanic ROUND TABLE. The 'KING' runs his 'domain' through 'intelligence'. Look at what has happened in the UK since WWII. THE BRITISH ROYAL FAMILY 'ran' society and politics through SIS/MI6/MI5 and associated 'intelligence services'. They programmed the MASONS as their lap dogs. 'Intelligence' runs the whole of a 'hive' i.e. the politics and society of a country. The UK would have been run as an 'Islamic hive'. You have a simple system of control: 1. MONARCH 2. 'INTELLIGENCE' 3. RELIGION. Those in tier 3 are most likely to be completely unaware of those in tier 2 and certainly not at all aware of those in tier 1.

What did the ROYALS and BRITISH INTELLIGENCE think of the MASONS?^[SEP] Answer: Not much. They were all quite happy to put each other under mind control (as well as their wives, families etc) – and were easily controllable, as a consequence. If you would like to see an image of the MASONS coded into an ILL film – look no further than MEN IN BLACK. Think of the silly, tiny ‘aliens’ in the locker and you’ve got it. The MEN IN BLACK can feed them any old rubbish and they worship it. The movie MEN IN BLACK was actually used as a programming script for British Intelligence operatives in 1980 – however we were given the roles of full-scale aliens – one favourite was the ‘OUD’ prototype – the guy with tentacles coming out of his mouth. In relation to the MASONS, RIMINGTON was fond of quoting her favourite maxim: “The magic within everyday things.” Most people tend to regard the MASONS as men who have a silly gestures code e.g. handshakes and gesticulations – in order to identify each other and to then get each other off the hook. However, RA FREEMASONRY was a lot more complicated than that. Almost EVERY single everyday object was coded and re-encoded as the ILL thought up more and more silly ways of punning with objects and words. I do not know the precise meanings of all of the objects that were used to program ILL SLAVES but I do know that every possible household article, was used. For example – those bred to be RED ANTS were forced, as young children to spend the night in a cupboard used to store POTS and PANS. They were then programmed with a pan, sieve, or pot on their heads as a helmet and then taught to march around like MILITARY ANTS. The most common phrase associated with that one was ‘talk about the POT calling the KETTLE black’, meaning that each ILL SLAVE had been caught on camera and from an early age – doing something terrible – as RIMINGTON was fond of saying ‘we are all as bad as each other and all in it together.’ Hardly. As a ZYGOTE SLAVE, my life was punctuated by ILL SLAVES coming up to me and saying things along the line of ‘it’s OVA’ – rather than ‘it’s over’. Somebody did this to me the other day ‘the daffodils are OVA’. She shouted ‘OVA’ in my face, as she had been instructed to do. I was constantly reminded of ‘the other side of the mirror’ where I was simply a slave, bred for my EGGS. As a young teenager, I was told to write as many adjectives into my work, starting with the letter P as possible. One of the key programming words that I was given was PURPOSIVELY. PURR-PO-SIEVE-LI. PURR = cat alter. PO = microchipped. SIEVE = every memory of the ‘other side of the mirror’ disappears through the sieve. LI –

according to MARK R – this was a reference to the last letters of a given nationality and in my case he thought ISRAE-LI. However, as far as I can remember this referred to the LEE ILLuminati family of China. The 'dragon' cult of OTO – which PRINCE PHILIP also ran.

The FISH AND CHIP SHOP is highly symbolic – FISSION CHIPS = microchipped slaves.

The ROYAL FAMILY knew those who controlled the 'hokkaido' base – they were good friends with these people. The MOON base was the main nexus of ILL control in this world. The main reason for basing it upon a Japanese island was 'nobody will ever nuke a Japanese island again'. [ILL] PRINCE PHILIP had personally organised the ratlines for his NAZI pals to escape EUROPE during the last years of WWII. Of particular interest, were the NAZI scientists whom he arranged 'safe passage' for, to the USA.

I would also like to add that ROBERTO CIPOLLA telephoned his 'Vatican' contact for help, whilst in the TEMPLAR CASTLE grounds. He was being driven out of the grounds with a group of other people who had been forced to attend the annual ILL rites – in a black four-wheel drive. The group told the driver that he had to stop, whilst in the forest – because they wanted a pee. They then went into the woods – they had their belongings with them – ROBERTO then used his mobile to call for help. Outside of the TEMPLAR CASTLE gates – it would have been too late – once through them – everybody was programmed to forget everything that had happened within PORPHYRIA CASTLE.

The BEES (top ILL CULT programmers) collect the POLLEN (stolen goods) from the FLOWERS (slaves) for the QUEEN BEE (those like Eliza Manningham-buller, Princess Beatrice etc). However, the BEE-KEEPER then comes along (MI6/Royal Military elite) to steal the honey from the BEES for the ROYAL TABLE.

The ILL do not only work through 'intelligence agencies'. I noted some time ago how AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL had suddenly taken up the cause of a CHINESE province bordering upon TIBET. AMNESTY was calling for 'independence' for this province. Why? It was rather like EAST ANGLIA calling for independence from ENGLAND. The ILL had found massive oilfields there - which continue into TIBET.

I forgot to mention something that happened in 1980 - Israel. SONIA and MARK had been through the same thing: CHROMAKEY PROGRAMMING. I told them about the 'blueprints' of MOSHE DAYAN. They replied that it was just another way of mind control programming. I went back to that time to review what had happened. MOSHE DAYAN had indeed got the 1930s plans of NAZI aircraft - as 'blue transparencies' and he was using them to program the 1980 course. Basically, what happened was this: I was led into an 'army barracks' room where SCARLETT and TOMLINSON were also present. I was told to sit upon a chair in front of a monitor. MOSHE DAYAN then showed me the blue prints and upon the first one, he showed me the 'spaceship' but told me that it wasn't a 'spaceship' although it looked like one - it was a real aircraft (very

old-fashioned). He then told me to watch a particular HOLLYWOOD movie upon the screen of the monitor. I forget the name of it but it was about a couple who rent a HAUNTED HOUSE and the two comic ghosts then try to get them out - one of them was called Beetlejuice. Anyway, he froze a scene in the interior of the 'haunted house' and asked me what I could see in the top right hand corner - he was holding up the blueprint with the 'SPACESHIP' over this particular area. This area was TRANSPARENT. His semitic-looking assistant then electrocuted the nape of my neck. I was shown different images - through the blueprints, going through the same process, above. Anyway, what can I deduce from the above? MOSHE DAYAN was in his ILL role at this point -working for the ILL US bankers etc. In 1979 - it had been a very different kettle of fish and I had been given information to gain access to the ILL computer network - a lot of 'downloads' i.e. memorisation of information - I had no idea what I was viewing or why. Anyway, the ILL were obviously programming their slaves to 'read' messages' or symbols in HOLLYWOOD movies and by the use of CHROMAKEY. CHROMAKEY is used in film to blot out all unnecessary areas of the film. For example - if you want a 'disembodied' head to fly around the room - you take the film of somebody walking into a room and then blot out everything except for their head...you then superimpose this film, upon another one.

The most 'secret name' of Royal Arch Freemasonry was JAHBULON. This manufactured name was a mixture of the different gods that they worshipped. The unholy trinity and worship of Satan. They had used Jewish/Arabic mysticism to research mind control. See Egyptian Book of the Dead - also the Lesser Key of Solomon, although this book is a fake in terms of 'magic'. It was produced solely as a mind control manual and not for any other purpose i.e. the symbols are used to call up different 'alters' of mind control slaves. They also experimented with 'time travel' i.e. the disembodied mind can be released from the constraints of time and space, under certain terrible conditions, to produce remote viewers. What is the new 'name' of Royal Arch Freemasonry? ALRAHYAH. Why have they changed it? The first one got outed on the net years ago. It had been used to mainly recruit and train Judaeo-Christian mind control slaves. The second one is specifically tailored to recruit and train Muslim mind control slaves. Therefore, appropriately enough, it begins with 'AL'.

Have you seen the a new collection of paintings on show in the British Intelligence Masonic Lodge: The first one was the painting that I had been shown as a teenager, of a sad looking woman in a headscarf. Rimington and Scarlett had told me that it was of me. I remember that other women on that course were also told that it was of them. In addition, there were three smaller framed reproductions placed above this painting. In front of it - the children's programming toys (fan, electric wire game with coloured balls on it) and a new addition: a dark green/turquoise night candle which had had a incense stick burning beside it, in the plate. The candle does not appear to have been lit yet. What can one say? I can analyse this 'portrait' quite accurately now although as a teenager, it was quite difficult to understand what it was all about. There are six seeds emanating from the woman, ranging from black to red in colour. There are the buttocks of a baby, stained red, coming from beneath her and a pool of blood. I don't think that I need to spell out what this painting is about. It is sick beyond words. The filthy minds

which conceived this are not worth commenting upon either. The 'seeds'...rather like the rhizome seeds that we were shown to make the link although as is normal in Masonic rituals, it is never made clear. How could anyone guess what was in their deranged minds? We were being 'juiced' for our 'seeds' i.e put through the most hideous and forced abortions. No doubt, sooner or later I may bump into some 27 year old (or younger) who was given some of my DNA in the womb and bears an uncanny resemblance to me. It depends upon what strands of the DNA they were using from us all. We were the 'elite' guineapigs. The MI6 'bees'. In addition, the three framed reproductions above are as follows: Bernd Zimmer: Nr. 130 'Feuer' - Fire. Mimmo Paladino: 'Ohne Titel' - Without Title. Alexi von Jawlensky: Johannes der Tauffer. The first painting looks, at first glance to be an abstract of the sea...but the red seam tells you that it is 'fire'. Rimington told me that it represented 'fire on the mountain' i.e. the Illuminati cult of the 'volcano'. The second painting is of a christ-like figure. It is deeply disturbing and macabre. An 'artistic' portrayal of mind-splitting. Those ugly, sick minds which thought up this process - the stupid, ignorant ones who believed in it and followed it as 'tradition'. Behind this figure in a dark study, is what appears to be the body of the person which has been tortured into an NDE with the subsequent OBE. The central figure has two heads. One appears to be the soul OBEing to the right. The other, to the left, appears to be some sort of mask which is discarded. The mask has a black hole for the right eye. The painting appears to be depicting one of the Illuminati's 'Sons of God' who has woken up to the memories of torture and abuse - regaining the use of his/her right brain hemisphere in conjunction with the left brain. The last painting is of a portrait of a face. Again a Christ-like, deeply sad expression. It is painted in muted, dull colours. The damaged right hemisphere (right temple and forehead) is partly painted in dark ochre red and green - the green extends right down the nose. Red = dried blood and the green = abuse of the nasal cavities i.e. breathing. The face has large, cavernous black eyes. It also has a yellow mouth. This is now the highest colour of the Illuminati. Why yellow? Those sick and insane people thought that because they had lived pampered lives with a silver spoon in their mouths that this was not the best way to gain knowledge...and decided that for the 'benefit' of humanity in the Western world...that they should induce suffering and torture in their recruits in order to 'enlighten' them. Note that these filthy, sick minds didn't do it to themselves. They wanted to torture others and used this sick and insane reason to justify their actions. This is my own version of the summary that Rimington and Scarlett gave me concerning the prolonged and extreme abuse of their victims in Royal Arch Freemasonry. They were doing for 'humanity' and to further 'human knowledge'.

The British ran the slave-trade from the beginning and they have never stopped. Daldry and Scarlett are still following on from what their predecessors had done and with the help of certain Arabic factions - as they had done at the inception of this obscene trade. They are still trafficking women and children from all over the world. This is the British trade - their share of the Illuminati pie. Cheap labour, workers, slaves, prostitutes of either sex and any age.

Do you remember how Robert Maxwell pulled in all his chips and laundered the money in Czechoslovakia? MI6 then bankrupted him. The Czechs then sent the money to

Israel in order to buy munitions to defend the country against an all-out 'Arab' attack, in 1967. The British were running all guns against Israel, at that point. They could no longer control the country and therefore were going to give it back to the Arabs (whom they thought they still controlled). The entire Czechoslovakian parliament then 'defenestrated' themselves. The great British press blamed it by inference, upon the USSR. Very little mention was made of Maxwell's State funeral as an honorary hero of Israel. He fell off the back of a yacht and this caused much mirth in the blinkered British press and not much else.

Visit the Alice in Wonderland mind control programming sites of British Intelligence: See the 'little crocodile' in the Sultan's pool, 'ride the snake', meet the Minatour in the labyrinth, find out about the Jesuit P2 cult at the St John in the Desert monastery - the list is endless.

The British Masonic Satanic Star of David which they had appropriated to use in their cult of Lucifer the light-bringer. The Star of David is not 'Jewish' to them - it has a very different, demonic meaning. For example, the anti-nuclear symbol has also been used by Satanists. They 'take over' symbols and use them as their own, imbuing them with new and terrible meanings.

You know that the 'Peter Pans' were not allowed to remember and that the 'Wendys' had to tell them stories, to enable them to regain their memories. The dresses of the 'mothers of darkness' - Modern Imperial Hotel (you could also visit the 'Peace' Hotel in Shanghai - one of the British Empire's snake routes - the Sephardim or should one say Baghdad Jews, ran the opium trade there for them.) Mind control 'tree programming' - remember the pine tree mountain forest in Ein Kerem? You were not allowed to climb over a fallen tree trunk and therefore you never completed the task. The P2 Jesuitical St John in the Desert Monastery where we were tricked into our first 'taste' of cannibalism. The High Priests of Rome (pagans with Babylonian roots) usurped the burgeoning early Christian/Catholic faith and instituted themselves as rulers of this new world religion. The 'Illuminati' isle (that was 'Palau' wasn't it?) The roots of the various branches are planted in this soil. Remember the beach, turtles, parthenon building where they worshipped? The 'dunking pool' (Priory of Sion - Ein Kerem): remember the 'washing' i.e. water torture? The 'Gihon Spring' which was called 'riding the snake'...through Hezekiah's tunnel? Remember the 'rabbit hole' you had to climb down to get there? Charles Warren (a venerable Englishman dug it and Lewis Carroll immortalised his find in fiction) built it. The worship of the volcano and the underground water springs - the Illuminati pagan belief system, rooted in human sacrifice and something even more terrible than that...the creation of 'golems' and not ordinary 'robotic creatures' but 'super-golems'...'Sons of God'. Water torture to the point of death forces most people to OBE...this 'splits' the mind...if done repeatedly - hence the more modern form of this procedure i.e. MI6 carousel - you are put in an electric chair on a carousel which spins until the mind cannot focus...then electrocuted. Easiest way to make a person OBE. Ever seen the early Churches in Jerusalem? Many of them e.g. the Holy Sepulchre, have ancient torture chambers - miniature churches. Easily recognisable by their domes, under which a person is tortured upon a stone slab to OBE into another

'dimension'. If they survive, they 'come back' with heightened PSI. This was then manipulated by British Intelligence, who used their unwitting victims/recruits to experiment with time and space travel. British Intelligence claimed that St John was the true 'magus' who used water torture on Jesus, his best recruit, to create an early 'superman'. I kid you not. This is what we were taught in Jerusalem.

TxtBin - Because ignorance is bliss1.7.6TxtBin is a minimalist, open source online pastebin where the server has zero knowledge of pasted data. Data is encrypted/decrypted in the browser using 256 bits AES. Paste your text!Selected excerpts from The Franklin Cover-Up: Child Abuse, Satanism, and Murder in Nebraska by Senator John De Camp

<http://educate-yourself.org/cn/franklincoverupexcerpt.shtml>

<http://www.gaiaguys.net/Franklincoverup.htm>

[editorial notes from Ken Adachi in brackets. See the Products page for a video on the Franklin Cover-Up titled "Conspiracy of Silence"]

CHAPTER 21

Drugs and The Monarch Project

On August 18-20, 1996, a California newspaper, the San Jose Mercury, published a series of articles implicating elements of the U.S. government in running tons of cocaine into U.S. cities during the 1980s. Based upon recently declassified government documents, eyewitness reports, and court records, Mercury reporter Gary Webb provided a detailed account of how the Contras financed their war against the Sandinista regime of Nicaragua by flying tons of cocaine into the West Coast, where it would be turned into the deadly, instantly addictive "crack," and sold to such street gangs as the Cryps and the Bloods.

All of this began after the U.S. Congress in the early 1980s passed the Boland Amendment, which stopped all official financing for U.S. intelligence's "covert war" in Nicaragua. The whole project was taken "off-line," and financed by drug sales-the subject of Webb's articles.

Indignation exploded when Mercury series hit the streets. Maxine Waters,

Congresswoman for South-Central Los Angeles, one of the areas hardest hit by crack and drug-related violence, sent a letter to Central Intelligence Agency chief John Deutsch demanding an investigation of the Agency, in which she said, "As someone who has seen how the crack cocaine trade has devastated the South-Central Los Angeles community, I cannot exaggerate my feelings of dismay that my own government may have played a part in the origins and history of this problem. . . . The impact and the implications of the Meneses/Blandon/Roiss Contra CIA crack cocaine connection cannot be understated. We all have an obligation to get to the very bottom of the origin, development, and implementation of this seedy enterprise."

While many were shocked at the news of apparent U.S. government drug-pushing, to me it was one more confirmation of a key aspect of the Franklin case. As I had discovered early on (as had Gary Caradori), the sexual abuse of children was only one part of the Franklin story. During the 1980s, many of the children, such as Alisha Owen and Paul Bonacci, said that they had been used as drug couriers to bring cocaine in from the West Coast for Alan Baer, Larry King [not Larry King of CNN talk radio fame; this Larry King is a black man who ran the Franklin Credit Union], and others.

Then, on September 11, 1996, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Representative Harold James, chairman of Pennsylvania's Legislative Black Caucus, and a former undercover narcotics cop himself, also put out a call for an investigation. In the course of that press conference another name popped up, that I knew well from the Franklin investigation: George Bush.

Flanked by political leaders of both the city and the state, James declared: "As a retired undercover Philadelphia police officer who worked on narcotics cases, I know we can better impact the flow of drugs if we stop drugs from coming into this country, arrest those at the top levels of control, and punish the white-collar dealers who try to keep their hands clean while they run the entire operation. On this occasion, we must not allow anyone to use the 'pretext of national security to accomplish another cover-up. We need an investigation that goes right to the top."

As to where the "top" might be, James charged, in his release to the press, "previous investigations of the Iran-Contra scandal, particularly the U.S. House and Senate joint hearings in 1987, revealed the central role played by then Vice-President George Bush in covert intelligence operations. . . . One of Bush's key lieutenants was Lt. Col. Oliver North. Bush was also appointed by Reagan to run the National Narcotics Border Interdiction System, which supposedly coordinated efforts of all federal, state and local

anti-drug agencies, especially along the south Florida coast. Bush was responsible for the White House anti-drug effort while, at the same time, according to the recent newspaper reports, tons of cocaine were allegedly supplied to street gangs by CIA-related networks."

Concluded James, "There's something wrong with this picture." In response to a question from one of the ten reporters in attendance about the role of Bush, Philadelphia City Council President John Street replied, "If George Bush is involved in it, someone should find it out. This kind of activity has been going on for well over a decade."

Lt. Col. Oliver North - whom at least one witness reported seeing at a party thrown by Larry King-had overseen the Contra resupply effort, and had been fully aware of the plane-loads of drugs coming into the United States. A U.S. Senate subcommittee report under Massachusetts Senator John Kerry cited extensive evidence that the Contras were involved in drugs, and North had noted the fact in his publicly exposed note-books.

From what I know from my own corner of the world, there is excellent reason to investigate Bush for possible involvement in the dope business. Think back to what I reported in Chapter 13, "The Washington Connection," about how George Bush and Larry King were linked in multiple ways, including eyewitness reports placing Bush at King's sex parties. Think about the constant rumors that King was financing the Contras, who have now been proved to have been running dope by the ton.

The first investigative reporter to ever look at Franklin, the World Herald's James Flanery, told associates that King was "running guns and money into Nicaragua," and that the CIA was heavily involved. (Flanery was soon taken off the story and shipped out of state for a year.)

Records exist to show that Larry King was a top contributor to a Contra "support committee," the Citizens for America (CFA). King's own public relations firm was also used by the Contras.

I became convinced early on that King was deeply involved with the Contras. I am reminded of the phone call State Senator Loran Schmit received on the Senate floor as the Franklin case was just beginning to break. The caller warned him off the case,

because "it would lead to the highest levels of the Republican party." I am reminded of when Larry King was finally arrested-just as he was about to go to a breakfast party in Omaha for his buddy, George Bush! I am reminded of the reports I used to hear that certain people in Omaha were charging that Omaha Police Chief Bob Wadman was protecting the expansion of the Crips and Bloods into Omaha-far from their home turf of Los Angeles.

So, was Larry King's buddy George Bush the country's "drug kingpin" in the 1980s? I don't know. But what I do know, is that if Bush were running the Contra affair, and drugs were a big part of it, that would certainly jibe 100% with everything known or rumored about Bush, Larry King, and the Franklin Credit Union. Congresswoman Maxine Waters and Representative Harold James are right - let's investigate!. . .

As follow-up investigation from the Franklin case shows, drugs are not the deepest level of government -sponsored evil. I think the lowest level of Hell is reserved for those who conjured up and carried out the "Monarch Project."

"Monarch" refers to young people in America who were victims of mind control experiments run either by U.S. government agencies such 'as the Central Intelligence Agency, or military intelligence agencies.

The story told by Monarch victims - one of whom is Paul Bonacci - is that they were tortured for the purpose of creating "multiple personalities" within them. These multiple personalities could then be programmed as desired - as spies, "drug mules," prostitutes, or assassins.

Because of legal cases still pending, I am severely limited in what I can say about the Monarch Project. Suffice it to say at this point:

Major intelligence programs in this country did and do exist for the purpose of protection of this country and to learn what other countries, particularly our Cold War enemies, were doing in this area of mind control.

I asked Bill Colby [former CIA director murdered in a staged 'canoeing accident'] to tell

me what he could or would, about this. He said:

"Of course the CIA in particular was involved in investigating, learning and, on occasion, using, everything we could learn about mind control-and with extremely good reason. Following the Korean War, this country's military and intelligence communities went through a period of absolute paranoia about just how far our enemies were ahead of us in mind control and related activities.

"There was no particular program called 'Monarch,' contrary to what you want to think. 'Monarch' was merely a name that some participants in the program-who knew very little about it, other than from their own limited participation-were given to identify themselves. But, as far as the CIA was concerned, there was no such program named 'Monarch.'

"But, with respect to mind control, I will tell you that this country spent millions upon millions supposedly catching up to our Cold War adversaries, because we believed they had developed mind control technology which exceeded anything we had. In fact, we at the Company [CIA] truly believed for a substantial period of time, that technology and techniques and drugs had been developed by Russia which would enable them to have agents who in fact really were able to have and use ESP-extra sensory perception.

"Can you imagine," Bill continued, "how dangerous for this country it would be if you could have had someone meeting the President of the United States, who was actually able to read what was in the President's mind?"

"I know," Bill continued, "it may sound silly today to get all carried away with this fear; but I can tell you that we took it all very seriously and believed this ESP thing for some significant time period.

"I will tell you one other thing," Bill said, somewhat ominously, "we are not behind in knowledge of mind control. In fact, we never were, but we only found that out much later, after we had poured incredible resources into this area. And yes, I am sure, there were some problems and abuses that occurred and we will talk about them at another time."

We did have that other talk. And, I intend, when I am freed from court restrictions, to tell that entire story in an upcoming book. I have deposited extensive documentation on the Monarch Project with people who have the means, the motivation, and, most importantly, the guts, to print the entire story, should I suffer an "accident" before I get around to it. Here, I will merely quote from the work of one of America's finest investigative reporters, Anton Chaitkin.

I had known of Chaitkin, who writes for Executive Intelligence Review magazine, from the book he co-authored with Webster Tarpley, George Bush: The Unauthorized Biography. This 659-page-book is a devastating expose of Bush, and it played a notable role in helping to shape the 1992 presidential campaign, which Bush happily lost.

Perhaps it was because the name "Bush" was all over the Franklin scandal, that Chaitkin showed up one day in my Lincoln law office. I told him, "Look, I know you have been in some tough spots before, but are you really sure you want to poke around in this? This question of 'mind control' - the Monarch Project - is the most scary and, dangerous thing I have ever encountered." As I came to know Anton, probably all that little lecture did was to spur him on. Chaitkin got his story on the Monarch Project, and printed it in the December 13, 1993, New Federalist newspaper under the headline, "Franklin Case Witnesses Implicate FBI and U.S. Elites in Child-Torture and Murder." Here follows an abbreviated version of that article:

. . .

"Franklin Case Witnesses Implicate FBI and U.S. Elites in Child-Torture and Murder."

What is the FBI Protecting?

Since the 1992 publication of John DeCamp's book, The Franklin Cover-Up, Paul Bonacci has filed new affidavits and has given extensive interviews to investigators including reporters for Executive Intelligence Review and New Federalist. Bonacci's disclosures have been cross-gridded with evidence supplied by authorities in law enforcement, psychiatry, and the intelligence community. The result goes a long way to explain the high stakes involved, and the frantic nature of the Franklin cover-up. . . .

Paul Bonacci has described in detail being dragged to Washington for use as a sex toy for Larry King's clients. Bonacci told investigators he was in one of the private White

House tours for young male prostitutes conducted by lobbyist Craig Spence, a close political associate of Larry King in the cloak-and-dagger Contras enterprise. Spence turned up dead in a Boston hotel room in 1989, soon after his and King's "compromising" business was exposed in a Washington Times June 29, 1989 story, headlined: "Homosexual Prostitution Inquiry Ensnarers VIPs with Reagan, Bush."

'Monarch' or Auschwitz - Take 2

From very early childhood, Paul Bonacci was subjected to tortures as profound as any the Nazis inflicted on their captives. This is not merely a comparison; rather it is an actual continuation, as we shall see. From sexual degradation, from witnessing and forced participation in Satanic cult murders, Bonacci suffered the cracking of his mind into what is called "multiple personality disorder" (MPD). Tens of thousands of American children have been diagnosed MPDs; virtually all of them are thought to have resulted from sexual abuse, of which perhaps 85 percent were cases of Satanic ritual abuse.

Psychiatric professionals specified in Paul Bonacci's legal proceedings that through it all, Paul's different "personalities" have emerged incapable of lying, with an ultra-sharp memory. In one instance detailed in The Franklin Cover- Up, Paul was taken by Larry King and others to a wooded area in California - identified after publication as the Bohemian Grove. There Paul and another boy were forced to do sex acts with and to consume parts of a child whom they had watched being murdered by the cultists. The body was to be disposed of by "the men with the hoods." A "snuff" pornography film was made of these events; it was directed by a man the party had picked up in Las Vegas whom Paul identified as "Hunter Thompson" -the same name as a well known sleaze-culture figure.

Paul has told investigators that the ring which plunged him into Satanism was centered at Offutt U.S. Air Force Base near Omaha; that he was taken to Offutt to be sexually victimized by a babysitter's boyfriend when he was about three years old, around 1970. Offutt is the headquarters for the Strategic Air Command, and has had a cadre of thousands of intelligence personnel.

At Offutt, and later at other military installations, Paul says this ring "trained" him by tortures, heavy drugging, and sexual degradation, while instructing him in military arts including assassination. In fact, his personal knowledge in these realms can scarcely be accounted for other than by crediting the indictments he has made.

Larry King, FBI agent Gerry Wahl/ Alan Baer, Harold Andersen, and former Omaha Police Chief Robert Wadman have all been reported as collaborators with this Satanic military-based ring. King reportedly told Paul's captors at Offutt, "He's young-but you trained him good." A member of Nebraska's Concerned Parents group reported hearing from two North Omaha witnesses that "King used to send limousines down to Offutt Air Base to pick up CIA agents for parties." Larry King reported his own adoring relationship to the late CIA Director William Casey in a Sept. 7, 1988, interview in the Omaha publication Metropolitan.

Psychiatrists who have treated a growing number of MPD cases, victims of Satanic ritual abuse, report an alarming pattern of findings in many of their child patients. There is a structure to the personalities, conforming to what is evidently a deliberate breaking and reshaping of the mind. This phenomenon was identified to Paul Bonacci by his tormenters, and to other victims and witnesses, as the "Monarch" project. At Offutt Airbase, Paul was told that what he and other children were being subjected to was in aid of national security.

The use of mind-altering drugs, sensory deprivation, and other brainwashing techniques on U.S. citizens as subjects was the admitted practice of the CIA, certain military arms and private institutions joined in the MK-ULTRA, Artichoke, and Bluebird projects beginning in the early 1950s. A national security pretext often cited was the need to keep up with the Soviets in the race to develop a workable Manchurian Candidate human robot. With the "Monarch" (or whatever official title may be attached to it) project, the idea is extended to the production of a horde of children in whom the soul is crushed, who would spy, whore, kill, and commit suicide.

The material presented here, on this subject, must be understood to be only a bare introduction to a complex story with immense political and strategic ramifications. It is a beginning. Professionals probing the child victims of "Monarch" say there are clearly two responsible elements at work: the government/military, and cooperating Satanic (or more exactly pagan) cults. These are multi-generation groups, where parents donate their own children—who are proudly called "bloodline" or simply "blood" cultists - to be smashed with drugs and electric shock, and shaped. Other children are kidnapped and sold into this hell, or are brought in gradually through day-care situations.

Paul Bonacci and other child victims have given evidence in great depth on the central role of Lt. Col. Michael Aquino in this depravity. Aquino, alleged to have recently retired

from an active military role, was long the leader of an Army psycho- logical warfare section which drew on his "expertise" and personal practices in brainwashing, Satanism, Nazism, homo- sexual pedophilia and murder.

A former director of the CIA was asked directly, "what about 'Monarch' "? He replied angrily, and ambiguously, "We stopped that between the late 1960s and the early 1970s." If a statement of fact, this would presumably relate to official participation of the CIA.

Some Codes and Assignments

The disclosures of Paul Bonacci, which cohere with reports of MPD professionals in other cases, point to a particular artificially induced mental structure as common to many victimized children. Space permits only the briefest treatment of this here; this is intended mainly to begin to "blow the circuits," so to speak, when followed up by professional therapists and investigators.

These are some of the widely occurring separate "persons" which have been formed under torture, and the corresponding "triggers":

- . General personality-accessible under the code name ALPHA, with possible Alpha-001, Alpha-009, etc. "persons" with distinct task orientations.

- . Sex programs, accessible through code name BETA; particular programs (and thus commands) are for pornography, acting, oral sex, etc.

- . Assassination programs, utilizing very specific modes, and espionage, accessible through code DELTA.

- . OMEGA, self-destruction programs, ranging from self mutilation to suicide by many different specific possible acts.

- . GAMMA, system deception, amnesia and disinformation programs. Under this or 'other

codes are track-covering false origins for the structure, giving the child memories of tormenters dressed as space aliens or Mickey Mouse or in Wizard of Oz costumes.

There are said to be such other personality levels as Master Programmer, Black Master, and different mental levels of backup programs. There are reported to be personnel who have large numbers of child-victims' assignments and triggers neatly filed in their little computers.

Paul Bonacci reports the following "Monarch"-related activities, often involving his "Commander" at Offutt AFB, Bill Plemmons, and Lt. Col. Michael Aquino:

- . Picking up cash in exchange for drugs at various Tennessee locations. Bonacci identifies several country music personalities as contacts.

- . Trips on behalf of the North American Man-Boy Love Association (NAMBLA), the pedophile group now given semi-official status by the United Nations. Paul cites travel to the Netherlands and Germany carrying child pornography for subsequent "import" to the U.S.A. to avoid prosecution. In Amsterdam, he names "Charles Hester," and the British "Tommie Carter," who had on computer a global list of child pornography users. NAMBLA is also cited for organizing auctions of children.

- . Travel to Hawaii, New York, Washington (in connection with Craig Spence) to compromise public figures by performing homosexual pedophile sex with them.

- . The trip to California where the boy was ritually murdered, accompanied by "Monarch" contact, Mark Johnson of Denver, Colorado,

- . Travel to Mexico for the transportation of drugs, guns, and children. Paul was accompanied by the gangster-figure "Emilio," who otherwise directed the kidnapping of Johnny Gosch of Des Moines, Iowa. Johnny Gosch's parents commend Paul Bonacci as an accurate witness relative to that crime.

. Training under "Captain Foster" (survival skills) at Fort Riley, Kansas, under "Lt. Dave Bannister" (intelligence) at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, under "Col. Harris Livik" at Fort Defiance, Virginia, who is said to run a military school and to have housed "Monarch" boys. "Col. Bill Risher" of Bamberg, South Carolina, is said to have supplied children for Michael Aquino.

. Travel to Dresden in communist East Germany, where weapons were inspected. There and in the Federal Republic of Germany, the "Monarch" personnel were frequently neo-Nazis. This milieu is a special project of Lt. Col. Aquino, who was a West European adviser to the U.S. Chiefs of Staff. Paul Bonacci has extensive experience in the Aryan Nation and other White Supremacist cults.

An account of the origin of the "Monarch" project has been compiled by those who have been debriefing MPD child-victims. Nazi experimentation in World War II concentration camps were said to have gone beyond simply insane physical tortures. They brainwashed people, for military and strategic purposes. After the war, Allen Dulles and other Western intelligence people brought Nazi doctors out for use in the United States. A teenaged concentration camp inmate named Greenbaum, who had participated to save himself, also came to the United States. Known later as "Dr. Green," he became a high- level brainwasher, and is widely represented in brainwashing programs with a distinctive Cabalistic magic theme.

[at the time this article was written, Anton Chaitlin did not know that Dr. "Greenbaum" was yet another pseudonym used by Dr. Josef Mengele of Auschwitz notoriety. Arizona Wilder identified Mengele as using both the names of "Dr. Greenbaum" and "Dr. Green" in her 1999 video interview with David Icke titled, Revelations of a Mother Goddess.]

The precise details of these horrors lie deeply buried in national security archives. But this history, as told to psychiatrists, dovetails with what is definitively known about Anglo- American intelligence operations and the German Nazis. And once again, the story goes right back to Nebraska.

The killers in the Nazi camps were themselves trained and organized by psychiatrists

and eugenicists, operating from the "T4" bureau. These psychiatrists had long been the pets of white supremacist British and American financier networks.

At least some of these Nazi doctors were spirited out of Germany under the supervision of for Bank of England Governor Montagu Norman and Tavistock Institute Director John R. Rees on behalf of the British government. Norman, personally an insane Theosophist who had been chief of the prewar pro-Nazi faction within England, and Rees organized postwar propaganda and continuing psychological warfare activities, and created "Orwellian" groupings within U.S. psychiatry and mental health fields.

Epilogue

I finally understood the true meaning of the Franklin case one night in early 1996. Watching television and skipping through the channels, I came upon the movie Billy Budd. Instantly I zeroed in on this movie, and my heart, rather than the channels, started skipping.

By the time the movie ended, the Franklin cover-up made sense. Alisha Owen's imprisonment for telling the truth made sense. The protection of the perpetrators by our highest public officials, finally made sense. I understood, also, why it was necessary to discredit me, John DeCamp, and to kill Gary Caradori, with his eight-year-old son. Any nagging doubts I may have had about any aspects of Paul Bonacci's charges were laid to rest. And it was clear to me, at last, that public officials at all levels knew Paul was telling the truth, as they set out to destroy him.

Where did the blinding revelation come from? Let me go back a few months, to my last attempt to get a new trial for Alisha Owen. At that hearing, Troy Boner, who had originally told Gary Caradori the truth, and who had been forced to recant, was preparing to testify - to tell the truth as you read it in his affidavit in Chapter 21. Troy Boner was going to provide the information in open court, under oath, that would blow the lid off the Franklin case and force a new trial for Alisha Owen.

As Troy came into the courthouse, he was immediately ushered into a private room by county judicial authorities. He was advised that a "Special Attorney" had been appointed to protect him. For approximately one hour, while the hearing was delayed, Troy was cornered in a room with this "Special Attorney" and with other officials from the prosecutor's office, the very same prosecutorial team Troy was about to testify against.

When Troy came out of the meeting, I knew he was broken, his morale smashed. His head hung down. He could not, or would not look at anyone.

As I approached Troy, his new court-appointed attorney tried to step between us. With probably the last ounce of courage he could muster, Troy leaned over and whispered to me, "Oh God, forgive me. They guaranteed if I talk here today, they will put me away for twenty years. Guaranteed I would never see the light of day again. Told me that I would be charged with perjury for my original testimony, if I opened my mouth today in court. Don't ~all me up there. I can't survive in prison. I know they can put me there. Look what they did to Alisha. Look what they did to my brother. I've got no choice. They told me I had to take the Fifth Amendment and refuse to testify. Otherwise, they promised I would be taken directly from court to jail"

We all proceeded into the court room, where I called Troy to the stand. I showed Troy his affidavit. He hung his head, and when I asked my first question, "Would you please state your name?" Troy responded, "I take the Fifth Amendment," an answer he repeated, in a barely audible voice, to all my other questions. It was hopeless. I ceased my questioning, and shortly thereafter the hearing ended.

I walked back to the judge's chambers to clear up any final details. Judge Enbody had been specially appointed by the Nebraska State Supreme Court to this hearing, which I had won from the Supreme Court based on Troy's new information. (The next day I learned that he had been appointed to the Court of Appeals-a very substantial advancement in his career.)

Sitting in Judge Enbody's chambers, with my head hung so low it was hitting my shoestrings, I was given the key to unlock the meaning of Franklin. "I do not understand it, Your Honor," I kept repeating. "As God is my witness, I do not think that there is a judge or other person involved in this case who does not know that horrible injustice has been done. Everybody knows that Alisha Owen is telling the truth and that she is being punished for it. And, Your Honor, a person has to be deaf, dumb, blind, and totally dishonest, not to know that some of this state's and nation's top businessmen and public officials have engaged in the worst crimes possible, which are now being covered up. And these kids, instead of being honored and protected for exposing these things, are being sent to prison. Why? Why? Why?"

Judge Enbody looked at me. Slowly, his voice shaking, he began to talk.

"I am just a man. I am not a god. I wish I were. I have no choice in what I have done. I am just a man, just a man, not a god. I am doing what I must do with the evidence before me," Judge Enbody concluded. He appeared even more shaken and upset than I was.

I shook my head. "I don't understand. I just don't understand," I kept repeating. "Everybody knows what is happening, but nobody is willing to do anything about it. Why? Why?!!" Judge Enbody looked at me and said, very slowly, "If you want to understand the entire Franklin case, I can help you. Go read 'Billy Budd.' Read 'Billy Budd.' If you will do that, John, and if you understand the book, then you will understand the what and why of Franklin, and why it can be no other way. I do not say you will like it. I do not say you will agree with it. But at least you will understand it. That, I promise you. Go read 'Billy Budd'."

Those were the last words I spoke with the Judge on the case. I left his chambers, burnt out, but angry. And I forgot all about Billy Budd, until the night I happened upon the movie. The story of Billy Budd is set in the British Navy near the end of the eighteenth century. Billy was a young sailor, who, although impressed into the British Navy, bore no ill will to the authorities for having dragooned him; indeed, he was the very picture of innocence and good-will, and was almost universally loved aboard his war-ship. One officer, however, developed an insane jealousy of Billy, and set out to frame him up for allegedly inciting mutiny. Since there had been several notorious mutinies in the British fleet at the time, the mere whisper of "mutiny" was enough to spread panic among the ship's officers.

To make a long story short, because of certain incriminating appearances in the case, the captain and his senior officers, although they knew Billy was innocent of all charges, nonetheless sentenced him to hang, a necessity - as they viewed it - to "save the system," not just on their own ship, but in the British fleet as a whole.

Now I think I do understand the Franklin case. I know, now, that all the public officials involved in Franklin-whether they ever heard of Billy Budd or not-fully understood what they were doing.

And what they all have done, and will continue to do in this case, Franklin, and no doubt many others like it, is this: Protect the "system" at all costs. The "system" is the only ultimate sacred cow-not any particular law or constitution, but only "the system." Because, ultimately, it is the system which makes certain that the individuals functioning within it - from judges to lawyers, to prosecutors, to politicians, to businessmen - have their places and positions, and opportunities and pecking order, and future.

And, though it is unfortunate, that on occasion the protection of the "system" requires the deliberate sacrifice of perfectly innocent people, that is hoped overall to be the exception rather than the rule. But without the "system" . .

So, Judge Enbody, now I understand. And, as you said, I may not agree, but I do understand.

But then I have one final, nagging question. How do I know when, or if, the "system" itself has become so corrupted, that evil is the rule, rather than the exception? And when that occurs, what do I do about it? But I think I know the answer to that one - my old commanding officer in Vietnam told me what I had to do. I made some promises to Bill, and I intend to keep them.

John DeCamp

Trance Formation of America

by Mark Phillips and Cathy O'Brien

NINTH PRINTING

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Since the first printing of TRANCE was released in September 1995, many of the hard-to-comprehend details have been verified and miraculously managed to surface through our controlled medias. Please help us any way you can to provide this book to anyone who will further research its contents and thus shine the light of truth on the psychological warfare plan that is being silently waged against humanity.

Please remember, for as long as your thoughts remain free, and consider the psychological annoyance power of a single mosquito in a room with no light.

This book will remain in a print until justice prevails, the technological antidote for Kelly is provided, and unbiased, uncensored mass news media attention is given to the contents of this book. Thank you for your support.

FOREWORD

by Mark Phillips

"... with liberty and justice for all"

Preamble to the United States Constitution My name is Marquart (Mark) Ewing Phillips, born May 17, 1943 in Nashville, Tennessee, I have no criminal record and I have never been adjudged insane, I am not a scholar, professional writer, or mental health physician. While I lack the official published academic credentials, I am recognized internationally by mental health and law enforcement professionals as an authority on the secret science concerning external control of the mind.

The purpose of Part I of this book is to document how this reputation was gained. This brief and highly condensed contribution is intended to provide an understanding of why, when, and where I embarked on a study of the most secret technology known to man: Trauma-based mind control. Through the publication of declassified United States Government documents, our U.S. Department of Defense (DOD) admits that this ancient wizard's mechanism for control is so dangerous that most information pertaining to it must remain Classified as TOP SECRET. As the employee of a DOD subcontractor with exposure to mind-control research, I was required to sign an oath of secrecy.

To this day I am restricted by law from revealing certain specific information that directly pertained to my employment as, among other "sensitive" exposures, a U.S. DOD subcontractor in mind-control research.

This super secret technology is an evolved system of remote human physical and psychological manipulation that has only recently been officially recognized by accredited mental health physicians for what it is, absolute mind control.

My first encounter with mind-control research began in the late 1960s in Atlanta, Georgia on the Emory University campus at the Yerkes Primate Center, It was there that I learned about primate behavior modification-the basis for human mind control. Part I of this book is my attempt to impart an understanding of how this and other exposures would prepare me for the Challenge of a lifetime.

What I witnessed, in terms of technology, at the Yerkes Primate Center and Other government sponsored research facilities, combined with years of personal research into this science of mind manipulation, did not adequately prepare me for what I would be exposed to in 1988 through an unexpected chain of events.

This exposure came in the form of personal acquaintance with the human results

officially entitled by DOD as, among other cryptic file titles, MK-Ultra.¹

1 Weinstein, Harvey M., M.D., *Psychiatry And The Cia: Victims Of Mind Control*, American Psychiatric Press, 1990.

I have outlined this noxious introduction in hopes that the material provided by one MK-Ultra survivor, Cathy O'Brien, will incite a legitimate federal investigation of her claims.

I was able to liberate MK-Ultra victims, Cathy O'Brien and her daughter, Kelly, from the invisible grip of this U.S. Government secret weapon of control. In the process, I also helped Cathy recover her mental and physical health. However, I have not been successful in enlisting the cooperation of my government to pursue the justice issue. There is a reason for this failure to obtain justice that you, the reader, NEED TO KNOW. I have been told repeatedly, "Justice is not obtainable, For Reasons Of National Security."

This book is primarily the autobiography of Cathy O'Brien, who did not volunteer for service to her country, but was used her entire life against her innate, voluntary will for perpetuating criminal activity by many so-called leaders within the U.S. Government. These "treasonous leaders" did volunteer for political "service" to our country. They must be held accountable for their actions.

Together, Cathy and I have dedicated our lives to the pursuit of justice and rehabilitation for her and Kelly. All avenues for justice and rehabilitative relief have been blocked For Reasons Of National Security. The question arises, whose security? Cathy O'Brien provides the logical answer. Perhaps after reading this work, you will inspire others to read it. Collectively, as patriots, we can make a positive difference for Cathy and Kelly, our government, and humanity, by having our voices heard. In my opinion, our great United States Constitution does not need to be amended it needs to be enforced.

The grim reality we must all embrace is that there is, in human terms, no justice, and no revenge adequate to equal what these two, and many other victims of this U.S. Government secret weapon experienced. The only remaining remnant of opportunity for justice for these survivors would be derived from a public forum expose of what they experienced. What these survivors need to witness is the mass dissemination of their story and a radical, positive change in their government's management of secrets. This would be an acceptable, though belated, substitute for justice. Their hope lies in the belief that-

"Truth lives a wretched life,
but always survives a lie,"

CHAPTER 1

Sometimes words, or groups of words, found in the English language have many

definitions or meanings. Within each meaning there may be different logical and Literal perceptions of the application of a given word. However, the words mind control usually conjure up a single response. This is most unfortunate due to the vast differences of perception contained within the reference.

For example, if you have access to a late 1980s Random House or later Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary and reference mind control, you will notice there is a conspicuous absence of a listing. Should you go one step further and secure a college professor's teaching copy of Oxford's Companion To The Mind (Oxford Press 1987), you can reference practically anything concerning research of the mind without a reference to mind control. Perhaps you may now realize that through Random House, Webster and Oxford Press omissions, you are a victim of information control.

Mind control is sometimes loosely defined as information control. This being one of many accepted ways to define the term should immediately raise questions of distrust towards your information sources. Since what we think is based on what we learn, manipulation of a mind, or a nation of minds, can be accomplished through control of information. With thought control being a result of information control, many avid researchers of mind sciences simply label it "soft" mind control.

These days, we live in a world in which the continued existence of multinational businesses and governments depends upon instant communications.

However, with consideration to the so-called problem of information overload, it would appear to most people that we hear and see enough to make rational decisions concerning our individual lives.

Unfortunately, this is not true. What we don't know, as evidenced by mind control atrocities, is quickly destroying society as we have known it.

The answer to this problem is glaringly apparent. We, as citizens of a supposedly free country, should not permit our government to restrict any information that protects criminal activity under the guise of National Security.

Secret knowledge equals power, with the end result being control.

Therefore, despite the deliberate efforts of those persons in control of national media information management (who are not media employees), results of secret mind-control projects gone awry have been leaking out for years through the media. People are literally waking up to the mind-control reality because there is an obvious lack of logical explanation for certain sensational news events. What really happened at Jim Jones' Jonestown and with Sirhan Sirhan, John Hinkley, and Lee Harvey Oswald? And, more importantly, why did it happen? The simple common denominator existing among these persons has been publicly slated by the media, based on research of their medical histories, is mind control.

In reality, information control is but one component of mind control.

Whereas "brain washing," a term coined by an investigative journalist writing about Korean War P.O.W.s around 1951, described the results of what the Chinese regarded as thought reform.

The term brainwashing denotes to most people the destruction of a person's memory. This slang term continues to be used by the news media in place of the all encompassing term, mind control. In reality, applied brainwashing techniques are similar to those used in trauma-based behavior modification.

During the past three decades, a significant number of religious groups worldwide has been cited by the mainstream news media as destructive cults.

An emphasis on the word destructive is necessary in defining these groups as cults. Random House Dictionary defines cult as "a particular system of religious worship". By this definition, the word cult would encompass all religions. These so-called destructive cults have been publicly denounced by the news media for using brainwashing, thought reform, and mind manipulation tactics on their believers. However, there is an obvious lack of expressed concern by these same media as they fail to address the underlying issues of mind control, the power basis for abuse.

Perhaps the reporting news media can not, for some reason, publicly open the proverbial Pandora's Box. Is it plausible then to consider that closer scrutiny, by the media and the public, of these destructive cults' leadership could reveal a solid connection to government sponsored mind-control research?

These are questions that, in themselves properly addressed, would provide important answers to this social epidemic involving physical and psychological abuse. The answers that an in-depth professional investigation would provide could be the first step in resolving the rash of problems that destructive cults, serial killers, and sexual child abusers, thrust upon society.

As consumers of national news media supplied information, we continue to invent half-truths which, in this case scenario, is seeing and hearing only what results from mass mind manipulation.

Historians provide us a glimpse into the future through recorded events of the past. It appears that throughout recorded history, man has, towards the end of each millennium, returned to a focus on certain types of bizarre human behavior. For example, there has been in the past 150 years a resurgence of wide spread interest in the occult "black arts" which include satanism or Luciferian religions. These constitutionally protected "religions" use trauma to control the minds of their followers.

Mind-control practices within the occult groups (according to survivors adjudged credible and law enforcement officials) have been accredited with bridging the gap

between applied science and Shamanism. Occultism as a manner of religious expression has been around for thousands of years. Only in the last 150 years has science aggressively pursued the truths regarding mind manipulation hidden within the occult belief systems themselves.

According to the Random House Dictionary, occultism "is the practice of alleged sciences claiming knowledge of supernatural agencies which are beyond the range of ordinary knowledge." Once again, it is a reminder that secret knowledge equals power.

In 1971, the New York Times reported a story on the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) and occult research, the basis of which was gained through a collection of documents released by the U.S. Government Printing Office under the Freedom of Information Act. This was a report to Congress and clearly showed that the CIA was interested in the cause and effect clinical findings that occult religious practices have on the Black Arts practitioner's and/or the observer's mind. Of particular interest to the CIA were the heightened levels of suggestibility that certain occult rituals produced in the minds of the practitioners. Cannibalism and blood rituals were ranked highest in the order of importance to their research.

Behavioral psychology teaches us that control of human suggestibility is recognized as the fundamental building block for external control of the mind.

This suggestibility factor alone potentially creates a human rights legal issue when we consider constructing laws to protect people from overt or covert mind-control practices. Consideration to the human suggestibility factor could result in all forms of consumer oriented service and/or product advertising becoming illegal. Advertising and the marketing of services and/or products through communications can be justifiably defined as a type of psychological manipulation, (nought reform and/or mind manipulation which results in a form of behavior modification, A patriot friend, Steven Jacobson, published his book entitled Mind control in America² in 1985, eloquently exposing the science of mind manipulation through advertising. The basis for successfully modifying human behavior requires mind manipulation techniques that, when expertly applied through advertising media, become a form of "soft" mind control.

Factoring in suggestibility through the tactile senses as the "Achilles' heel" of the human race renders everyone vulnerable to becoming, on some level, a victim of soft mind control.

The controversy of what is and what is not mind control rages on among scholars in the schools of law, human rights, and mental health. All the while the confusion of issues provides a form of legal protection for practitioners of trauma-based mind control, the only known form of remote human control that is absolute. All other forms of mind control, including chemical and electronic manipulations, are considered by mind-control experts as temporary.

There are laws protecting U.S. citizens' rights to practice their religious beliefs and

freedom of speech. There are no laws which specifically protect leaders of destructive cults and/or practitioners of trauma-based mind control.

However, because of the U.S. Government's use of mind control and the broad diversity of legal opinion concerning the accepted limits of free speech and religious practices, the legal loop holes for criminals employing mind-control techniques on their "flocks" for personal gain remain open.

For every problem there exists a solution.. The formula for problem solving, rests firmly on the quality of the supporting research information concerning the nature of the problem. Legislating laws specifically to protect people from mind-control abuses would be futile. Practically every civilized society in existence has some law and/or group of laws which would protect the people and punish the practitioners of mind control. Laws are enforced according to lawmakers' interpretations of the specific legal language. The lack of enforcement of laws already on the books that could protect us from mindcontrol abuses stems from applied legal interpretations and cover-ups of survivor testimony by the CIA and National Security Agency (NSA) For Reasons Of National Security.

Mind-control atrocities, if committed by anyone who could be linked to government sponsored projects, are typically ignored and covered up. Access to the courts by these hapless survivors is thus stonewalled by government paid so-called legal experts who receive their orders from the National Security Agency.

Defining the term "mind control" is akin to defining the limits of the 1947 National Security Act. The basis for the solution to the National Security controversy is simple. It is known as: Truth logically applied.

It is an obvious truth that the National Security Act has been interpreted, not to guard the integrity of military secrets, but instead to protect criminal activity of the highest order.

Repeal of this Act and replacement with the established rules of military conduct concerning National Security that do not infringe upon the constitutional rights of America's citizenry or the rights of its allies would result in compliance with the Constitution.

CHAPTER 2: SALESMAN, AD MAN, MIND MAN, PATRIOT. MY PERSONAL EVOLUTION

"Every revolution, bloody or bloodless, has two phases. The first is the struggle for Freedom; the second the struggle for power. The phase of the struggle for Freedom is divine. He who has participated in it invariably feels, physically, that his best and most precious-inner self has come to the surface.

We know that being faithful to the TRUTH stands higher than our own participation in governing the country and that is why we must not have a society that would reject

ethical norms in the name of political mirages."3

3. 1991 Roman Catholic Weekly

As I was saying to my grandmother, Mamaleen Johnson, "My life has turned into a nightmare and I'm wide awake," tears were streaming down my face, dripping off my chin onto her patent leather shoes. She affectionately patted my shoulder as she listened.

The words we exchanged, the room's wallpaper and furnishings, my beloved grandmother, Mamaleen. even the taste of my tears combined with a feeling of overwhelming grief-it is all there etched into my memory.

This was the summer before I was to enter my second year of school in 1950. The first year remains a blur with cause.

Life for me and my family had changed dramatically over the previous year.

So radical a change that it had taken almost a year for me to realize life was not becoming any easier to live. My stuttering was getting worse. The rare moments I could speak coherently were limited to short sentences devoid of the word "you", and then only to my mother and grandmother. Occasionally when angry I could speak clearly, or when alone in the woods while talking or singing to trees. Apparently my frustration with oral communication due to stuttering had been intensified by a trauma I experienced the previous year. Little did I know then that this trauma would positively and negatively influence my future and the lives of others I would know for the rest of my life.

On a hot and sticky Tennessee July day in 1949, my father helped boost first my mother, then me, into the saddle astride our four-year-old high-spirited "gift horse" Wojac. This was to be my first ride on the back of an animal. The excitement of the moment combined with stuttering rendered me, literally, speechless. As I recall and from photographs taken at the time, I was wearing a sweat-soaked, pale yellow cotton shirt, dark tan shorts, brown socks, and dirty tennis shoes. At six years old, I was very thin and did not take up the remaining saddle space behind my mother.

With the reins in my mother's hands, the horse responded to her polite command of "Come on, Wojac. Giddyup." He began slowly walking down our driveway to the narrow crushed limestone road beside our property. Upon reaching the gravel road, the horse turned or was guided left, momentarily disappointing me as I knew we were only going for a short ride. It was only about a quarter of a mile to the busy paved intersection that would be dangerous to cross. (Had my mother decided to go in the opposite direction, we could have ridden for a couple of miles before reaching any automobile traffic.)

As quickly as the horse made the turn from our driveway onto the country road, my mother nudged his flanks with her heels. With another command of "let's go," the horse responded with a mild jerk of motion and he began a fast trot down the middle of the

road.

The horse's speed, in retrospect, was too fast for safe travel on gravel. Not knowing this then, I was not scared until I saw the crossroads looming closer, I can hear myself half shouting "BBBBBetter slow down. MMMight BBBBe a CCar CCComming." Before I could enunciate the last words, my mother began a slow sideways slide off the saddle. I could not see her face as she disappeared under the horse, and the reins disappeared with her. The horse bolted full speed ahead. In the blink of an eye, my realization of being alone in the saddle with no way to control the horse washed over me. Quickly, I tugged on his mane to no avail. It was in this instant I determined that the runaway horse was not going to stop for the crossroads. I jumped. As I recall, the fall was swift and my abrupt landing in the sharp rocks was not painful, though it seemed that my body would never stop rolling. Panicked and with the dust beginning to settle, I sat up, blinked the dust and sticky blood from my eyes, and looked about for my mother. She lay in a disorganized heap beside the road. I ran to her. The first mental impression I experienced was that she was just wide-eyed dazed from her fall. Then I noticed her eyes weren't blinking and around her head was a thick puddle of blood. Not wanting to leave her in the road for fear she would be run over, and not strong enough to pick her up, I began screaming in the direction of our home in hopes that my father could hear me. Almost immediately he responded by sprinting to us", all the while shouting, "What happened? What happened?"

For the "life remaining in me" I could not answer for, as usual, I was speechless. As he knelt down to speak to my mother, he stopped mid sentence when he apparently saw her eyes in a fixed gaze and that the back of her skull was crushed inward. Instantly he picked her up. and as we were running back to the house, he commanded my eleven-year-old sister to call an ambulance.

To this day I cannot recall how we got to the hospital.

The grisly scenes of this tragedy were not my nightmare. It did not play over and over again in my mind, for I had dissociated from it. I had voluntarily and autogenically created a memory barrier of this trauma. This is a normal human response. Had I been tortured after the trauma, I would not have been able to voluntarily recall either the accident or the torture. Hence the basis of this book.

The nightmare began during the subsequent recovery year when we realized my mother would never be herself again. She had lost over a quarter of her brain when the horse stepped into her skull. Permanently gone was her ability to smell, taste, and hear in one ear. These were the physical handicaps she developed. Her resultant emotional condition would become evident to me many years later. As a child, this new awareness of my mother's condition had minimal impact on me compared to the fear I lived with, moment to moment, due to my father's chronic alcoholism. Years later my sister would follow his lead into a losing battle with the bottle. I was safe, as alcohol made me stutter.

After being told so many times during my developmental years that my mother's

condition was attributable to her brain damage, and that my stuttering was because my brain was not working correctly, it occurred to me at some point to learn about the brain. For years after the accident, I overheard adult conversations about my mother's brain. My curiosity peaked about the brain and the resultant invisible mind and had set the course for my life's interest.

Somewhere in this time period, I fantasized I would learn enough about the mind and brain to help my mother and myself.

As a child, my attention span was regarded as abnormal. I was considered very bright, yet my grades in school reflected something different. Although not properly diagnosed, I was most likely suffering from what is now termed Attention Deficit Disorder (ADD). The handicaps of stuttering and ADD were to become my first personal improvement challenges once I was out in the world on my own.

This "on my own" objective came at an early age. I was barely sixteenyears-old when I left home to begin my pursuit of happiness. My first efforts resulted in total failure. However, I could not return to my parents' home because they were now divorced.

Young, broke and rejected, I was able to determine two things. First, I must learn how to communicate if I were to enjoy any success in life, I went about this task methodically, first by enrolling myself into a local night college.

In the classroom I studied speech, business law and psychology. At the library; I studied brain functions and their effect on the mind. I was not degree oriented because I could not earn enough at two jobs to attend the required classes to graduate, but my studies were slowly providing me a usable skill. Secondly, somewhere during this period of learning I began to realize I possessed a natural ability to sell. Perhaps this ability to persuade others resulted from my childhood experience of having to "read people" through their body language rather than talking with them.

My first real job in sales was so successful that my client base was reduced by my employer. I responded to this action by moving on.

The Vietnam War was heating up and I was eligible for the draft. No longer in school, I knew that my number would be drawn soon. And it was.

Little did I know that my prayers for a deferment would be answered and would afford me an exemption from military duty. I would soon be working for the Ampex Corporation and with the U.S. Department of Defense in a civilian capacity. The defense work closely associated me with top research scientists working in the area of primate and human behavior modification. Ironically, I learned more about the mind from my casual relationships with these scientists than I did working at the various research sites. The sites included teaching hospitals, state mental institutions, military bases, National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) facilities, and the Yerkes Primate Center.

The following years of my corporate employment in national and international sales evolved into sales and marketing management positions in an executive capacity. My personal life, in terms of loving relationships, was again in shambles but my career and ongoing mind, brain, human behavior research was rewarding enough to compensate for my lack of emotional expression. The secrets I had learned so well concerning powers of persuasion, both conscious and subliminal, had long since become a functioning part of my mind's arsenal of defensive and offensive tools of control. I resolved then and there to become a "control freak". Instead, my fantasy was not to learn what I could control but what was controlling me.

Then, around 1986, a peer friend of mine observed that I had arrived in the proverbial "comfort zone" in terms of presenting profitable ideas for others to set upon, and advised me to go into business for myself. Shortly thereafter he provided me an excellent example by resigning his six-figure executive marketing directorship and nominated me as a candidate for his replacement.

Ironically, for the first time in my life, the nomination was rejected because I did not possess at least a master's degree in business management or communications. His assistant was given the position, and I was subsequently offered the assistant's vacated position with no hope of promotion, which of course I refused. Soon thereafter, my friend, free of his corporate golden handcuffs, established his own firm which became a very successful business.

Around this same time a childhood acquaintance, long since socially separated from my life, reappeared long enough to introduce me to his country music entertainment friend, Alex Houston. From this introduction I learned this acquaintance, Ray Myers and his wife, Regina, are alleged pedophiles who reportedly sexually molested Cathy's daughter and their own children. It seemed that Houston was looking for someone with international business negotiating skills who could assist him in putting together a large enough sales deal to finance a manufacturing operation. After spending a few days of complimentary consulting time with him, I had made some rather interesting and intriguing observations about the man and his ideas. First of all, Houston did have a legitimate, potentially profitable idea concerning the manufacture of an electrical capacitor device that could increase energy efficiency for large industrial consumers. Secondly, Houston favorably impressed me as a calculated risk-taker. Thirdly, Houston agreed to finance my production of a marketing plan for presentation to potential foreign buyers. And finally, Houston agreed that I would run the company as President, if and when I sold that plan, I thought. "No problem!"

The intriguing part of this "budding" relationship was my awareness of Houston's propensity for dishonesty. I felt an urgent need for legal advice on how to insure contractual protection from Houston. Within days, Houston and I had conceptually and contractually agreed to start up the business. I designed a logo and assigned the name UniPhayse. The contracts we entered bound both of us to our respective areas of commitment and was iron clad. Houston's willingness to participate in my legal

protection maneuver further perplexed me, because of the obvious "honesty type" clauses contained in the agreement. At the time, in my mind, I had determined that if Houston could "keep it clean" and perform his role, we would be able to make this company successful. If not, I owned the company lock, stock, and barrel and could still make it work.

Months later, with business and marketing plans in my briefcase and a demonstration model of the proposed product in hand, Houston and I boarded an airplane to Hong Kong. We were met upon arrival by a tall, well-dressed, Korean gentleman who introduced himself as William Yoon. He owned an international shipping company. His ships carried practically everything from scrap metal to Chinese silkworm missiles all over the world. Mr. Yoon, as he preferred to be called, in keeping with Far Eastern protocol, was interested in negotiating a joint venture company with his friends in the most populated nation on Earth, The People's Republic of China. All arrangements had been made by Mr. Yoon's staff for Houston, myself, and him to fly to Beijing the following day to begin negotiations with the Mining Ministry. After several days of exhausting discussions through an interpreter almost entirely between myself and the deputy director of the Chinese Mining Ministry, it appeared as though we had a workable deal.

An elegant banquet was ordered by our gracious Chinese hosts, and it was there I learned that the Mining Ministry was a part of the Chinese Ministry of Defense. Feelings of patriotism welled up in me for the first time in my life. I was aware that China was engaged in supplying missiles to Libya, a Middle Eastern country with whom the U.S. was in conflict. The Chinese were swapping missiles and other weapons for cheap Libyan light crude oil. The Chinese were about the only country in the world who dared defy the Reagan Administration's trade embargo. These fleeting thoughts of being involved with the Chinese military felt treasonous to me. Although uncomfortable with the idea of a business venture with such potential for political disaster, I reminded myself that hundreds of other U.S. companies were already in China. Houston refused to discuss the subject.

During the return flight from Beijing to Hong Kong, I confided my patriotic concerns to Mr. Yoon knowing that he would soon become my business partner. He eloquently relieved my fears of potential disaster with a complicated explanation that made sense at the time. This man politely informed me that we could not lose money as he and I would have interim control over all product sales revenue generated outside of China. By Chinese law for joint venture companies, 60% of all manufactured product must go outside China.

Houston and I returned to Tennessee and I briefly met his wife, Cathy, for the first time when she greeted us at the gate. She appeared to me to be young, beautiful, very dumb, and dressed like a prostitute. I paced my walk to be several steps away from her as we headed to the baggage claim area.

Within a few weeks of this visit, a delegation of Chinese electrical engineers and finance

experts were flown to our Tennessee office for more negotiations and to collect technical production data (we held) for future manufacturing purposes.

Soon after the delegation departed for China, I received a mysterious phone call from someone at the U.S. Department of State, aka the State Department.

It seems someone in my Chinese delegation had earlier been refused entry into this country due to his being identified as an international weapons supplier for terrorists. This telephone voice assured me that there were no problems that would arise and that this information was not to be publicized. I thanked him and assured him the information was secure.

A couple of months later, my new Hong Kong partner, Mr. Yoon, invited me, my wife, Houston and his wife, Cathy, to come to China for the official signing of the Chinese joint venture agreement. When I asked Houston if he and his wife would attend, he flatly replied, "No". He had already booked his "act" and could not cancel. I then offered to escort his wife and mine to China.

He responded "no" again, that it was too far and too expensive for a pleasure trip. I was relieved because I had already learned enough of the Chinese language to know our partners did not like or respect him, and Cathy's demeanor embarrassed me. I later learned that Houston's "gig" was to "transport"/transport Cathy and little Kelly to the infamous Bohemian Grove for prostitution.

My trip to China with all the pomp and circumstance went well as expected, even though my wife and I were in the process of separating for a divorce.

However, just before I was prepared to return to the U.S., I received some extraordinary information from a man who showed me Chinese Ministry of Defense credentials that gained my full and complete attention. This man was in possession of a file on me that could have only been gained through a thorough investigation of my past professional associations. His English skills were only strong enough to roughly, nervously translate some of the file's content.

This man had photographic proof of a U.S. Department of Defense security clearance I once held. He acknowledged that the "Chinese knew all about me". Thoughts of blackmail raced across my mind. These thoughts instantly disappeared when he began to voice his government's true concerns.

Their concerns were about Alex Houston and his involvement with the CIA, drugs, money laundering, child prostitution, and the big one he saved for last, slavery. No mention of mind control was offered, although he did comment that Houston was a "very bad man" and his crimes were "of the White House".

Disbelief was in order but not possible, due to the wide array of "Eyes Only" stamped and initialed (official) CIA letterhead and U.S. Government documents he slowly flashed

before my eyes.

My first response to this "officer" was that Houston was too stupid and crooked to be connected to U.S. "intelligence". This comment was quickly countered with a gut wrenching photograph of Houston. He was smiling a demonic grin while apparently having anal sex with a small, very young, frightened Black boy. Later he was identified to me as being Haitian.

When confronted with this horrific information and the apparent validity of it, I asked, "What do you (your government) want me to do?" He replied, "Get rid of him, distance yourself from him and all of his associates".

I responded by asking him how he thought I could accomplish this task. He stated, "Any way you choose". I told him that regardless of what he had seen of American television concerning violence, the only way I knew was to force him out by purchasing his company stock, and I needed money to do it. He said, "Give us the figure and make the arrangements. It is done."

I had returned to Tennessee with a Chinese government contract for products valued at thirty-one million dollars. Stapled to it was a telex letter of credit made out to me and the company from Houston's bank connection the New York branch of the now infamous Bank of Credit and Commerce International (B.C.C.I.). The amount was one million dollars in U.S. funds.

The contract was worth approximately ten million dollars in gross profit for Mr. Yoon and me.

Given the charge by the Chinese to immediately discharge Houston of his duties, I knew exactly what my plan of action would have to be. Any other approach to resolving this problem could backfire and all would be lost. And since a former, indirect employer of mine (when I worked for Capital International Airways), the CIA, was implicated, I knew one mistake and it could cost me my life. A comforting thought prevailed and I reminded myself Houston was not only corrupt, but stupid. The CIA must not have respected him either. Otherwise why would he have had to go outside his circle of powerful perverts to recruit me for an international business deal.

I drove to my office to begin the process of discovering something Houston "must have done" that would breach the performance contract he and I had signed when we started the company. Houston was out of town supposedly doing one of his entertainment gigs, so I had complete, unobstructed access to all files, his included. As I had mentally predicted during the long flight from Hong Kong, the entire ferreting process took about fifteen minutes. It seemed that Houston and the old acquaintance who had introduced him to me were, as they say, "selling out the back door". I collected the shipping bills and, ironically enough, the bank deposit slip Houston had retained when he cashed and deposited the customer's check. There was even a letter copy where Houston had specifically instructed the customer not to discuss his account with anyone at our

company other than Houston himself or his pervert friend, Ray Myers. Upon this discovery, I phoned the local Korean lawyer (whose business card I had been given by Mr. Yoon while in Hong Kong) to begin the stock transfer process. With pleasure, I wrote Houston's letter of resignation.

With this problem in the process of being resolved, I left the office to visit an old, dear friend (now deceased) who had maintained powerful U.S. and foreign intelligence connections. I needed answers I could trust with my life.

This "retired" Air Force General from the Intelligence division would be my source.

The word "slavery" delivered in broken English by the Chinese Intelligence officer shouted in my ears during the short drive to a local hotel lobby, a comfortable place my "spook" pal selected for us to talk in private. In the few short minutes of the drive, I had my questions (for him) mentally noted. I wanted so much to gain the most from our meeting. The slavery word had triggered a dark question in my mind, blocking other constructive thought, as I was not comfortable with introducing the term mind control into my presentation. I knew I could speak freely about anything to this trusted friend.

I wanted desperately to avoid the words mind control, not for reasons of condemnation, but because they represented a secret I had patriotically maintained for twenty years.

After my arrival and the light chit chat of social niceties had been exchanged between us, the air changed to one of seriousness. I briefed him on my business involvement, and began a methodical line of questions concerning the file the Chinese Intelligence officer had presented on me and, especially, on Houston: shortly, my friend interrupted me in mid-sentence, smiled a toothy grin, and said, "Flash, you're still the same, and you know damn well what I mean."

"Yes", I replied.

The spook was referring to a '70s rock ballad titled "Still the Same" by singer Bob Segar that was assigned to me years earlier by mutual poker-playing buddies who identified with my passion for successful risk-taking. I despised gambling. My passion was "risk management" and poker gave me a recreational outlet for it. Although my friends each paid dearly, they soon learned my poker strategy was not so much "card counting" as it was my ability to read their body language. This included the micromuscle spasm responses around their eyes, Houston also lost to me at cards. The message the General was implying, roughly translated, was that I was once again "lucky as hell" to have survived my brief business relationship with Alex Houston.

The discussion went down hill from that point directly into the dreaded arena of mind control. After several minutes of listening to details concerning a huge, invisible CIA slave trade going on world wide, the talk became more regionalized to Tennessee. I learned that Cathy and her little girl were victims of trauma-based mind control. They were slaves and the "soul" property of my Uncle Sam. I learned that everything I knew

in theory and application about external control of the mind was fully operational and encroaching on the private sector of society.

I was growing numb. The first words out of my dry mouth were, "How would you spring these people out of it?"

He smiled and said, "I wouldn't! What are you going to do with them if you did get them out?" Before I could answer, he interrupted and said, "Look, you're still the same, but nothing else is with Uncle. Now most of the CIA, FBI, and the MOB (Mafia) are the same, and they're making their moves on the military."

I responded, "I already know that, but how do I save these two people?" He said, "OK. Get the mother on the phone while her handler is gone. Use the usual hang up code of dial and ring twice, hang up call back, ring once, hang up and call back. Tell her you're God, Give her a biblical passage. They're all Christian based programmed around here."

Understanding that this procedure would gain Cathy's full attention, the General continued, "She'll do anything, and I mean anythingóexcept toast Houstonóthat you command her to do. Remember, God commands. Find yourself a preacher who knows the Bible and get a double-bind verse. You know what to doófor God's sake. And, listen, if you do this, you're on your own."

"Mark, this is nuts," he pleaded. Go to China and take them with you, Forget about this Red, White and Blue cesspool. It'll clean up. There's lots of good guys in the inside busting their asses to stop this mess, but you're not going to save the world."

I injected, "No, just my ass and a couple of people who Uncle considers something other than human," Then we briefly chatted about some fine points of the rescue and how to legally stop Houston from taking her back. I never saw this friend again.

Walking back to my car, I listened again in my mind to his haunting words, and my own life suddenly seemed like a scratched phonograph record with the needle following the same groove over and over again. The thoughts in my head were suddenly very unpatriotic - a far cry from the feelings I had expressed in China concerning Mr. Yoon's involvement in shipping Chinese missiles to Libya.

Now I felt pure rage for what my country had become during the years after I had bowed out of doing defense work. For once my own mind seemed to be my worst enemy. Hatred for everything consumed me, I loved what my country had once represented to me, but now I was ashamed to be an American. And unbeknownst to me at the moment, soon I would be ashamed of being a male, based on Cathy and Kelly's memories.

During the long, usually boring drive to my secluded house in the wilderness southwest of Nashville, I distinctly recall considering the inherent risks in the formula I was given

for "stealing" two slaves from under the cokefilled noses of the CIA. My concerns were not of whether I could do it, but related to my friend's question of, "What are you going to do with them?"

My thoughts went blank as I muttered to myself, "Life is getting complicated again", I then consoled myself with the old adage of "first things first".

Within a few days, I had played God and coordinated the move of Cathy and her 8-year-old daughter, Kelly, out of Houston's house into a nearby apartment. All of this was totally unbeknownst to Houston. As instructed, I had deliberately placed the powerful coded suggestions into Cathy's mind.

These commands partially bridged her own amnestic true perceptions that Alex was going to kill her. Little did I know that the message I was provided to block Houston's former control of her was true.

Cathy and Kelly seemed to me to be very disoriented and somewhat disconnected from reality. In their new, sparsely furnished kitchen, I listened quietly to Cathy excitedly explain that "God had sent me" to her. She "knew" this was true because her hands seemed to automatically open her King James version of the Holy Bible to Psalm, Chapter 37, verse 37, which proclaims for the literal minded, "Mark, the perfect man".

Not only had I placed this biblical reference by a covert suggestion in her mind while playing God on the phone, but just now in her home moments earlier, I had broken the spine on her Bible so that it would "magically" open to that page. She said, "See, God did it again for you to see".

Using a deprogrammer's language trick, I replied in a "reversed" response, "Well, I'll be damned. You are right. That's the only explanation left that could explain all this", I was anxious to change the subject so as not to risk alerting any one of her observant personalities to my well contained laughter. I had been warned that programmed slaves were hyper-observant.

In retrospect, I could not have had thoughts of being sacrilegious. I was and remain deeply spiritual, but my earlier years of researching religions for life's answers had turned me cynical and cold of man's interpretation of the Bible, Koran and Buddha's teachings. This attitude I privately harbored towards organized religions did nothing to quell the dread I felt wash over me for that moment.

In my attempt to change the subject from religion, I had remembered the Nazi mind-control research performed under Himmler's command on the families of northern European multi-generational Satanists. Christianity, particularly Catholicism, was Himmler's pick of the religions' litter for targeting "Chosen Ones" for his hideous mind-control experiments. These Chosen Ones were to be the robotic leaders of Hitler's New World Order. I then asked Cathy what religion she was before she met Houston. She replied, "Mormon, but I was a good Catholic before then".

My mind swirled from that shocking revelation. I again quickly changed the subject and suggested we go out to dinner and discuss her new job as my assistant starting the following the day. But tonight we would discuss her divorce plans.

Later that evening, I began my search for a secure phone to find someone from past associations I knew were CIA connected on an officer's level. I needed a get-well-quick formula or a clean mental health referral who could help these two wide-eyed unfortunates. I was informed there were none and that I knew more about "that mind stuff" than anyone who would talk.

I returned home to find my phone ringing with an anxious Alex Houston, who had returned from a "vacation" at Boys Town in Nebraska, on the other end exclaiming that he was looking for his wife. She had "disappeared".

I faked not knowing anything and suggested he come to my house the next afternoon to go over some urgent business. The next morning, I located a lawyer, for Cathy, and she had the divorce papers drawn up.

That afternoon I had Granville Ratcliff, a local Sheriff's deputy I partially trusted, who occasionally watched my house when I was out of town, waiting inside my house to witness and legally serve Houston with the divorce papers and his termination notice from the company. My last words to Houston which I recorded on tape were, "You could get hurt if you mess with me or them.

Alex, get out!" (Now, I hope Houston lives to be a hundred years of age.) Getting the legal jump on Houston to protect Cathy reminded me that I needed to attend to my own divorce needs. My wife mutually agreed her life could be more emotionally rewarding without me. She moved to Florida and set up house with her mother. We filed for a noncontested divorce. I agreed to sell the house and what remained of our joint possessions.

Still unable to secure expert help for Cathy and Kelly, I maintained their safety by moving them into my house until it was sold. It was during this time that I was approached by a neighbor who said he had seen someone through his binoculars wearing a gun and taking pictures of my house. Other such intrusive visits by unknown persons followed suit. I was getting real nervous.

I again called on a CIA operative I knew who worked within Nashville's corrupt law enforcement elite who, days later, informed me to "get my ass out of there now-someone wanted me dead!" When I asked why, he said, "You know damn good and well why!"

The house sold quickly and I had already decided to walk away from my company, my contracts, and the one million dollars on deposit as a letter of credit at B.C.C.I. in New York. Mr. Yoon came to Nashville. He purchased Houston's stock. I returned Mr. Yoon

to the airport. My last words to him were, "Farewell, friend". He knew nothing of what was going on and I have never seen or spoken with him again. That afternoon I cleaned out my office, handed the keys to the landlord, closed out my personal and company bank accounts.

I had become angry beyond anything I had ever experienced. In retrospect, this was the birthing process of evolution from man to patriot.

I now only wanted answers to what was going on in my government. We needed to be safe while I searched for these answers. My next stop in this pursuit would be Las Vegas, Nevada. Once there, I met with some powerful, underworld characters I had befriended back in my aviation days at Capital International Airways while "packaging" gambling junkets for these characters.

I felt confident that these guys would protect me at least until I could find out what and who Cathy knew. I was reminded by these men that they were a part of the CIA's new funding operations. One of them flippantly remarked while chomping his Cuban cigar, "You can't hide an egg in a hen house, fella".

My contact then coldly informed me that I had become involved in something that affected our National Security. I lied to this "wise guy" and cryptically responded, "Oh, well. I'll take them (Cathy and Kelly) to Alaska and play like a voiceless chameleon". In retrospect, this spontaneous lie must have worked to protect me from "red shining" myself to become the recipient of a CIA/MOB hit.

Cathy and I continued to stay "parked" in Las Vegas for a few more days waiting to retrieve Kelly from a last minute (suspected CIA) court ordered visit with her biological father, Wayne Cox. Later, I would learn from Kelly's medical reports that she had spent Christmas vacation "in hell."

I was now alone in my mind, scared, and going broke fast. Once again I felt totally alienated from everything and everybody in my life. At this moment, I began constantly reminding myself that I was doing the only thing I knew for sure was right. Realistically, I was astride the proverbial tiger and I could not get off its back and survive.

CHAPTER 3: THE RECLAMATION OF CATHY'S MIND

"The greatest gift anyone can give another is a good memory."⁴

4 Mark Phillips' motto

It was now the week after Christmas 1988. I was fulfilling half of my pledge to the Vegas mob. With all of our remaining personal belongings containerized and secretly in transit on a different ship, I, my "new family" and pets were ferry-bound for Anchorage, Alaska. The sixteen hundred mile trip through ice and snow would take about three days to complete. Unfortunately, it gave me time to think.

Due to our negative cash flow situation, realistically I knew there was no place to run or hide from the CIA. Cathy and Kelly seemed happy and believed they were safe. This was my number one priority! For me, I had to trust that my escape plan would convince interested CIA personnel that we no longer represented a threat to their security. The plan was based on an ancient psychological warfare formula developed by the Romans, I wanted to portray myself as akin to a character in a bad Reagan (western) movie and ride into the sunset never to be heard from again. Thinking to myself that where we were headed geographically, there was no sun to set, at least until spring. Late one night about mid way into our voyage, I sought the solitude that the outside forward deck would afford me. I was thankful for the wind-driven sleet and snow that stung and closed my eyes and opened my mind for focused thought.

At the time, I was psychologically "strung out" from a combination of rage and unbearable emotional headache.

To safeguard my precious teenage son, Mason, from being hurt and/or unwittingly used as a pawn to force me to remain silent, I had virtually destroyed our father/son bond. I loved and missed him very much, and still do.

The resultant emotional pain from the deception and separation seemed to be compounding within me and was consuming-my being.

I had, in the course of rescuing Cathy and Kelly, shunned and insulted my son, collapsed my company, simultaneously orchestrated two divorces and sold all personal treasures. I worried I would never see my elderly mother again.

Her health was deteriorating. The tailored clothes I wore no longer fit me, as I had lost over forty pounds and looked skeletal. Chronic insomnia, a symptom of the severe depression I secretly felt, was slowly driving me mad. My own short-term memory was beginning to fail. I had noticed for the first time in over thirty years that I was stuttering when enunciating certain words. I knew this was just the beginning of a long and dangerous expedition in search of answers.

As I stood alone, with eyes closed, on the ship's ice-covered steel deck, a strange feeling of relief washed over me. I had somehow managed to remember from where I could draw "emergency strength." I began silently praying for inner strength and guidance through a meditation technique I'd learned years ago. Immediately, I experienced a feeling of peaceful self-assurance that we would survive to tell our story.

Suddenly I became aware that the icy wind was freezing my face and hands.

I was elated that I could feel again. Apparently I had repressed my tactile senses along with my emotions. For the first time since I learned of Cathy's and Kelly's mind-control existence, I felt functionally alive.

I opened my eyes to discover I wasn't alone any more. A voice was coming from somewhere. I looked around and saw, crouched down and wrapped in a dark green blanket almost beside me, the source of the voice. Again I heard, "Hey man, you OK?" This good man whom I later came to know and respect was Mark Demont. He was a classic example of what Alaskans term a "sour dough". Roughly defined, a sour dough was anybody from the "lower 48" (states) who was disenchanted with their home and low on money. We were both sour doughs and refugees from a sick society gone mad from CIA drugs, media violence, and uncontrolled greed.

I offered him a cigarette and my hand in friendship, something I had not done voluntarily in almost a year. We agreed to stay in contact after our arrival.

About two days later, we landed safely at the Juneau docks. We were told by the ferry's Captain that it was the coldest day of the decade. The ship's thermometer read a minus forty degrees fahrenheit. For me, this was an anticipated weather condition, and for Cathy and Kelly, a physical challenge.

I had spent about two years in Alaska around 1980. It was then that I helped my former boss from Capital International Airways, George Kamats put a new carrier on line known briefly as Great Northern Airlines. I left Alaska back then, not because of the environment, which I loved, but due to my inability to cope with Kamats' daily tirades. This rigid fellow had a long, colorful history working for other CIA controlled airlines. Among other jobs, he had held top executive positions of authority with the infamous air support section of the U.S. Forestry Service, Air America, and Evergreen (CIA) carriers.

Now I was back in Alaska, unemployed, and knowing I was being tracked like an animal by the same organization I had previously indirectly worked for, the Central Intelligence Agency. Having slept the past couple of nights, I was feeling much better and the thoughts of being tracked did not concern me. I recall having more productive things on my mind. I could not allow raw fear to become any part of my daily diet of thought process.

Cathy and I dedicated every possible moment to locate a house we could call home. We finally found a fourplex apartment that was inexpensive, with two bedrooms and a heated garage. We had to have a heated garage for my three beloved pet raccoons and two dogs. Our new home would never have furniture beyond a TV, two beds, and a table and chairs. This inconvenience never was discussed. We were comfortable.

After settling into "our place" in the remote rural town of Chugiak, we immediately began doing normal things. We enrolled Kelly in a great public school, met our new neighbors, and played in the snow. All of this was being enjoyed in a traditional family way-something Cathy and Kelly had never before known.

Our remaining meager resources were disappearing before my eyes. The cost of asthma medication that Kelly now required to keep her alive was over \$400 per month. I strongly suspected that much of the reason for her declining health resulted from the

two weeks "in hell" she had recently spent with alleged serial killer, Wayne Cox, She told me so, by detailing the hideous satanic rituals she and her four-year-old step brother, Jacob, had been subjected to, Fortunately, I had held onto my expensive Nikon camera, guns, and personal jewellery items. These were the last real assets I had remaining to sell.

I sold them and the proceeds paid our living expenses for five more months until Kelly's health needs and circumstances forced us on welfare. During this five-month period, with Kelly in school and no telephone to distract us, I began intensifying my deprogramming efforts with Cathy. Most stays, our work started the moment we returned home from taking Kelly to school. As soon as Kelly was in bed at night, after dinner and homework, we resumed our "session". We worked like this day and night, seven days a week, focused intensely on the deprogramming process, until I would pass out from exhaustion around three o'clock in the morning.

The deprogramming formula for pulling Cathy's fragmented mind back together was inherently free of problems. The small problems I did experience with the formula stemmed from having to "expertly" apply it based on my educated memory of almost twenty years previous. I had no communication with any recognized authority other than Cory Hammond to guide the initial therapy. My single greatest challenge was to learn how to control Cathy's constant state of trance as she journaled her memories.

In spite of reporting to the FBI that I was a hypnotist, I knew that if the FBI and CIA could prove through my admissions I was using hypnosis on Cathy, her testimony in court would be worthless. Therefore, the threat of reprisal from the CIA was averted. In fact, through my own intensive research of hypnotherapy I learned how to control Cathy's trance states. I regarded it as un hypnotizing her. Eventually I would be regarded by mental health physicians as an "expert" in the application of this little-used clinical tool for recovering memory.

Aside from my learned deprogramming skill, the balance of the formula I used consisted of elements which are actually rules of ethical therapy conduct.

Those therapy rules were strictly enforced, Cathy understood and agreed that, in order for her to have absolute control of her mind, she must place total trust in me and the therapy regime.

1. I maintained a constant vigil to ensure Cathy's physical and psychological safety from all outside influences.

2. No memories could be verbalized by Cathy until after they were written by her. The only questions I could ask were history oriented and directed to Cathy's presenting personality that was recovering the memory. Those questions could only address the who, what, when, how, and where of the memory. Even if I could have known the answers in advance, I could not inject. Our perceptions would have differed radically and could have created more memory barriers between personality fragments.

3. I fundamentally explained mind control to Cathy and she then understood that what happened to her was not her fault. However, she understood she was becoming responsible for her actions here and now. Through therapy, she was asserting control over her own mind.

4. We devoted many hours to "intellectual discussions" of Cathy's learned religious beliefs and they were "logically" debunked, just as if I were explaining how the illusions of a magician's tricks worked to confuse reality.

5. No expression of emotion by Cathy would be permitted during the memory recovery and journaling process. I never asked her "how does that make you feel?" This is as important as the safety issue for the rapid recovery of memories.

6. I provided Cathy adequate food, vitamins, water, and sleep to restore her failing physical health.

7. I taught Cathy how to view her memories on a "mind movie screen" rather than re-experience them through the mind's "virtual reality" mechanism.

8. I instructed Cathy how to trance herself and control the depth of her trance state through a self-hypnosis technique (some regard as meditation). This was put in place to avoid possible contamination and/or confusion of her memories, which might have happened had I used a hypnotic induction technique known as guided imagery.

9. Cathy was not allowed to read books, newspapers, or magazines, to watch TV, or to discuss with Kelly anything she recalled. Cathy had experienced a lifetime of information control and therefore had minimal contamination of memory to sort through. This rule was also understood and respected by Kelly, whose memories were beginning to surface.

10. All behavior patterns and social habits Cathy exhibited were reexamined through logical discussion between us. All pre-established behavior patterns, including daily routines, were re-scheduled or stopped completely.

11. I required her to wear a wrist watch twenty-four hours a day, to alert me of any "lost time" she felt she was experiencing. Losing time, without trauma, is a strong indication that personality switching is occurring. Whereas being able to account for time is an indicator that recovery is occurring.

The memories Cathy was recovering were horrible beyond anything I had ever heard anyone speak about, I often wondered if I had fallen in love with Cathy as a result of my developing the psychological malady known as the Stockholm Syndrome. Those thoughts never bothered me for I knew I had grown to love Cathy. I had heard enough horror from Cathy and Kelly to know I was now suffering from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). The symptoms of this disorder went unnoticed by Cathy and Kelly

because they too were PTSDed, and had been all their lives.

My own health began to deteriorate rapidly. My regained body weight began to melt away once again. I was experiencing incredible stomach pain, vomiting, and diarrhea. I was literally living on a patent medicine known to ulcer sufferers as Maalox. A "secure" phone call to a doctor friend in the "lower 48" produced the name of a local internal medicine specialist I could trust. Aware of my predicament, my physician friend made the appointment on my behalf for this doctor to prepare certain in-office tests. One of the tests, using a fiberoptic stomach tube, showed that as a result of a water borne parasite, there were holes in the walls of my stomach. He recommended emergency surgery. I replied, "No. How much longer can I live with this before surgery?"

He said, "It depends on how well you can follow my instructions"* "No problem," I said. Within a few days of feeding myself intravenously and taking the prescribed medications, I began to recover.

It was during this recovery period that I began my telephone search for answers to speed Cathy's recovery process. Again I was told by my former "well connected" associates that I knew it all. I was not convinced. However, my persistence soon paid off as one particular phone call resulted in my striking proverbial "pay dirt".

The medical books on clandestine experimental research for treating dissociative disorders mysteriously appeared "on hold" for me at the Eagle River branch of the Anchorage Public Library. I was covertly alerted to pick them up on a certain day at an exact time. I complied.

As I was leaving the library, a middle-aged woman with a grocery sack in her arms approached me. She asked if the library was open. I thought this odd since I was walking out the opened library entrance. My curiosity was short lived when she asked, "Have you read any good books by Dr. Milton Erickson lately?"

I replied, "No, but I am checking one out by (psychiatrist) Dr. William S. Kroger entitled Clinical and Experimental Hypnosis," "Oh, yes," she said. "I'm a real fan of Dr. Kroger and he is a real fan of Dr. Erickson who you know is considered the father of subliminal mind-control (theory) research. She began walking away and turned, smiled and said, "Enjoy your books and use the book, Mark."

I assumed she was addressing me by name while referring to the book itself. I also concluded from this comment that she was obviously the person responsible for delivering the books to the library. Soon I learned she was referring to a bookmark placed inside one of the books which provided me a desperately needed communications vehicle. Recorded on the book-mark" was a toll free 800# with a time and date to use it. I used this 800# and many others similarly provided me for a communications vehicle to covertly access the spooks' (spies) subway to information. For two more years, this method provided me with telephonic guidance through a maze of mind work with Cathy.

When I called the bookmark "800" number, it was answered by an electronic voice which said, in part, "Please enter your employee number now".

I complied, using a series of numbers that I had been previously "assigned" by someone who must remain anonymous because I do not know their identity.

The next sound I heard was that of a phone being rung. After exactly eight rings, my call was answered by someone I did not know. He asked, "What's the problem?" I felt like a vacuum cleaner salesman with his foot in the door, delivering a canned sales presentation. I began nervously emphasizing my desperate need for a quicker therapy regime for Cathy.

The voice asked, "Have you read the books?"

"Yes," I replied. "But many of the clinical terms were foreign to me."

The voice then instructed me to go back to the library and "pick up a psych reference book on term definitions". I then interrupted his instruction to ask if I could speak with somebody who could make this deprogramming process go faster. He said, "Well, there are only two deprogrammers in this country-one in Boston (Massachusetts) and the other in Phoenix (Arizona) and neither one could be of much help or be trusted with the kind of information you are getting (from Cathy)." He hesitated, then said, "You're going to need a referral, which I can't provide. But you know how to do it" I asked, "A referral for what?"

"To have the chance to speak with a doctor who knows about this and might be of some value," he told me, "OK," I said. "Who's the doctor?"

"Cory Hammond, out of Salt Lake City (Utah)."

"Gees," I said. "That's Mormon headquarters, and that was the last religious trauma base for Cathy."

'Yes!- the voice continued. "But you can trust this doctor if you're careful and don't give up too much (information) on yourself. He's paranoid like all the rest (who know about mind-control atrocities) but he could be of some help.

Oh, be alert. Everybody's watching this guy so anything you say, they (the bad guys) will know."

"Thank you very much," I replied.

Somewhere in the process of finding a referral professionally acquainted with Dr. Hammond, I telephoned dissociative disorders specialist, Dr. Bennett Braun, a well-known and published psychiatrist in Chicago, Illinois. I learned from our

conversation that he had an entire hospital unit dedicated to therapy for people like Cathy and Kelly. I wondered at the time why his name wasn't previously provided to me for a consultation. As a result of this brief telephone encounter, I learned that Dr. Braun had a number of patients on a long waiting list for a "bed" within this facility. The doctor then provided me the name and telephone number of a "friend" he confided in, People Magazine senior investigative reporter Civia Tamarkin,

Contacting this People/Time Life magazine reporter was to be my biggest single judgement error in the pursuit of helpful information. I would soon learn she was indirectly responsible for nearly costing me my life, and did indirectly cost Kelly her chance for "expert" therapy- which is another book in itself.

When I first spoke with Civia, she dropped important names like a maple tree drops leaves after a frost. I audio tape recorded practically all conversations with this seemingly well informed source, then and in the years to follow, Civia first provided me the name and phone number of the Boston "deprogrammer," an ex-Moonie programmer by the name of Steve Hassen.

Next, she provided the name and phone number to contact Jolyn "Jolly" West at UCLA. Reluctantly, she gave me the referral I needed to communicate with Dr. Cory Hammond. "The later contact being the only "briefly helpful" one with whom I would speak.

Maximizing my PTSD impaired judgement, I telephoned programmer Steve Hassen, for advice on how to help Kelly (only), which resulted in his coming to our home in Alaska, Apparently, his agenda was to traumatize Cathy by using a well-known code to trigger her to run for her life from me. The method he employed could have been effective, but fortunately for Cathy and Kelly, his robotic delivery like his moral ethics was very poor. I learned that Hassen's voiced and recorded professional respect for his UCLA psychiatrist friends, Dr. West and Dr. Margaret Singer, derived from sinister reasons. Little did I know that Dr. West had worked for the CIA in Project MK-Ultra mind-control research for decades, it seems some of Dr. West's CIA supported research had been exposed by a Congressional investigator of the MK-Ultra Project in the 1970s. However he survived the public scrutiny because the U.S. Government had, in essence, halted further investigation of him and his work under the National Security guise. His only reported crime was for killing an elephant with an overdose of LSD in the presence of school children. These facts I would learn after Cathy and I spoke with him by phone and subsequent disaster struck us. This too is another story in itself. The phone calls between Dr. Cory Hammond and myself were informative and supportive. He proved himself to be the single, most valuable live information asset I would know in my quest for expert therapy advice. Later Dr. Hammond delivered to the mental health community through a symposium presentation in 1991, the whole truth as he knew it on the topic of mind control.

His advisory instruction to me on a particular Erickson technique for painless, non abreactive memory recovery, called "revivification", literally saved my precious Cathy

from reliving the horrors as she remembered them. This man is my personal hero.

Spring in Alaska was a very different experience from what I was accustomed to in Tennessee. The Alaskans just refer to it as "break-up". In place of hearing the sounds of chirping birds, I listened to the drip noises from the ice melting off everything. The streets had become an ugly brown mush. For spring as normally a welcomed seasonal change, it was depressing to say the least. The only good news was that the days had slowly changed from darkness to warm sunlight. With this seasonal change, a time bomb I did not know existed began its countdown. Kelly's asthma and behavior were radically deteriorating for no apparent reason.

One Friday morning in May, Cathy received a call from Kelly's school principal requesting we pick her up as soon as possible and have her examined by a doctor. The school nurse said Kelly was having a severe asthmatic attack that did not respond to the medication she had with her. We picked her up only to find that her condition seemed to improve miraculously at the sight of us.

But this improvement would be short lived, The following Sunday, Kelly's coughing became almost constant. She had exhausted our supply of an important asthma medication which she regularly used in her respirator pump, I covertly substituted distilled water and sat with her while she struggled for her breath. Using an Erickson technique of guided imagery, I began telling her a story about a little girl who huffed and puffed and climbed a mountain. The story I told ended with the little girl reaching the top of the mountain only to be so tired that she fell asleep in a bed of wild flowers, Kelly responded by breathing normally and actually falling into a sound asleep for a few hours, only to awaken and repeat her coughing spell. I returned to her bedside and I asked why she coughed.

Kelly, somewhat agitated, responded, "I have asthma". I repeated the water substitution trick and she responded favorably and said, "Dad, Wayne (the father and alleged serial killer Satanist) told me I was gonna' die."

I said, "Well, he's not a doctor".

Kelly continued, "He really did say that over and over and over again."

I then asked, "When did he say this?"

"When school's out," she replied.

I asked, "What do you mean?"

She robotically repeated, "When school's out."

"Do you remember when Wayne said this to you?" I asked.

"In bed," she continued. "He thought I was asleep and he was talking on the phone to Alex (Houston) and then to me," I knew then Wayne Cox had programmed her to die using a clinical technique known as hypnosleep. Alex Houston was guiding Cox through the program.

I interrupted her (as I saw she was entering a deep state of trance) and responded, "Well, school's not out and tomorrow you will be well enough to go back to school."

As I suggested, Kelly did feel good the next morning and returned to school.

This day would be her last day in Birchwood Elementary.

Only a few hours passed before Cathy and I again were called, this time by the nurse who became agitated when Cathy truthfully answered her question, "Didn't you take her to the doctor?"

Cathy said. "No. but we will."

Later that evening, Cathy, Kelly and I would make the last of our emergency drives to seek medical help for Kelly.

At Anchorage's Humana Hospital, Cathy and I met with the young, very bright and beautiful physician, Dr. Lorrie Shepherd, who seemed perplexed and, perhaps, frightened as to Kelly's unexplainable deteriorating condition. I requested a private meeting and she complied.

After about thirty minutes of my explaining what Cathy and Kelly had been rescued from, I defined mind control for her. Learning this, Dr. Shepherd then consulted with a local female psychiatrist, Dr. Pat Patrick to evaluate Kelly, The evaluation was completed and Dr. Patrick invited Cathy, and eventually me, to her office for a consultation. This was to be Kelly's first official evaluation that indicated she suffered from Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD),⁵ a serious psychological disorder resulting from severe and repeated trauma.

5. The term Multiple personality Disorder (MPD) Is now clinically referred to by mental health professionals as Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID).

I then asked Dr. Patrick if she could arrange for a sexual abuse specialist to verify if Kelly had been abused. She complied. The results were positive. Dr. Patrick and Cathy seemed almost relieved at this validation. The result sickened me.

Kelly's asthma stabilized at Humana and she was transferred to Charter North Psychiatric Hospital for in-hospital care. Dr. Patrick apparently provided the best care she knew. Unfortunately it was inadequate. Months passed and the State of Alaska welfare authorities began to realise Kelly was not improving and her ineffective care costs were mounting by thousands of dollars weekly.

Dr. Patrick, Cathy, and I, with the cooperation of the Tennessee Violent Crimes Claims Commission, began searching for a hospital that would accept Medicaid insurance. Finally, one was located in Owensboro, Kentucky which advertised a specialty in working with ritually abused children. Kelly was transferred to this facility and the State of Alaska paid all the bills for her move there. Later we would learn that this elegant hospital facility was nothing more than a human warehouse that collected whatever fees the federal and state governments would pay them per child resident. A pretty place to see, but the care for Kelly would prove to be "less than nothing".

During the summer before Kelly was transferred to this Kentucky hospital, and Cathy was recovering satisfactorily, I felt it was safe to leave their side so that I could find work. We desperately needed money to travel, to live, and to return to the "lower 48" with Kelly in the winter.

I quickly secured a job at Alaska Business College as an interviewer of prospective students. My sales "performance" resulted in my being promoted in two weeks from an admissions representative to Director of Admissions. I banked as much money as possible from my earnings over the next five months to provide for our move, to be closer to Kelly. The thought of the separation agony that would exist between Cathy and Kelly served as a reminder of my ongoing separation from my son, whom I had not heard from in almost a year.

Cathy, on ill advice from me, called her father and begged for some financial help for Kelly's sake. Her father wired \$500 to confirm our location and commented, "This is America. Unless you come back to Michigan alone, no more money!" It was this statement that triggered Cathy's repressed memories of her own tortured childhood by this alleged pervert and slave salesman, Earl O'Brien.

Soon the FBI telephoned Cathy and told her that she needed to "voluntarily" conic to the Anchorage FBI office for questioning. Upon arrival, Cathy was informed that she was under federal investigation for attempting to extort money from her father.

Cathy looked strangely relieved when she heard these charges. Later I would learn that she felt better knowing for sure she was not "crazy" or delusional and that her father did in fact do those things to her and her brothers and sisters.

The FBI Agent was openly sympathetic and reportedly the DOJ "inspired" investigation was subsequently dropped upon his recommendation. This agent went on to secure a cash donation through his Mormon church that enabled us to leave his jurisdiction.

It is noteworthy that during this same time; through another special agent at the Anchorage FBI office, I was interrogated for "what I knew" regarding an unrelated crime involving my ex-wife and her lawyer boss in Florida. I knew nothing, I now know that the FBI was, in effect, attempting to destroy my credibility as advocate for Cathy and Kelly through their investigation efforts of me. Their case against my ex-wife and her lawyer

was solved, and her lawyer accomplice was convicted of first degree murder. My ex-wife became a state's witness and was acquitted.

However, days later I would "see" my ex-wife being arrested and processed on the popular national television show "Unsolved Mysteries". That unfortunate case involved only one homicide and made the national news for weeks to come. In contrast, Cathy's testimony, with proofs provided FBI officials, was filed and deliberately covered up. For Reasons of National Security.

The fall season in Alaska was now quickly giving in to winter and the "termination dust" (snow) was re-coating the surrounding mountains. The air was definitely becoming nippy. The change of seasons signaled another change within my new family. Kelly was going to be transferred soon to the Kentucky Valley Institute of Psychiatry (V.I.P.).

Cathy and I had been saving every dollar I could earn during my brief tenure at Alaska Business College in preparation for our move back to the "lower 48".

I realized now that Cathy had gone into a state of recovery known as "fusion". She had long since stopped switching personalities and had become a beautiful, intelligent, and logical lady. She was no longer susceptible to anyone triggering her to go against or away from me. She continued to journal her traumatic memories and was professionally adjudged stable.

The passage on ships and ferries out of Anchorage to Seattle was booked solid for months ahead. They would only accept freight and/or vehicles. I purchased two, one-way tickets on Alaska Airlines and brought our family car, a 1976 AMC Pacer, and remaining belongings to the Anchorage docks for shipment.

Suddenly, as we packed our bags and were ready to board our flight, a nearby volcano erupted and halted all air traffic in or out of Anchorage for the following two weeks. We waited anxiously for the airport to reopen. We would leave first and Kelly and her nurse would soon follow. This would be the first step of what would be an endless journey in our pursuit of justice.

CHAPTER 4: TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES. JUST US PURSUED AND JUSTICE DENIED

Our much anticipated arrival into the Seattle (Washington) International Airport terminal heralded a new beginning. Cathy appeared to be openly optimistic that perhaps, at long last, Kelly would soon have her chance for recovery. Privately, I felt much less hopeful, I knew from past personal experiences and through my "insider sources" that mental health physicians from the private sector of society had little acquaintance with secret U.S.

Government mind-control research. The only mind-control information these doctors had access to for the most part was from the hysterical comments supplied them by

their troubled patients. Hysteria, in this case, as a symptom of misinformation is highly contagious, and therefore spread throughout the mental health profession. Many practitioners displayed symptoms of the "ostrich syndrome" to me, their peers, and patients through fear and chronic denial.

It was 1990, the beginning of the last decade of this century and the millennium, and most mental health physicians remained in a state of denial concerning the existence of mind control. Mental health as a science is barely one-hundred years of age. Truly an industry in its infancy in relation to the other recognized healing arts.

Due to mental health's infancy and the fact that it is rooted in the archaic, mystical theories of Jung and Freud, combined with the non-availability of government controlled research information, the term "mental health" is viewed by patients and doctors alike as an oxymoron. Patients I have interviewed who suffer from dissociative disorders frequently refer to the profession as "mental hell," and their well-intentioned provider as "the rapist". Unfortunately for all parties concerned, in many reported instances these cruel labels are consistent with the quality of the care provided. Whereas I strongly support, in concept, the healing arts existing in the fields of mental health that could be applied in the treatment of mind-control patients, I cannot foresee their application in meeting the needs of these patients without some radical changes in our National Security Act. Around 1970, I recall witnessing a "mild" case in point. I was overseeing the video taping of a TOP SECRET psychiatric experiment involving a young man who had suffered brain damage resulting from some type of severe head trauma. This patient was ambulatory. He could not remember anything, express himself, or for that matter, think. He was not brain dead. He was mind dead. Through the application of a combination of experimental drugs and hi-tech electronic technology involving harmonics, his brain was being "retrained" to permit constructed thought processes to commence. The brain scar tissue that was inhibiting his ability to think was being chemically and electronically by-passed. I equated this experimental procedure to the "hot wiring" of an ignition switch of an automobile to preclude the use of a key.

The extraordinary procedure and subsequent results of this experimental therapy was meticulously recorded. The record, tape, and doctor notes were dropped into a security envelope and were taken by courier to Fort George Meade, Maryland.

What made this case so memorable was the event that immediately followed.

I overheard the experiment's attending physician complaining bitterly to his nurse colleague that "his" patient in an adjoining ward, who was not a "DOD guinea pig," through application of this method, could "probably recover". The doctor's complaint addressed his being prohibited from applying state-of-the-art treatment for his patient by virtue of his DOD oath of secrecy. This doctor was frustrated at being forced to serve two masters. The DOD being one master held control over his career through his medical license, liability insurance, and the secrecy oath he had signed. The second master was the doctor's own moral and ethical standards, supported by the Hippocratic Oath he had signed upon becoming a physician.

Thus without benefit of the voluminous DOD research findings and technology developments, the medical field of mental health is in its learning curve for establishing models to provide patients state-of-the-art care. In other words, mental health providers themselves are quickly becoming the second group of mind/information control victims.

The mental health profession is in a state of crisis and has arrived at the proverbial crossroads of failure and success. The road to success through the application of available technologies appears to be blocked FOR REASONS OF NATIONAL SECURITY.

As a direct result of DOD management of mind research secrets and the resulting federal information containment practices, mental health providers are on the defensive with their patients, the courts, and more recently with certain special interest action groups. These groups are attacking the mental health professional as a target for destruction. Well-funded organizations with very questionable agendas, such as the False Memory Foundation (FMF) and the Church of Scientology, have publicly denounced mental health as a profession.

The Church of Scientology has emerged as the apparent leader in publicly denouncing the mental health profession. Through the church's Washington, D.C. based "human rights" lobby group, it has launched a massive negative propaganda campaign accompanied by numerous lawsuits against ethical drug companies and mental health providers.

Scientologists believe their church's founder, L. Ron Hubbard, has discovered a cure-all for mental illness through behavior modification.

Hubbard, a successful science fiction writer, allegedly acquired knowledge of subliminal mind control through his military service with U.S. Navy Intelligence. He named his behavioral modification program Dianetics after his first wife, Diane.

The False Memory Foundation is a lobby group which is primarily utilized by persons charged with sexual abuse. The FMF is desperately attempting to develop legislation that restricts therapy for persons suffering from dissociative disorders as a result of trauma. This organization's stated beliefs include that repressed memory is a myth. FMF has found the mental health profession's Achilles' heel.

To date, the model for developing an effective therapy regime for dissociative disorders (which are as a result of repeated trauma) has not been published by either the American Psychiatric Association or the American Psychological Association. The difficulty in developing a model is due to a number of factors. The primary factor involves national security secrets concerning classified mind-control research.

In the present climate, referring mind-control victims to mental health professionals for treatment would be tantamount to subjecting a patient needing delicate surgery to a

surgeon who was blind-folded and hand-cuffed. The knowledge of these conditions produced the private opinion I withheld from Cathy when she professed optimism for Kelly's latest recovery opportunity.

Nevertheless, Cathy was nearing complete recovery and we both recognized we were doing all we could at the moment to provide for Kelly's needs. Perhaps identifying "who" within our government is interested in withholding vital medical research findings and technologies information from the mental health profession could provide a foundation of understanding.

From my personal experiences while working for Capital International Airways.

I formed a strong opinion that addresses this question. However, the answer that mirrors my perception was later eloquently provided by a Washington.

D.C. news correspondent and journalist, Linda Hunt, in her book Secret Agenda. The historical basis for this book are the declassified DOD documents identifying Project Paperclip as being the secret importation/relocation of Nazr and Fascist scientist into the United States over a forty-year period.

These brilliant criminal scientists were primarily focused on two areas of research, rockets and the mind. They were placed in positions of authority in, among others, prestigious universities, colleges, industries, and NASA. Over the years, these imported criminals have directly influenced our society with advanced rocket technologies and mind-control applications through U.S.

Government sponsored research. According to Secret Agenda, Nazism, as a philosophy and form of government, is alive and destroying our country, in part, as a result of Project Paperclip.

I can attest to this statement from personal knowledge gained during my employment at Capital international Airways, which is named as one of the primary transporters for Project Paperclip.

These were background facts for some of the thoughts that rushed through my mind on our Jong drive from Seattle to the Southeastern U.S. I was anxious to discover the end results of my telephone campaign in the pursuit of justice I had waged while in Alaska.

Our first destination would be Huntsville, Alabama. This southern U.S. city is famous for its tourism centerpiece, the NASA owned U.S. Space and Rocket Center. The town also boasts of being home to more Pentagon, black-budget, U.S. dollars per capita than anyplace in America. Cathy harbors a very different opinion of this town, its police force, and the NASA research facility.

For Cathy and Kelly, Huntsville had been a place they were regularly taken to by Alex Houston for hi-tech torture and the production of child and adult pornography films.

This trip to Huntsville would be different for Cathy, except for one aspect of her previous experiences. Both she and I would receive our first threat to our lives in our pursuit of justice from law enforcement. This was surprising to me and "normal" for Cathy.

The lead-up to this threat began with my phone call to a Huntsville based legal aid group known as the National Association of Child Advocates. This organization publicized that it was formed through the leadership efforts of the local district attorney 'Bud' Crammer, who is known to his constituents as "Gun Ban Bud". After supplying this advocacy center with Cathy's recollections of her past experiences in Huntsville, we were contacted by two Huntsville City Police Department "vice" detectives. Their names were Jeff Bennet and Chuck Crabtree.

Upon our arrival into Huntsville, these two vice cops escorted us and our trailer to a local apartment used for staging drug buys. The place was furnished, complete with audio and video bugs throughout every room. When I asked Bennet if the "place was bugged," he flatly denied it. From this lie I knew with certainty that Cathy and I were there to be specimens for whomever to study, I knew "who," and we gave them our best performance to mislead them. This action probably saved our lives.

After weeks of "delays," the two vice cops sat down with Cathy and me for discussion. She supplied them a myriad of testimony including detailed physical descriptions of two particular perpetrators, their names, and location maps of where they lived and allegedly produced child and adult pornography. The two perpetrators, themselves Huntsville policemen, were also helpful assets in the campaign for electing District Attorney Bud Crammer. Their names were Audie Majors and Sergeant Frank Crowell.

After Cathy had exhausted all of her recollections, Crabtree and Bennet ordered us to "leave Huntsville now while we were still alive, and shut up if we intended to stay that way!"

Later, Cathy and I would learn that Crabtree and Bennet had notified every law enforcement officer in over five states to whom we had provided information. They reported that we were a pair of "professional con artist criminals". Perhaps they were able to accomplish this discrediting tactic as a result of police reports we filed in other states, which included a reference to our "bud experience" with the Huntsville Police Department. In addition, the Nashville office of the FBI was responsible for perpetrating Crabtree's and Bennet's discrediting lies. This FBI action ceased after resident-agent-in-charge Ben Purser was told by a friendly district attorney that I now could prove the identity and prosecute those responsible for the character assassination. The harassment stopped,

It is interesting to note that 'Bud' Crammer would in less than a year, be elected to Congress. Within months after his election, Bud was rewarded for years of alleged containment practices. Allegedly Bud has been covering up investigations for the intelligence community, DOD, and of course his number one financial supporter, NASA.

The wife of an Atlanta, Georgia physician, Ms. Faye Yeager, did however survive Bud's wrath in court. Her "crime" was advocating for and protecting a child who had been horribly abused. This courageous lady had her day in court and won. Now she has filed a counter-suit in Federal court. Reeling from Bud's "second hand" threats to our lives, we returned to Nashville. Here we learned that the Kentucky V.I.P. hospital administration had suddenly declared Kelly's State of Alaska medical records "to be in error". V.I.P. said she was "fine!" This statement was supplemented by "you best come here now and pick her up or we'll give her to Kentucky Child Services and they will find adoptive parents."

This was a terrifying development since Kelly could not function outside a restrictive environment. She had been declared suicidal and homicidal by three attending physicians and/or therapists. Cathy and I were homeless. We brought Kelly back to Tennessee where she, Cathy and I stayed in my mother's tiny two-bedroom home. This living arrangement would not last. Kelly's asthma (program), destined to separate her from her mother, returned within 48 hours. We rushed her, gasping for breath, to Vanderbilt Hospital in Nashville for emergency treatment. Again Kelly's condition worsened to the extremely critical point, then returned to normal. Her attending doctor thought he had seen a real miracle until he learned about mind control.

Vanderbilt Hospital physicians who reviewed Kelly's past medical and psychiatric records recommended that she be moved to the worst child warehouse we've seen so far, Crocket/Cumberland House, the "home for broken butterflies" (see photo). Because Cathy and I were both unemployed and Kelly only had Medicaid insurance, the State of Tennessee demanded temporary custody. Their demands for custody were legally legitimate and morally equated to extortion for they had no intentions of seeking expert therapy for Kelly.

Through a lengthy two-year court proceeding, with five lawyers opposing Cathy, we had a partial victory, Kelly was transferred to Charter Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee where again she did not receive MPD/DID therapy, but for the first time did receive genuine empathy from a social worker, Abbott Jordan.

During this period, my life and liberty was threatened by the Nashville Metro Police Department. This verbal death threat was delivered by Metro Homicide Captain Mickey Miller and echoed by his friend and subordinate Lt. Tommy Jacobs. Miller said, "You best forget this woman; walk away from all this now before your health changes." Jacobs said, "There's nothing wrong with that kid that her father (Cox) can't fix. She just has allergies. You'd best forget you ever heard of either one of them." I have all this conversation on audio tape.

Within a few months of these threats came others threatening both our lives and liberty from every branch of law enforcement within the State of Tennessee. This included the Nashville office of the FBI. The latter was in the form of a "clerical mistake" on the part of the FBI that was to be a "frame up" for my supposedly threatening the President of

the United States, George Bush.

This charge was totally groundless and was subsequently dropped, but only after I secured a lawyer. It was now 1991, and Cathy and I had determined that we must proceed with "phase two" of our pursuit of justice through a well organized information dissemination campaign. The funding for this project would indirectly come from the assistance of Bill Ross who also provided constant moral support. Cathy and I have always felt uncomfortable exposing gentle persons like Bill Ross to such horrific information as pertains to trauma-based mind control.

However, we have learned over the years through our public speaking engagements and consultations with physicians and others that, generally speaking, people appreciate knowing WHY they are no longer "at the top of the food chain," Bill Ross like hundreds of others never gave up hope that we would live to tell our story.

Five years have passed since we returned from Alaska. The lessons learned through this trail-blazing effort in our pursuit of justice should never be taught to anyone. No person should have to experience the heartache, desperation, and grinding poverty that Cathy, Kelly, and I have had to live with during the winding down portion of our information dissemination campaign. Cathy approached me with an idea she thought could help us win public support. She had repeatedly commented that she wanted to rescue Seidina 'Dina' Reed, daughter of actor/singer Jerry Reed of Smokey And The Bandit fame. According to Cathy, she had been used repeatedly in pornography productions with Seidina over the years and had bonded with this once beautiful woman.

Seidina's husband, David Rorick, aka Dave Roe, was then her alleged sadistic handler. It is noteworthy that Roe allegedly received his training on how to maintain a slave, using specific tortures, from Alex Houston. Roe lived and reportedly loved, with Houston before he met Seidina. Cathy and I naively believed at the time that Jerry Reed was not involved in his daughter's enslavement as was Cathy's father. Furthermore, we were convinced that Jerry Reed, with his numerous connections into politics and the entertainment industry could be a powerful ally. This was not to be.

I rescued Seidina and in minutes after the rescue, she began talking, but not until I had discussed my plan in person with her famous father and his agent at a Brentwood, Tennessee restaurant. Reed had more than enough time to warn Roe that I was armed and on my way to his house. All evidences disappeared.

Years later a U.S. Customs Enforcement officer informed me that I had "somedoby" connected to Reed, possibly Reed himself, suggesting "I might be blackmailing him." This "clean" customs officer knew I had rescued Seidina from Roe's enslavement and that I had audio taped all meetings with Seidina, Jerry Reed, and his wife, Prissy. He was openly concerned for my safety and that Reed was lying so as to frighten me away.

Within two months after the rescue, Seidina and her mother filed criminal charges,

including sexual child abuse (of Seidina's four-year-old son) against Roe. A "spook informant" working within the Nashville District Attorney's office alerted me to these charges and the anticipated outcome. No action was taken FOR REASONS OF NATIONAL SECURITY.

Seidina had been prostituted to, among many others, heads of state, and to the Arabian Ambassador to the U.S., Prince Bandar Bin Sultan. According to an involved witnesses of one of her encounters with Bandar (a friend of George Bush) she was one of his favorite slaves. We've never heard from Seidina or any member of her family since the rescue. This trek through hell in our pursuit of justice taught nothing to Cathy that she had not already been told by her abusers. For me, I learned the hard way that our Constitution was only a beautiful plan that had been stolen, plundered, and replaced FOR REASONS OF NATIONAL SECURITY.

Today, Cathy, Kelly, I and all true patriots stand at the proverbial crossroads of revolution or evolution. Through armed revolution, we patriots will perish and the emergence of a totally government controlled society will herald in another period of "dark ages". As a proud gun owner, armed with inside knowledge, I know we are technologically out-gunned. Whereas if we choose to evolve through the challenges to our psyche that developed communication technologies present we can reinstate our Constitution and set our people free. Revolution or Evolution-change in life as we know it is inevitable.

Each of us must now take a stand to commit a portion of our individual time and diminishing resources to support the action groups and individuals who are not afraid to work at taking back our government through mass exposure of its crimes. We must seek new leaders who will be committed to doing the most with the least. These leaders share the battle cry that SILENCE DOES (indeed) EQUAL DEATH. 6 Hund, Linda, Secret Agenda, St. Martin's Press 1991

PART II by Cathy O'Brien

AN OPEN LETTER

Mind control is absolute. Under MK-Ultra Project Monarch trauma-based mind control, I lost control over my own free will thoughts - I could not think to question, reason, or consciously comprehend - I could only do exactly what I was driven to do. Those who controlled my mind, and ultimately my actions, claimed to be "aliens," "demons," and "gods". But it was my experience that these perpe-TRAITORS of New World Order controls were/are bound by fully, human confines, despite their terror-tactic claims and illusions. The true laws of nature, and the same laws of man do, indeed, apply to them.

While they manipulated me by my religion, my maternal instincts, and my genuine concern for humanity - they never "possessed" my innate being. They could make me one of them. They never took into consideration the strength of the human spirit. They did not even know it existed. Ask why.

DEDICATION

This book is for Kelly, in order that she is understood and granted her right to qualified rehabilitation for the MK-Ultra Project Monarch Mind-Control abuses she endured at the hands of our country's so-called leaders.

This book is dedicated, as am I, to Mark Phillips for rescuing Kelly and me from our mind-controlled existence, and clearing the way to recovery for Kelly by lovingly assisting me in the restoration of my mind, memory, and ultimately my free will.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A special thanks to those unseen, whose presence have been evident. And a special thanks to those unsung - you know who you are.

TRANSE-FORMATION OF AMERICA

My name is Cathleen (Cathy) Ann O'Brien, born 12/4/57 in Muskegon, Michigan. I have prepared this book for your review and edification concerning a little known tool that "our" United States Government is covertly, illegally, and un-constitutionally using to implement the New World Order (One World Government). This well documented tool is a sophisticated and advanced form of behavior modification (brainwashing) most commonly known as MIND CONTROL. My first hand knowledge of this TOF SECRET U.S. Government Psychological Warfare technique is drawn from my personal experience as a White House "Presidential Model" mind-control slave.

Much of the information enclosed herein has been corroborated and validated through brave and courageous "clean" members of the law enforcement, scientific, and Intelligence communities familiar with this case. These individuals' efforts helped me to understand and corroborate what happened after a lifetime of systematic physical and psychological torture orchestrated to modify my behavior through totally controlling my mind. Some of these courageous individuals are employed by the very system that controlled me and live in fear of losing their jobs, their families, or their lives. They have gone as far as they dare towards publicly exposing this tool of the engineers of the New World Order-to no avail. This book is a grassroots effort to solicit and enlist the public and private support of Human Rights advocates, the recognized, respected doers in America to expose this invisible personal and social menace. This can be done by well organised, cooperative citizens with a passion for justice, who have expressed interest in restoring our Constitution and taking back America. This copy you hold is for your edification and action.

While these pages have been condensed for your quick perusal, there are literally thousands of files of documentation that support much of what I am reporting. Thanks to those dedicated individuals who found a means of manipulating the system more cleverly than the perpetrators, the documents referred to were declassified for release

right at the source!

It is my patriotic respect for the principles of truth, justice, and ultimately that freedom on which America was founded that compels me to expose the world domination motivations of those in control of our government, commonly referred to as the Shadow Government. By taking back America NOW, we can maintain the integrity of our country's history and future by detaining its destined course of being recognized world wide for the mind-control atrocities unleashed on humanity that literally begin where Adolph Hitler left off.

Hitler's version of world domination that he termed in 1939 the "New World Order" is currently being implemented through advanced technologies in, among others, genetic mind-control engineering by those in control of America.

Senator Daniel Inouye, (D. HI) commented about the operations of this secret government before a Senate Subcommittee and described it well as "...a shadowy government with its own Air Force, its own Navy, its own fund raising mechanism, and the ability to pursue its own ideas of 'national interest', free from all checks and balances and free from the law itself."

The expertise of my primary advocate and skilled deprogrammer, Mark Phillips, developed through his U.S. Defense Department knowledge of "Top Secret" mind-control research and researchers, was responsible for the restoration of my mind to normal functioning. As a result, I have recovered the memories related in this text, and having survived the ordeal, have reached this point of enormous frustration. In 1988, through a series of brilliantly orchestrated events, Mark Phillips rescued me and my 8-year-old daughter, Kelly, from our mind-controlled existence and took us to the safety of Alaska for rehabilitation. It was there that we began the tedious process of untangling my amnesic mind to consciously recall what I was supposed to forget, Many U.S. and foreign government secrets and personal reputations were staked on the belief that I could not be deprogrammed and rehabilitated to accurately reveal the criminal covert activities and perversions in which Kelly and I were forced to participate, particularly during the Reagan/Bush Administrations. Now that I have gained control of my own mind, I view it as my duty as a mother and American patriot to exercise my gained free will to expose the mind-control atrocities that my daughter and I endured at the hands of those in control of our government. This personal view of inside Pandora's Box includes a keen perception of how mind control is being used to apparently implement the New World Order, and a personal knowledge of WHO some of the so-called "masterminds" are behind this world and mind dominance effort.

Most Americans old enough to remember recall exactly where they were and what they were doing when President John F. Kennedy was shot. His assassination traumatized the nation and provides an example of how the human mind photographically records events surrounding trauma. The traumas I routinely endured during my mind-controlled victimization provided me the latitude to recover my memory in the photographic detail in which it was recorded. The direct quotes I have included in the following pages

depicting carefully selected events, are verbatim. I apologize for any obscenities quoted, but this was necessary to maintain the integrity of the statements and accurately reflect the character of the speaker(s).

While I am free to speak my mind, Kelly, now 17, is not so fortunate. Kelly has yet to receive rehabilitation for her shattered personality and programmed young mind. The high tech sophistication of the Project Monarch trauma-based mind-control procedures she endured, literally since birth, reportedly requires highly specialized, qualified care to aid her in eventually gaining control of her mind and life. Due to the political power of our abusers, all efforts to obtain her inalienable right to rehabilitation and seek justice have been blocked under the guise of so-called "National Security". As a result, Kelly remains untreated in the custody of the State of Tennessee-a victim of the system a system controlled and manipulated by our abusive government "leaders" - a system where State Forms make no allowances to report military TOP SECRET abuses - a system which exists due to federal funding directed by our perverse, corrupt abusers in Washington, D.C. She remains a political prisoner in the custody of the State of Tennessee to this moment, waiting and hurting!

Violations of laws and rights, Psychological Warfare intimidation tactics, threats to our lives, and various other forms of CIA Damage Containment practices thus far have remained unhindered and unchecked due to the National Security Act of 1947 AND the 1986 Reagan Amendment to same which allows those in control of our government to censor and/or cover-up anything they choose. Now, with our country free from outside threats as a result of the fall of the Soviet Union, our "free press" is reportedly no longer encumbered by censorship. This fact alone should free us to pursue justice, but it has not.

Please ask why.

Hence the purpose of releasing this book at this time. After seven long years of being unjustly and painfully separated from my daughter, while our abusers have had full access to her through a corrupt and manipulated system, it is my fervent hope and intent to solicit help from you in the form of advice, expertise, and public outcry concerning this very solvable problem.

I could not prevent the traumatic mind-control abuses Kelly endured due to my own victimization, yet she is depending on me now to expose the truth and enlist the help that the Juvenile Court has restrained her from seeking. I dedicate this book to Kelly, and all others like her, and to every American unaware of the mind-control atrocities prevailing in this country. What Americans don't know is destroying them from the inside out. Knowledge is our only defense against mind control. It is time to WAKE UP and arm ourselves with the truth, restore the constitutional values of freedom and justice for all, to retroactively enforce the 13th Amendment, and take back America!

CHAPTER 1: MY INTRODUCTION TO HUMANITY

My pedophile father, Earl O'Brien, brags that he began substituting his penis for my mother's nipple soon after I was born. My multigenerational incest-abused mother, Carol Tanis, did not protest his perverse actions due to (reportedly) having similar abuse as a child which caused her to acquire Multiple Personality Disorder.¹ My earliest recovered memory was that I could not breathe with my father's penis jammed into my little throat. Yet I could not discern his semen from my mother's milk. I do not recall thinking, but I am aware through education that this early sexual abuse distorted my primitive concepts of feeding, breathing, sexuality, and parental perceptions.

I recall as a toddler being unable to run (I could barely walk) to my mother for help as my instincts demanded. Through my gulping sobs, my terror rose as I tried to clear my throat of my father's semen and draw a breath of air. My mother finally arrived at my side. Rather than comfort me, she accused me of throwing a temper tantrum and "holding my breath". She responded only by throwing a glass of cold water in my face. I was shocked! As the water splashed my face, I knew she would not help and it was up to me to save myself. I automatically Multiple Personality Disordered. I was, of course, too young to logically understand that what my father was doing to me was wrong.

I accepted his strangling sexual abuse as a normal and natural part of my home life, and split off a personality to deal with the pain and suffocation to satisfy his perversions. Therefore as a child, I was dissociative of my father's abuse. I was totally unable to recall his sexual abuse, even in his presence, until I saw and felt his penis. Then the terror, which was my conditioned response, triggered access to that part of my brain that previously endured the trauma, I was remembering the abuse and how to deal with it. This part of my brain developed into a personality of its own-which belonged to my father-which he rented out and later sold to the U.S. Government as will be explained and detailed in the following pages.

Other parts of my conditioned mind dealt with other abusers, abuses and circumstances. My father was (as revealed by my own investigations) apparently a multigenerational incest child from a large, poor, and horribly dysfunctional family. His mother earned a living as a prostitute for local lumbermen after his father died when he was two years old. My father's brothers and sister were all sexually and (occult) ritually abused just as he was.

They grew up to be drug addicts, prostitutes, street derelicts, and pedophiles who also sexually abused me and my brothers and sisters. I developed more personality splits to deal with the traumas of these torturous relationships.

My mother's dysfunctional family also appears to be multigenerational, but of a slightly higher socio-economic class. Her father owned the building occupied by a Masonic Blue Lodge he led, and managed a local beer distribution business with her mother after completing his military career.

Together they sexually abused my mother and her three brothers, who in turn sexually abused me.

My family often went camping on the vast wilderness acreage surrounding my grandfather's Masonic Lodge in Newaygo, Michigan. Large bluffs referred to as "The High Banks" overlooked the White River flowing through his property, which is where we pitched our tents. My mother's brothers, Uncle Ted and Uncle Arthur "Bomber" Tanis, often accompanied us and sexually abused my brother and me.

It was deer hunting season in or around November, 1961, when my father took the family camping on The High Banks to hunt with my uncles. That night, as my brother and I were being sexually passed around the campfire to satisfy pedophile perversions, a lost hunter stumbled into our camp. My father shot him when he attempted to run; the rifle's blasts piercing my brain and further fragmenting my mind. I sat dazed in a dissociative trance while my mother methodically picked up the campsite and my father and uncles disposed of the body.

As my father drove us away from the crime scene, we were stopped by several hunters who had the road blocked in a desperate attempt to locate their missing companion. They described the man I saw my father kill, and said they heard gunshots. Reality intruded on my dissociative trance, and I screamed and cried hysterically until I no longer knew why I was crying.

My Uncle Ted² soon became a street derelict. Uncle Bomber died a few years later from alcoholism in his early forties. And my father became more financially and politically connected.

My mother's oldest brother, Uncle Bob, was a pilot in Air Force Intelligence and often boasted that he worked for the Vatican. Uncle Bob was also a commercial pornographer, producing kiddie porn for the local Michigan Mafia, which looped back to Mafia porn king and U.S. Representative Jerry Ford. I split off more personalities just to deal with my Uncle Bob, his "friends," and the perverse business he shared with my father.

My father's sixth grade education had earned him a job as a worm digger for local sport fishermen. By the time I was six years old, however, his pornographic exploitation of my older brother, Bill, and me had provided enough income to move us into a bigger house nestled in the Michigan sand dunes. My father was right at home there. The tourists and drug dealers who littered the eastern shore of Lake Michigan further supplemented his income by paying for perverse sex with us children. My father also became involved in illicit drug sales.

Soon after we moved, my father was reportedly caught sending kiddie porn through the U.S. mail. It was a bestiality film of me with my Uncle Sam O'Brien's Boxer dog, Buster. My Uncle Bob, also implicated in manufacturing the porn, out of apparent desperation informed my father of a U.S. Government Defense Intelligence Agency TOP SECRET Project to which he was privy.

This was Project Monarch. Project Monarch was a mind-control operation which was "recruiting" multigenerational incest abused children with Multiple Personality Disorder for its genetic mind-control studies. I was a prime "candidate," a "chosen one". My father seized the opportunity as it would provide him immunity from prosecution. In the midst of the pandemonium that ensued, Jerry Ford arrived at our house with the evidence in hand for a meeting with my father.

"Is Earl home?" he called to my mother, who nervously stood behind the screen door, hesitating to let him in.

"Not yet," my mother replied, her voice shaking. "He should have been home from work by now-I know he's expecting you."

"That's OK". Ford turned his attention to me. I was standing outside on the front porch, and he crouched down to my level. Patting the large, brown envelope containing the confiscated porn tucked under his arm he said, "You like doggies, huh?"

"Buster is a nice doggy," I replied. "He's funny." Not understanding why the dog had been whisked away when the porn was confiscated, I complained, "Buster's gone."

"Buster's gone?" Ford asked.

"Yeah. My Uncle Sam took him away," I told him.

Ford laughed loudly at the irony of my statement. In my limited view, I thought he found it humorous that Buster was gone. My father pulled into the driveway, honking the horn of his new, tan convertible. Ford stood up. With his fly eye level to me, I noticed his penis was erect and reached for it as conditioned.

"Not now, honey," he said. "I have business to tend..." Ford went inside with my parents to officially seal my fate.

Not long after that my father was flown to Boston for a two-week course at Harvard on how to raise me for this off-shoot of MK-Ultra Project Monarch, When he returned from Boston, my father was smiling and pleased with his new knowledge of what he termed "reverse psychology".

This equates to "satanic reversals," and involves such play-on-words as puns and phrases that stuck in my mind like, "You earn your keep, and I'll keep what you earn." He presented me with a commemorative charm bracelet of dogs, and my mother with the news that they "would be having more children" to raise in the project. (I now have two sisters and four brothers ranging from age 16 to 37 who are still under mind control.) My mother complied with my father's suggestions, mastering the art of language manipulation. For example, when I could not snap my own pyjama top to the bottoms in a childish effort to keep my father out of them, I asked my mother, "please snap me". She did. She would snap her forefingers against my skin in a stinging

manner. The pain I felt was psychological as this proved to me once again that she had no intention of protecting me from my father's sexual abuse.

Also in keeping with his government-provided instructions, my father began working me like the legendary Cinderella. I shoveled fireplace ashes, hauled stacked firewood, raked leaves, shoveled snow, chopped ice, and swept "because," my father said, "your little hands fit so nicely around the rake, mop, shovel, and broom handles."

By this time, my father's sexual exploitation of me included prostitution to his friends, local mobsters and Masons, relatives, Satanists, strangers, and police officers. When I wasn't being worked to physical exhaustion, filmed pornographically, prostituted, or engaged in incest abuse, I dissociated into books. I had learned to read at the young age of four due to my photographic memory which was a natural result of MPD/DID.

Government researchers involved in MK-Ultra Project Monarch knew about the photographic memory aspect of MPD/DID, of course, as well as other resultant "super human" characteristics. Visual acuity of an MPD/DID is 44 times greater than that of the average person. My developed unusually high pain threshold, plus compartmentalization of memory were "necessary" for military and covert operations applications. Additionally, my sexuality was primitively twisted from infancy. This programming was appealing and useful to perverse politicians who believed they could hide their actions deep within my memory compartments, which clinicians refer to as personalities.

Immediately after my father's return from Boston, I was routinely prostituted to then Michigan State Senator Guy VanderJagt. VanderJagt later became a U.S. Congressman and eventually chairman of the Republican National Congressional Committee that put George Bush in the office of President. I was prostituted to VanderJagt after numerous local parades which he always participated in, at the Mackinac Island Political Retreat, and in my home state of Michigan, among other places.

My Uncle Bob helped my father decorate my bedroom in red, white, and blue paneling and American flags. He provided assistance in scrambling my mind according to Project Monarch methodologies. Fairy tale themes were used to confuse fantasy with reality, particularly Disney stories and the Wizard of Oz, which provided the base for future programming.

I had personalities for pornography, a personality for bestiality, a personality for incest, a personality for withstanding the horrendous psychological abuse of my mother, a personality for prostitution, and the rest of "me" functioned somewhat "normally" at school. My "normal" personality provided a cover for the abuse I was enduring, but best of all it had hope, hope that there was somewhere in the world where people did not hurt each other. This same personality also attended Catechism, a weekly class at our Catholic church, St. Francis de Sales in Muskegon, Michigan.

My Catechism teacher was a Nun, or "Sister." Although I could not consciously think to protect myself from abuse, I had decided that becoming a Nun would provide me with the kind of life I sought. I could not rely upon my family, the police, or politicians to protect me. The church appeared to be my answer, and I listened diligently in class and prayed religiously. I learned all about the political structure of the church, and was prepared for my first Confession,

The Catholic beliefs I was taught include the idea that man is not fit to talk to God (the Father) directly, but must have a priest intercede instead. This is the purpose of going to Confession. I was instructed to tell my sins to the priest (also referred to as Father), who would relay the message to God. He would then supposedly tell me how many "Hail Marys" and "Our Father" prayers to say as my penance, or punishment. My Catechism teacher gave the class several examples of "sins," which included "sex outside of marriage."

When the Priest, Father James Thaylen, slid open the little screened partition in the closet sized confessional, I began as I had been instructed, "Forgive me Father, for I have sinned...." I then proceeded to tell him that I had sex with my father and brother, to which he responded that I should "say three Hail Marys and one Our Father and I would be forgiven?!"

I knew then that I had to either believe that this Confession thing was a hoax, or that God condoned sexual child abuse. That night, my father had a talk with me. Apparently he was the "Father" that the priest had interceded to.

My father instructed me that "from now on," I was to simply say "I disobeyed my parents" when I went to Confession and nothing more!

The next time I went to Confession, I did exactly as I was told. The veiled screen came off the Confessional partition between me and the priest, and a penis was stuck through the window, "God said that your penance is to treat me as you would your father. And remember, 'whatsoever you do to the least of your brothers, that you do unto me'." After performing oral sex on Father Thaylen, I emerged from the Confessional where all the other kids were waiting very impatiently for their turn. My teacher scolded me for taking so long and told me to add a few extra "Our Fathers" to my penance. When I told her I already did my penance, she told me again the "order of things" to the Confessional ritual which did not fit anything I had just experienced!

Without ever consciously knowing why, I abandoned the idea of becoming a Nun as that part of me, too, split off from what was left of my "normal" base personality.

I continued to maintain an illusion of normalcy for school,⁵ excelling in my studies due to my photographic memory and in spite of my chronic "daydreaming".

I had plenty of friends and played enthusiastically at recess, expending large amounts of energy in my subconscious effort to escape my own mind. And I lost myself in the

books my father suggested I read: the Wizard Of Oz, Alice In Wonderland, Island of the Blue Dolphins, Disney Classics, and Cinderella—all of which were used in conditioning my mind for what soon would become mind-control programming."

My television viewing was restricted and monitored in keeping with my father's gained knowledge. I was, however permitted to watch the "best" of movies: The Wizard Of Oz, Disney Classics, Alice In Wonderland, and Cinderella—over and over and over again.

When I was in second grade, my Brownie Troop marched in the Memorial Day Parade in which then Michigan State Senator VanderJagt also participated.

At the end of the parade, he took me into a nearby motel and had me perform oral sex on him before sending me back to where my Brownie Troop was waiting. My Brownie leader and peers thought it commendable that VanderJagt took me with him. They gathered around to hear all about it. I noticed a white splash of semen on my sash, and hurriedly explained that he had "taken me for a milkshake" as I wiped it away. Having to cover for his perversion to my Brownie Troop infringed on my school personality, and the "normal" remainder became even smaller.

With the memory of this incident compartmentalized in my mind. I made so conscious association to VanderJagt when my third grade teacher announced that we were taking a field trip to the State Capital in Lansing, Michigan where he was in session. Once at the Capital, I was ushered away from my classmates and taken to an office where he was waiting with his friend and mentor (soon to be President) Gerald Ford. VanderJagt lifted my skirt, pulled down my panties, and placed me on his desk for sex with him and Ford. Afterward they laughed as VanderJagd placed a small American flag in my rectum and instructed me to wave it. He then presented me with a Kennedy pen inscribed with the motto that would lead me for the rest of my mind-controlled existence, "Ask not what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country."

VanderJagt then escorted me back to the balcony of the Legislature where my classmates were gathered. He put his arm around me in front of all my classmates and presented me with the American Flag he had just had me wave for him and Ford with my rectum. My school personality split off again, but I still maintained the hope that somewhere, someday, I would find a place where people didn't...what? I could not remember what I was seeking to escape.

1. Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD), now known among mental health professionals as Dissociative Identity Disorder (DTD) is the mind's sane defense to an insane situation. It is a way of dealing with trauma that is literally too horrible to comprehend. Incestuous rape violates primitive instinct and surpasses pain tolerance. By compartmentalizing the memory of such horrendous abuse, the rest of the mind can function "normally" as though nothing had happened.

This compartmentalization is created by the brain actually shutting down neuron pathways to a specific part of the brain. These neuron pathways are triggered open

again when the abuse recurs. The same part of the brain that is already conditioned to the trauma deals with it again and again as needed.

2. Uncle Ted had also cried hysterically the night of the murder. Several years later, he almost killed himself when he drove his car into the White River near the place of the murder.

3. Gerald Ford, aka Leslie Lynch King, Jr., served on the appropriations subcommittee for the CIA and was appointed to the Warren Commission to investigate the assassination of President John F. Kennedy while I knew him only as a porn boss!

4. My mother often voiced complaints that she "could not see faces," which personal experience has taught me indicated that she was suffering from ongoing physical and psychological traumas, and therefore was not in control of her senses.

5. Had my teachers been educated in the obvious signs of child abuse, my "illusion of normalcy" would have been interpreted as a cry for help. Dissociative trance daydreaming, tones of helplessness and sexuality in drawings, and the electric prod marks on my face should have been recognized.

6. These same themes were routinely used in creating Project Monarch slaves. This fact emerged through years of networking with mental health professionals.

CHAPTER 2: THE RITE TO REMAIN SILENT

On May 7, 1966, I was dressed in white from my Catholic veil to my white patent leather shoes as was mandatory for making my first holy communion. I was standing outside the newly built, twisted concrete structure of Muskegon's St. Francis of Assisi Church waiting for the ceremony to commence when Guy VanderJagt, who was affiliated with the church, strode across the lawn towards me.

Crouching down on one knee, VanderJagt said, "You look beautiful today.

You are as beautiful as your name. Cathleen is Gaelic for "the pure," and it is clear to me that you are flawless in your purity. Ann means "grace". It is by the grace of God, not your actions, that you are pure. Pure at heart. You are covered by the blood of our Lord and Savior, just like the cross on which he hung. This is for you." He opened a black velvet box, revealing a rosy cross necklace. Like the Kennedy inscribed pen he had presented me with at the state capital, the meaning behind the rosy cross necklace would lead me through the rest of my mind-controlled existence.

VanderJagt's pedophile comrade in Project Monarch, Father Don, joined us, reaching deep into the pocket of his robes to present me with a delicate blue charm of the Holy Mother. It was to be worn in conjunction with the rosy cross "to symbolize your service to the holy Catholic church," Father Don told me, which I would "promise to serve and obey".

As VanderJagt fastened the rosy cross and blue virgin around my neck, he told me I was now dressed appropriately for the ceremony in red, white, and blue. I could feel his breath on my neck as he fastened the necklace and instructed, "When Father says 'Body of Christ' and you say 'Ahhh men'... you acknowledge that Christ is God made man, and that you know what men are for. When Father gives you the host, it will stick to the roof of your mouth unless you suck it off his thumb."

I hurried to line up with my Catechism classmates for the procession into the church for our holy communion mass.

"Body of Christ," Father Don said, holding up the host.

"Ahhh... men," I responded as instructed, sucking the wafer off his thumb.

After services, VanderJagt and Father Don talked with me briefly while my parents congregated with other parishioners. Father was telling me, "...God has chosen you for work within his holy church. You are a Chosen One, my child..."

Later that evening, VanderJagt attended the reception that my parents were holding for me at our house. He talked with my father awhile, but spent most of his time talking with my Uncle Bob, who had recently flown in from "a mission over seas". My Uncle Bob and VanderJagt were friends, and remained so throughout the years. As the party dispersed, VanderJagt drove me back to church for a "special evening service with Father Don."

VanderJagt unlocked the rectory door of the old church across the street from the new St. Francis structure, explaining that we had to "have a very important talk now that I had eaten the body of Christ." The talk, blood trauma, and sexual abuse that ensued conditioned my mind to readily accept programming throughout the years that deliberately merged both U.S.

Government and Jesuit mind-control efforts for New World Order controls.

"I work for the Vatican, and now, so do you," VanderJagt told me. "You have just entered into a covenant with the holy Catholic church. You must never break that covenant."

Still capable of questioning at that time, I asked, "What is a covenant?"

VanderJagt answered, "A covenant is a promise to keep secrets, the secret that the church knew all along. The Pope has all the secrets locked away at the Vatican. Your Uncle Bob and I have been to the Vatican. It is time you entered into the holy covenant and learned the secrets of the church that were written long before Christ even came into being. The Dominican monks kept the covenant that Noah carried into the new world. They kept the secret with them. It was written on parchment and kept in a secret

place in the Vatican.

They took a Vow of Silence to never reveal its location, or its content. You must enter into the covenant. You must carry the secret to your grave. Keep it secret from your mom, dad, everybody."

VanderJagt proceeded to fill my suggestible young mind with biblical interpretation that laid the groundwork for future "inter/inner dimensional" programming themes utilized by Project Monarch programmers to control the compartmentalization of memory synonymous with MPD/DID.

"Christ saw them all," VanderJagt was telling me, "They are dimensions, places you can see on your way to death.- That's why they're called dimensions.

You must remember that Christ died and came back to tell us everything he saw while he was on his way to heaven. He was gone three days, but it was much longer than that where he was because time isn't the same in other dimensions. Purgatory is one other dimension. Hell is one. And there are lots of others in between. Oz is another dimension. The sky is not the limit to all the worlds out there waiting to be explored. You can travel in and out of all these dimensions, learning the secrets of the universe. You have been chosen to explore these oilier worlds for the church. Listen in the stillness and you will hear his voice guiding you³ on your missions. The rosy cross is like Dorothy's ruby slippers. Never take your rosy cross off, Cathy, when traveling other dimensions and you will always be able to return home."

Father Don joined VanderJagt in a ritual which bathed me in the blood of a slaughtered lamb, and subsequently, through this hideous blood trauma, locked their stated perceptions and a basis for mind-control programming deep in my mind. This basis for programming was anchored in the Vow of Silence which the Jesuit monks take "not only to keep secrets, but so they can still their mind and hear their inner guidance." Certain that the "Rite to Remain Silent" which they had performed would ensure that I keep their secret Father Don and Guy VanderJagt subjected me to their pedophile perversions. The two joked that I had become "a good Cathy-lick".

After the Rite to Remain Silent was installed, the voices of my multiple personalities that I had previously heard in my head ceased. In the silence of deliberately created memory compartments, I could only hear the voices of my abusers who created them... commanding my silence.

Silence for who and what I knew was involved in Project Monarch Mind Control.

My family routinely vacationed at Mackinac Island, Michigan which is a small island positioned in the Great Lakes close to the Canadian border Mackinac Island, with the Governor's Mansion and historical Grand Hotel, was a political playground where I was prostituted by my father to, among others, pedophiles Jerry Ford, Guy VanderJagt, and later U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd.

The mind-controlled part of me that was prostituted there perceived Mackinac as another dimension, the timelessness of which was enhanced by the island's antiquated styling. Automobiles were forbidden on the tiny island, which relied on horse drawn buggies or bicycles for transportation. Once when Lee Iaccoca was attending a cocktail party at then Governor Romney's Mansion, I overheard him comment, "What better place for auto execs to get away from it all than on an island with no cars?"

Mackinac Island, due to its geographic location, provided an air of friendliness between the U.S. and Canada that formed my childish perception that our countries knew no boundaries. This political view was further enhanced by my father always taking the family to Niagara Falls where my mind was to be symbolically "washed of all memory" or what had occurred in Mackinac. Niagara Falls' numerous, powerful waterfalls were in reasonably close proximity to Mackinac Island, and shared the border between the U.S. and Canada.

When Pierre Trudeau was elected Prime Minister of Canada in 1968, I often heard it said, "Pierre Trudeau is one of Ours, you know." I first heard this phrase cryptically referring to Trudeau's loyalty to the Vatican when Father Don was discussing him with my famer one Sunday after mass. This fact circulated quickly among those I knew who were involved in the Catholic/Jesuit aspect of Project Monarch.

The summer after Trudeau was elected, my father took the family to Mackinac Island as usual. Climbing on a large statue on the grounds of the Governor's Mansion, I could see across the field to the Grand Hotel. I noticed Canadian flags flying amongst the American flags that lined the front of the old hotel. As I slid down off the statue, Guy VanderJagt approached with a drink and a cigarette in his hand. Palling my hair into place he said, "Straighten your hirt, I've got someone important for you to meet," "I knew someone important was here because of those flags," I said, tucking my shirt in my pink shorts.

"When I was at the Vatican," VanderJagt began, "I was told that Prime Minister Trudeau is a friend of the Pope. He thinks like one of us. A true Catholic. He likes Cathy-licks."

VanderJagt led me upstairs in the mansion, where Pierre Trudeau was lowering the window shades in a dimly lit bedroom crowded with antiques.

VanderJagt closed the door behind me. Trudeau's tuxedo coat was neatly draped over a chair, which left him in his formal pants, while shirt, and a bright red cummerbund which caught my eye. "I like your sash," I said.

"Hasn't anyone taught you Silence yet?" His sombre, gruff attitude was softened by his smooth, silky voice.

Triggered into the part of me that endured the Rite to Remain Silent, I assumed Trudeau knew all about interdimensions according to my deliberately formed

perceptions. I could not/did not understand that interdimensions actually equated to the inner-dimensions of my own compartmentalized mind.

Likewise, I did not understand that "Keys to the Kingdom" referred to knowing the codes, keys, and triggers to my controlled mind. "Guy said you like Cathylicks," I said, repeating what VanderJagt had told me. "Are you the Keeper of the Keys?"

Trudeau seemingly bore his cold, dark eyes right through me. "You can learn more from the school of thought than you can by asking precocious questions. Haven't you learned that children are to be seen and not heard?"

"Is that a precocious question?" I asked. "What is a precocious question?"

Trudeau sighed with impatience. "That is irrelevant. What matters is that you shut your mouth, still your mind, and enter the school of thought. Silence is a virtue. Listen to the silence in the stillness of your mind. Go deep inside your mind," he slowly led. "Deeper and deeper where it's quiet and still..."

Trudeau expertly manipulated my mind with sophisticated hypnotic language. Not only did he enlist my Silence for the pedophile perversions he indulged in, but he instructed my "school of thought" in a manner that equated to programming. He laid a foundation for Air-Water programs that is a mirrordimensional theme often used by NASA and others involved in Project Monarch. Playing off his own name "Pee-Air," he added a perverse twist to the theme that he accessed each time I was prostituted to him.

Had I been capable of fear, I would have been afraid of Pierre Trudeau.

Trudeau's slow, deliberate movements masked the brutal power of his body much the way his smooth, soft voice pierced my mind and intruded on my thoughts. The icy cold touch of his effeminate, manicured long fingers contrasted with the heat of his perversion... a perversion for which he blamed me and my "temptuous, contemptuous ways".

In my childish ignorance, I believed Trudeau's demeanour and forward combed hair were characteristic of his French descent. "I know all about the French," I had bragged to my new "Grandpa" Van while visiting his home in Milwaukee, Wisconsin,

My mother's father had died shortly before Kennedy was assassinated, and my Grandmother quickly latched onto a wealthy, highly political businessman from Milwaukee. She met Grandpa Van Vandenburg on the passenger/cargo ship that traveled the waters of the Great Lakes, the Milwaukee Clipper. The Clipper transported cargo including Cadillacs from Vandenburg Motors to Canada, as well as the drugs sanctioned by the local Coast Guard via the U.S.

Government that my father distributed. Sometimes I accompanied my father to the docks in Muskegon to pick up the drag shipment, which usually involved prostitution.

Jerry Ford and Guy VanderJagt combined business with pleasure in the ship's casinos on occasion, which is where the connection between my Grandma and Grandpa Van was reportedly made. Grandpa Van knew Jerry Ford, and subsequently was acquainted with Pierre Trudeau.

"What do you know about the French?" Grandpa Van asked me as I sat on his living room floor petting the dog he just brought home. Improperly cued and dumfounded by his question I remained silent. "I know you've met Pierre Trudeau," he prompted. "I also know you love doggies. So I bought this dog for your grandma now, so you could enjoy him, too. His name is Pepe. He's a French Poodle,"

"I know all about the French." I said, mentally comparing the large French Poodle in front of me to Trudeau. "They have pretty nails..." I stroked Pepe's painted toenails. "They have funny hair..." I petted Pepe's clipped fur. "And they pee a lot," I giggled.

"You'd better take him outside, then," Grandpa Van told me, attaching Pepe's leash. After walking the dog past what felt like every tree in the neighborhood, I announced that I would call him "Pee-pee".

Uncle Bob filmed Pepe and I pornographically on numerous occasions, producing bestiality films that I would later learn Pierre Trudeau was privy to.

Pepe remained a part of my experience long after Grandpa Van divorced himself from my Grandma, and long after I developed beyond Trudeau's perversion for little children.

I was slow to grow into adolescence. By the time I was thirteen years old, my breasts were tender and beginning to swell, which made me "too old" for VanderJagt's pedophile perversions. When my father brought me to Mackinac Island for routine prostitution at the Political Retreat, VanderJagt introduced me to a new friend he had made now that he was in Washington, D.C. as a U.S.

Congressman-U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd, Democrat from West Virginia.

Byrd had been a U.S. Senator as long as I had been alive, serving as Senate Whip and later as President Pro Tempore of the Senate and as the all powerful Senate Appropriations leader. Byrd commanded attention and respect from all who came in contact with him, particularly from my father. When we were left alone in his room, he loomed over me in a threatening stance. His cold, blue slitty eyes locked onto mine. I undressed and climbed into his bed as ordered.

I was momentarily relieved to find that his penis was abnormally tinyóso small it didn't even hurt! And I could breathe with it in my mouth! Then he began to indulge himself in his brutal perversions, talking on and on about how I was "made just for him" due to the vast amounts of pain I could withstand. The spankings and police handcuffs I had previously endured were child's play compared to Senator Byrd's near death tortures. The hundreds of scars on my body still show today. With VanderJagt, sex was a matter

of "how much I could give," whereas with Byrd it was "how much I could take". And I was forced to take more pain than any human could logically withstand. I was dedicated to Byrd at age thirteen which meant he would be directing my future in Project Monarch, and my father would raise me according to his specifications.

My MPD/DID existence became more regimented from that point on. I was kept physically worn down to the point of exhaustion in order that I be sufficiently receptive to my father's limited hypnotic programming capabilities to condition my mind for mind control. The pornography I was forced to anticipate in became much more violent immediately after Byrd, switching me from predominantly pedophile and bestiality themes to torturous versions of sadomasochism (S&M). My father and mother worked in tandem daily to "break my spirit," destroying any remnants left of my self-confidence, tearing down my self-esteem, and thus annihilating my free will urges. They conditioned/taught me my dreams were reality and my reality were dreams, that black is white and up is down. "Good night, sleep tight, dream about your mommy and daddy" is what I heard every night. This was intended to confuse my mind to believe incest in the middle of the night was "just a bad dream".

My television, books, and music became even more strictly controlled and monitored than before. This was not only to infringe on my last minuscule freedom of choice, but for total mind-control conditioning purposes.

For example, the annual televising of Judy Garland's Wizard Of Oz was celebrated as a grand holiday around my house. This was to prepare my mind for future base programming on the theme that I, like Dorothy, could "spin" into another dimension "Over the Rainbow". After all, "Birds (Byrds) fly over the Rainbow..." was a theme that became a part of my life.

My father insisted I watch the Walt Disney movie Cinderella with him, paralleling my existence to Cinderella's "magically trance-forming from a dirty little slave to a beautiful Princess". In typical "reverse psychology" humor, he referred to pornographic photos when singing "Someday my Prince (prints) will come," or by placing literal sexual emphasis on "will come".

My brother, Bill, who was often featured in kiddie porn with me, was not a "chosen one" for Project Monarch (beyond supplying more children to be dedicated in later years). Yet my father figured that "what was good for me would be good for my brother". He took us to see Walt Disney's Pinocchio, explaining that my brother and I were his puppets still in the carving stage. The distortions of reality that these and other Disney theme movies provided when coupled with my father's government trained conscious and subconscious controlling influence, began to further erode our ability to discern fantasy from reality. My brother, now 37, remains psychologically locked into those traumatic childhood years and is obsessed with Disney themes and productions to this day. His house is decorated in Disney memorabilia, he wears Disney clothes, listens to my father's instructions on his Disney telephone, and maintains "When You Wish Upon a Star" as his favorite song, which has locked his children into the same theme.

My father also instructed me to watch Alfred Hitchcock's horrifying movie The Birds with him. This reinforced in my mind the movie's theme that there is "no place to hide from the birds/Byrd".

I was quickly beginning to lose all ability to question anything but my own judgment. It was easy to believe that there was indeed "no place to run, no place to hide," which is a necessary and primary psychological basis for government/military mind control. In later years, "who ya' gonna call?" and Ronald Reagan's quip "you can run, but you can't hide" echoed deep within my mind. After all, even if I could think to seek help, who would help me? The police? The church? My parents? Relative? Politicians? School? There was no one left that would help me, I sensed.

My television programming was then expanded to include the shows that every Project Monarch Mind-Control slave I knew had to watch: I Dream Of Jeannie, The Brady Bunch, Gumby And Pokey, and Bewitched. I could relate to the Genie pleasing her master, who was a Major for the Air Force in I Dream Of Jeannie. This served to confuse the reality of my own experiences with the fantasy of television production. I told all outsiders that my family was "just like the Bradys". Through Gumby And Pokey I was led to believe that I was as flexible as these animated clay performers. Therefore, I was capable of being physically manoeuvred into any sexual position. The mirrors depicted a doorways to other dimensions and adventures interlocked with my Catholic conditioning and Alice In Wonderland and Wizard Of Oz theme programming.

In Bewitched, it is the normal new door neighbor that is considered crazy rather than the witches. This is another reversal that was applied to my bizarre existence. I was one of the only kids in my school that listened to country music. But then, Senator Byrd fancied himself a country music fiddler and it was "my duty to love what he did", I was ordered to listen to country music or no music at all. Music was my psychological avenue for escape, a dissociative tool. But this, too, was used in setting the stage for my future as a Project Monarch "Presidential Model" mind-controlled slave.

As suggested, I read the Boxcar Children Series over and over again, I empathized with the trials, traumas, and tribulations the children endured while they fended for themselves from their boxcar home along the railroad tracks.

My father often made train sounds at me in passing to subconsciously remind me that I was currently "in Train-ing" on the undeterable track of the "Freedom Train."⁴ This term, taken from Harriet Tubman's underground railroad for slaves, reversed the meaning of the word "freedom" to confuse one's "one track mind" and instill the belief "I am free to be a slave". This also reinforced my training to stay on track-the plan (track) laid out for me. My father would often quip, "When God passed out brains, you thought he said 'trains' and got in the wrong line". Convicted (capital crime) career criminal, country music entertainer, and CIA operative Merle Haggard often used well documented cryptic language in his songs pertaining to government mind-control slave operations. He released songs including "Freedom Train" and "Over the-Rainbow". My father told

me repeatedly that Merle Haggard was my "favorite" singer, and his songs reinforced my programming.

Of course, Senator Byrd remained my "favorite" fiddler as ordered. He played train songs like "Orange Blossom Special" while making train sounds on his fiddle. Sometimes I was his captive audience, bound and gagged, while he played his fiddle. Other times he instructed me to spin round and round like a music box dancer in order to add "new dimensions to our sex".. These new dimensions included more and more physical pain through "kinky" torture.

My father took advantage of his new political connections and advanced himself occupationally, manufacturing camshaft auto parts at a local factory.

Soon he was promoted to a sales management position due to his connections within the Pentagon Procurement Office and General Services Administration, coupled with what he had learned about double bind hypnotic persuasion. He continued to supplement his income by sexually exploiting us children. This I now included brazenly prostituting me to Muskegon Coast Guard officials while on cocaine runs to and from the base. Meanwhile, my father took us all to church every Sunday, and my mother stayed busy having babies to raise in the Project. In true pedophile fashion, he surrounded himself with children by coaching little league sports, chaperoning school and Catechism activities, and becoming involved with the Boy Scouts. All of this made him appear to be a model citizen and "pillar of the community". The illusion was formed. The: parts of me that knew otherwise had no choice but to remain Silent.

1. Project Monarch slaves were referred to as "Chosen Ones".
2. Torture to the point just before death, such as with Death's Door programming, was jointly used by the Catholic Jesuits and the CIA in Project Monarch.
3. It was the voices of my mind-control programmers and handlers that I later heard guiding me.
4. "Freedom Train" is the internationally recognized cryptic code term for Project Monarch slave operations that I heard repeatedly throughout my victimization.

CHAPTER 3: MY FIRST PRESIDENT

Muskegon, Michigan is a coastal tourist attraction, and home of the annual Seaway and Coast Guard festivals which bring people to the town from all over Michigan. VanderJagt remained publicly visible through opportunities such as these. My father often could be seen with Vanderjagt and was photographed at his side while judging festival events like the kiddie parades, sand sculpting contests, and so on all of which I entered and won. In later years, my father polished and shined the red paint of his 1966 Ford convertible to chauffeur VanderJagt through the local parades. This only served to reinforce the illusion that my father was a "pillar of the community".

In 1973, Senator Byrd instructed my father to send me to Muskegon Catholic Central High School which was overseen by the director of St. Francis of Assisi Church, Father Lepre. The Catholic church, of course, has its own political structure, with the Pope presiding over all. The strong political ties between the Catholic church and the U.S. Government was overtly evidenced by the much publicized relationship between the President and the Pope during the Reagan Administration. Of course, I had been privy to this political relationship ever since my First Communion-a relationship that the Rite to Remain Silent was intended to cover. My experience with Catholic Central's direct involvement in Project Monarch's physical and psychological conditioning further confirmed the union between the U.S. Government and the Catholic church.

When Senator Byrd changed my school from public to Parochial, he also destroyed through dissociation my school personality. I no longer viewed school as my haven from abuse, as it was controlled by the church and, as I later learned, monitored by a corrupt segment of the C.I.A.

By the time I enrolled in Catholic Central, the cliques and groups had already been formed. I had a personality to fit in with the "good" kids and one that interfaced with the "bad". It did not take long for the "good" kids to notice I also got along with the "bad". I soon found the only kids that could relate to me were the other known Project victims. We clung together in a close knit group, herded around like the proverbial sheep by those in the school who knew we were MPD/DIDed and under mind control. We each switched personalities as circumstance demanded, most often in unison. We were ritually traumatized, constantly tranced, and then programmed during school hours. Since I no longer had my singular "school personality" and was constantly switching instead, the compartment of my brain that held school memory was no longer consciously retrievable. Therefore, I had no basis for continued learning aside from what I could photographically memorize from class. My grades appeared erratic, ranging from A's to failing. And some A's received I did not earn academically.

In my required religion class, Sister Ann Marie had been leading us in study on the topic of Confession, This was to prepare us for the kind of Confessions we were to be giving Father Vesbit, who was also our school principal. The day Sister ordered us to Confession, I refused to go. I unconsciously feared I would be sexually assaulted again in the Confessional, this time while my teenage peers waited impatiently outside the door. Sister made an example out of me to the class, saying I was a "Satanist" and that I was "going to hell".

With seemingly no escape from the occultism that proliferated at the school, I could no longer differentiate between Catholicism and Satanism.

Whatever Senator Byrd's purposes in sending me to Catholic school, no one seemed to notice that I had no reason to religiously adhere to Catholic principles. Therefore, the applied reversal of Satanism held no "spiritual magic" to it either. The wedge of anti-superstition that the Catholic school was inadvertently driving into me only served

to discount the occult principles and superstitious traumas that they were attempting to use to control me, Satanism is often used as an extreme pain/violence trauma base in Project Monarch Mind Control, reportedly due to the previous German Nazi Himmler Research. I did not adhere to the desired helplessness attitude that this was "spiritual warfare" and out of the realm of mankind's ability to stop.

Regardless of my religious beliefs or disbeliefs, I experienced the "results" just the same. Being subjected to and witnessing trauma so horrible, while my body was raped, tortured, and ravaged by men literally drove me out of my mind.

Catholic Central did increase my endurance capabilities as planned, however. I signed up for the two-mile run in the girls' track team as ordered. Muskegon Catholic Central led the state of Michigan in high school athletics, using mind-control technique to "modify" their star athletes and cause them to excel beyond pre-established records. The school gained national recognition for its contribution to professional leagues with their manufactured programmed athletes. But, like Tommy LaSorda's Dodgers, Catholic Central's consistent victories began to raise suspicions and questions. This created a public scandal for the school that threatened to close its doors in 1975.

The girls' and guys' track teams converged after school for practice. I was among the few females singled out for coaching by Coach Cheverini and his hypnotic mind-control methodisms due to my Project Monarch victimization. I was instructed to run 13 miles per day (another corny satanic ploy) to get in shape for my two-mile race. I often ran with a male friend who was the record holder for the two-mile in guys' track. He and I were friends, sharing much due to our similar Project Monarch victimizations. Together we learned how to shut out pain and fatigue when we ran. We tranced into a fast pace set in our minds by Coach Cheverini with no comprehension of time or distance. We perceived the track as our "Yellow Brick Road" in accordance with the Oz theme programming. Senator Byrd's plan for building my physical endurance through Catholic Central's coaching methods proved successful for allowing me to survive his intensely torturous sexual perversions.

In addition to routine trips to Mackinac Island and Niagara Falls, my family often took camping trips to "get away from it all". In reality, I was taken to key places for ritual abuse, prostitution, and pornography. In the fall of 1974, my father announced we were going to go camping "back in time" to an old fashioned festival in the small remote town of Cedar Springs, Michigan for their annual Red Flannel Days celebration. My mother told me to pack my jeans and sweaters and my Catholic school uniform which she had washed and pressed for the occasion.

Cedar Springs was quiet, with the festival events including dilapidated amusement rides set up in a small parking lot, and contests where local farmers pitted their mules and horses against each other to see whose could pull the most weight. The main (and only) street of town was lined with the few local businesses, including the town's red flannel underwear "long Johns" factory. In the center of town, a mock, single, jail cell had been erected to hold any and all parade participants who failed to wear the required red

flannel underwear. The jail was guarded by quasi Keystone Cops. I was amused when the townsfolk began lining up to march in the parade, with very few remaining to watch it. A mentally retarded man carried the baton to lead the parade, followed by kids on bicycles, hay-wagons of old folks, a grade school band and people walking-all in their red flannel underwear. The grand finale' of the parade, the town firetruck, was approaching, surrounded by numerous motorcycle police. I heard folks whispering "the President is coming". I assumed they meant the President of the underwear factory. I was wrong. I watched in horror as the firetruck rolled to a stop, and Secret Service helped then President Gerald Ford as he stepped down to the pavement.

My father was excitedly tugging on my arm, half dragging me through the wall of Secret Service agents, to talk with President Ford. I looked around nervously as my father made the necessary arrangements with Ford to prostitute me to him later that evening. VanderJagt, who never missed a parade it seemed, was signing autographs. As he smiled at me, someone roughly grabbed my arm. Nervous and startled, I screamed. The crowd laughed as a Keystone Cop threw me in the jail, scolding me for not wearing my red flannel underwear when I was talking to the President. I was trying to be inconspicuous in hopes no one would see me with the likes of Ford, but then, they did not know him as I did. The Keystone Cop rattled on and on about "how lucky" I was until my father paid my bail and I was released from the cell.

That night, I wore my Catholic uniform as instructed and went into a dissociative trance as my father drove me to the local National Guard Armory where I was prostituted to Ford. Ford took me into an empty room, pushed me down on the wooden floor as he unzipped his pants and said, "Pray on this". Then he brutally, sexually assaulted me. Afterward, my memory was compartmentalized through use of high voltage. I was then carried out to the car where I lay in the back seat, muscles contracted, stunned, in pain, and unable to move.

When we got back to Muskegon, my father sent me to the beach as always, to let the repetition of crashing waves against the beach "wash my mind free of memory" while I watched the sun set. I was totally locked into the belief that truly there was "no place to run," not even to the President of the United States.

I remember that the "sane" part of "me"-my innate personality-seemed to die after seeing Ford as President. I recall walking up the steps of Catholic Central High School one morning, reaching for the door, and crying uncontrollably. I cried myself into a heap at the top of the stairs. I did not even know why I was crying. As an MPD, I rarely cried at all. But I was still sobbing hours later when school let out. Someone found me, but I do not recall to this day ever leaving the school steps. I never really experienced "emotion" after that day until I was rescued, deprogrammed and reintegrated in 1988.

Now all of my brain was functioning through a wide variety of memory compartments, also known as multiple personalities, with no part of me left "free" of abuse. Now it was as though I had "no place to run," not even in my brain.

This drove me out of my mind which is exactly what my abusers needed for total control.

CHAPTER4: THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

When I learned of a pending rendezvous with Senator Byrd in Traverse City, Michigan (VanderJagt's headquarters), I stole some candy at a local convenience market hoping to go to jail and escape my encounter with Byrd. I was caught, and the police were even called. But, of course, my poetically powerful abusers would not allow for me to have a police record. The entire matter was not-so-mysteriously and suddenly dropped. My only "punishment" was to have a conference with the school principal, Father Vesbit.

Father Vesbit knew I was part of Project Monarch, and handled the matter accordingly. He raped me in the school's private chapel after school while holding a Satanic ritual involving several of my project friends. Kids often attached nicknames to their teachers, and there were only a few of us who knew the reason why Father Vesbit was called Father "Fuzzbutt". His backside was covered with thick black hair. He "counseled" me on several occasions, once remarking, "I thought kids in your situation were all part of the Exchange Student program."

My Uncle Bob Tanis was visiting our house soon after that. He had flown in from what he claimed was a "black ops" Air Force Intelligence operation. I know now that in typical CIA mode of operations, he was relating a story of lies salted with some truth. His point was to inform me that the Catholic Church is "justified" in its involvement with our government due to the Priests' "hearing confessions from mobsters and spies". He also explained that Exchange Students were "spies in the making" that Priests found, through Confession, were problems. Thus they were considered expendable and transferred out of the country. He then suggested to my father that I see the school guidance counselor, CIA Operative Dennis DeLaney, immediately. My father enthusiastically told me that DeLaney was a long time friend of his from St.

Francis who "knew how to handle kids like me". Arrangements were made for me to see him after school.

DeLaney began by informing me that he was "aware of everything" and that he knew just what I needed "to put me back on track". He said that my family needed to take a trip to the Teton Mountains of Wyoming. He even provided maps and information in an envelope for my father. He turned off the lights in his office, and turned on a slide projector. He showed me scenes of the numerous waterfalls of the Tetons, all of which were to "wash my brain" of the reality that I was performing oral sex on him as ordered while the slides ran.

Then he scheduled a follow up appointment for further "counseling".

This trip to the Tetons would provide a change of scenery from the usual Mackinac/Niagara Falls trip, but I could no longer hope for a change in the direction of life.

was leading me. I was told my life was "predestined," and all I had to do was follow the road stretched out before me, i.e., the "Yellow Brick Road". I was destined for Wyoming, but would not know why until I arrived.

I confirmed the family trip to the Tetons when I saw DeLaney for my follow up "counseling". He informed me that he had already talked to my father about the trip, as well as our upcoming trip to Disney World in Florida. I was not surprised to learn of an additional trip. Nor did I have the capacity to become excited, suspicious, or apprehensive. I was aware that DeLaney was heavily involved in Project Monarch, not only because he was accessing my sexual personalities again, but because he was helping to pave the way toward my destiny of total mind control.

During Christmas vacation of 1974, my father flew us all to Disney World by route of Tampa, Florida. Ignorant of geography, it did not occur to me that Tampa was out of the way to Disney World until my father drove the rented van to the gates of MacDill Air Force Base. Military personnel met me there and escorted me into the base TOP SECRET high tech mind-control conditioning facility for "behavioral modification" programming. This was the first in what became a routine series of mind-control testing and/or programming sessions on government installations that I would endure throughout my Project Monarch victimization.

Whether I was in a military, NASA, or government building, the procedure for maintaining me under total mind control remained consistent with Project Monarch requirements. This included prior physical and/or psychological trauma; sleep, food, and water deprivation; high voltage electric shock; and hypnotic and/or harmonic programming of specific memory compartments/personalities. The high tech equipment and methodisms I endured from that time on gave the U.S. government absolute control of my mind and life. I had been literally driven out of my conscious mind and existed only through my programmed subconscious. I lost my free will, ability to reason, and could not think to question anything that was happening to me. I could only do as I was told.

After the MacDill Air Force Base experience, my home life worsened. The controls and conditioning that my father and mother executed on me tightened even more. I was no longer permitted to have any contact with my own brothers and sister (I only had one younger sister at that time). This stopped me in my subconscious efforts to protect them from my father's abuse, and left me with a desperate, empty aching for the loving relationships I previously shared with them. Of course, I never was able to protect them any more than I could defend myself or later protect my own daughter. However, until government programming began, I had routinely "baby sat" them every evening and took them for long walks that lasted for hours in my feeble attempt to keep them out of my parents' range. Subconsciously I believed I was making a difference.

The day my youngest brother told my mother he much preferred my company over hers was the day I could no longer be near him or my other brothers and sister. Apparently I was making enough of a difference that my parents were compelled to separate me

from them. I was ordered to my closet-sized bedroom in the garage as soon as I got home from school or work. I could not speak to, look at, or hug my brothers and sister. I was not permitted to eat dinner with my family, although they let me out of my room to set the table, wash dishes, and do other chores. If I ventured from my bedroom to use the bathroom and was caught by my mother, she said, "nobody rattled your cage" and ordered me back to my room in the garage.

In the summer of 1975, my family drove all the way from Michigan to the Teton Mountains of Wyoming. I was ordered to ride in the back storage area of the family Chevy Suburban since I was forbidden to associate or communicate with my brothers and sister. So I dissociated into books, or into the metaphorical, hypnotic suggestions from my father and tranced deeper as I watched the prairies seemingly endless sea of "amber waves of grain" streak past my window. Once when we stopped at a gas station, my father took me inside to show me a stuffed "jackalope" mounted on the wall. Due to my tranced, dissociative state and high suggestibility level, I believed it was indeed a cross between a jack rabbit and antelope. It was 100+ degrees in the Badlands when it cooled down at night. The intense heat of the day accentuated my ever increasing thirst. My father was physically preparing me though water deprivation for the intense tortures and programming I would endure in Wyoming, Dick Cheney, then White House Chief of Staff to president Ford, later Secretary of Defense to President George Bush, documented member of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), and Presidential hopeful for 1996, was originally Wyoming's only Congressman. Dick Cheney was the reason my family had traveled to Wyoming where I endured yet another form of brutality his version of "A Most Dangerous Game," or human hunting.

It is my understanding now that A Most Dangerous Game was devised to condition military personnel in survival and combat maneuvers. Yet it was used on me and other slaves known to me as a means of further conditioning the mind to the realization there was "no place to hide," as well as traumatize the victim for ensuing programming. It was my experience over the years that A Most Dangerous Game had numerous variations on the primary theme of being stripped naked and turned loose in the wilderness while being hunted by men and dogs. In reality, all "wilderness" areas were enclosed in secure military fencing whereby it was only a matter of time until I was caught, repeatedly raped, and tortured.

Dick Cheney had an apparent addiction to the "thrill of the sport". He appeared obsessed with playing A Most Dangerous Game as a means of traumatizing mind-control victims, as well as to satisfy his own perverse sexual kinks. My introduction to the game occurred upon arrival at the hunting lodge near Greybull, Wyoming, and it physically and psychologically devastated me.

I was sufficiently traumatized for Cheney's programming as I stood naked in his hunting lodge office after being hunted down and caught. Cheney was talking as he paced around me, "I could stuff you and mount you like a jackalope and call you a two legged dear. Or I could stuff you with this (he unzipped his pants to reveal his oversized penis) right down your throat, and then mount you.

Which do you prefer?

Blood and sweat became mixed with the dirt on my body and slid like mud down my legs and shoulder. I throbbed with exhaustion and pain as I stood unable to think to answer such a question. "Make up your mind," Cheney coaxed. Unable to speak, I remained silent. "You don't get a choice, anyway, I make up your mind for you. That's why you're here. For me to make you a' mind, and make you mine/mind. You lost your mind a long time ago. Now I 'm going to give you one. Just like the Wizard (of Oz) gave Scarecrow a brain, the Yellow Brick Road led you here to me. You've 'come such a long, long way' for your brain, and I will give you one."

The blood reached my shoes and caught my attention. Had I been further along in my programming, I perhaps would never have noticed such a thing or had the capability to think to wipe it away. But so far, I had only been to MacDill and Disney World for government/military programming. At last, when I could speak, I begged, "If you don't mind, can I please use your bathroom?"

Cheney's face turned red with rage. He was on me in an instant, slamming my back into the wall with one arm across my chest and his hand on my throat, choking me while applying pressure to the carotid artery in my neck with his thumb. His eyes bulged and he spit as he growled, "If you don't mind me, I will kill you. I could kill youóKill youówith my bare hands. You're not the first and you won't be the last. I'll kill you any time I goddamn well please," He flung me on the cot-type bed that was behind me. There he finished taking his rage out on me sexually.

On the Long trip back to Michigan, I lay in a heap behind the seats of the Suburban, nauseated and hurting from Cheney's brutality and high voltage tortures, plus the whole Wyoming experience. My father stopped by the waterfalls flowing through the Tetons to "wash my brain" of the memory of Cheney, I could barely walk through the woods to the falls for the process as instructed, despite having learned my lessons well from Cheney on following orders.

The next year when our "annual" trip to Disney World rolled around, my father drove, pulling his new Holiday Rambler Royale International trailer. (I slept outside in a tent because I was not permitted inside it since "I wasn't family".) My father dropped me off en route at the Kennedy Space Center in Titusville, Florida where I was subjected to my first NASA programming.

From then on, I was "obsessed" with following the "Yellow Brick Road" to Nashville, Tennessee. Moving to Nashville was all I could talk about. If anyone asked me the question I could not think to ask myself "Why?", I would respond by reiterating it was something "I had to do".

I had gone through the motions of my senior year in a dissociative trance. I became further distanced from religious values by my religion class teacher.

Brother Emmett. This was due to his promotion of cannibalism via Pier Paul Reed's book *Alive*, and by his teachings at a religious 'corseal' retreat I attended that included occult ritual at ST. Francis Church. I graduated from Muskegon Catholic Central High School in our bicentennial year of 1976. I was led by Senator Byrd to revise my plan to attend Hope College like I had promised VanderJagt as a child. This new plan was for me to temporarily attend Muskegon Community College, because my "real education" was to come through mind-control programming-not school. In order to be exhausted, as was necessary for my "real education," I worked three menial jobs in addition to attending college.

During my first semester of college in 1976, I made plans to take a trip to Nashville with my Project Monarch friend from Catholic Central. (She remains an expendable victim to date, and therefore her identity must be protected from public release for her safety.) My father explained that I was to stay at the Fiddler's Inn in Nashville, see the World Famous Printer's Alley row of sleazy country music nightclubs, and attend the Grand Ole Opry on Friday night, as ticket arrangements had been made through a "friend," in spite of their scarcity during the Thanksgiving holiday.

I never thought to associate Fiddler's Inn with Senator Byrd's fiddle playing when my friend and I arrived in Music City, U.S.A. Nor did I find it odd when a country music "star" entertaining at the Black Poodle nightclub in Printer's Alley began directing my activities. My friend and I were provided with free passes to the Black Poodle to encourage us to return each night where entertainer and CIA operative Jack Greene and his Desperado band were playing. During breaks between sets, Greene and his band would sit with my friend and me to manipulate our suggestible minds. I was told it was "my destiny" to have met band member, Wayne Cox, who had been trained for paramilitary mercenary operations under Louisiana's U.S. Senator J. Bennett Johnston. I soon learned that everyone associated with Greene was involved in his CIA "Freedom Train" operations. When I told Greene that my friend and I would not be returning on Friday night due to attending the Grand Ole Opry, he told us that he would be working the Opry that night. He made arrangements for us to come back stage and see him immediately following his segment. He explained that the "security" guard at the Opry, Nashville Metro Police Lt. Bob Ezell, was a good friend of his and would let us in.

At the Opry, my friend and I sat in the audience watching as Jack Greene introduced his "special guest," U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd. At the sight of Byrd, I went into a pre-conditioned deep trance and robotically went through the motions of following Greene's instructions. Once backstage, Greene pointed out his dressing room, which he was sharing with Senator Byrd, and ordered me in. The personality that had been sitting in the audience had perceived Byrd as an entertainer and could not, or would not, think further. But as I walked into the dressing room and saw Byrd perched on the edge of the mirrored vanity in his boxer shorts, I switched into the child personality that had known him as a U.S. Senator on Mackinac Island since age 13, and responded sexually.

Afterward, Byrd was claiming me as "his," excitedly telling me that he had "always

wanted his own little witch". I soon learned the enormity of this statement.

Jack Greene's band member, Wayne Cox, later told me that playing music behind Senator Byrd at the Opry was not the only way he "backed him". He also backed him politically and in Freedom Train operations. Cox then made arrangements for my friend and me to stay the remainder of our trip at his trailer in Hendersonville, Tennessee. There was no choice but to comply. The following night, after Jack Greene completed his show at the Black Poodle, he drove my friend and me to a nearby participating after-hours club, the Demon's Den. There, Cox was to pick us up and take us to Hendersonville. Instead, we were slipped a drug and taken "on a tour" of Union Station, Nashville's then abandoned train station, where supposedly the only train still running through there was the Freedom Train.

Senator Byrd's attempted cultivation of superstition through my Catholic schooling should have maximized the impact of the occult ritual I was subjected to in the tower of the old stone and slate turn-of-the-century train depot. But the pain and horror was sufficiently effective in itself—even without my adhering to superstition—to produce the intended mind shattering results. Cox took my friend and me on a "flashlight tour" through the rubble of Union Station, until we came to a homeless man sleeping on the ground. Cox ordered me to "kiss the railroad bum good-bye," then shot him between the eyes while I was still only inches away¹. He then used a machete to chop off the man's hands, which he put in a zip-lock bag. He then led us up the rickety stairs into the lower of the old depot. There Jack Greene, his band members, and others dressed in black robes were gathered around a black leather altar in a room lit by candles and draped in red velvet. In total shock, I was laid on the altar and subjected to rape and torture while the participants indulged in sex, blood, and cannibalism ritual.

The next day I woke up on Cox's couch, vaguely aware that I had suffered a "bad nightmare". When I stood up, I passed out from blood loss. I was bleeding profusely from the vagina. It was all I could do to prepare to drive back to Michigan, and my friend was certainly not in a stable frame of mind to help. I did not know what happened to me, nor was I able to question it. I had a new "obsession" on my mind. I had been programmed at the ritual to move to Nashville and marry Cox, as ordered by Senator Byrd.

Back in Michigan, I made the announcement to my parents that I was moving to Nashville to marry Cox, as it was "predestination". What they would not tell me was that my father had just literally SOLD me to Senator Byrd in exchange for lucrative military contracts that made him a millionaire overnight—a millionaire on a sixth grade education—a perverse, child exploiting criminal, immune from prosecution, working as a CIA operative for the U.S. government! That mind shattering occult ritual I endured in Nashville marked a new life of wealth and prestige for my father while thrusting me into a new phase of my torturous existence—and I had no choice in any of it!

1. Nashville Metropolitan Police Lieutenant Bob Ezell, who also acted in the capacity of Grand Ol' Opry security guard, covered up the murder.

CHAPTER 5: TINKERING WITH THE MIND

It was 1977. I was a 19-year-old mind-controlled programmed slave in the CIA/DIA Project Monarch Freedom Train operation, literally owned by U.S.

Senate Majority Leader Robert C. Byrd, who was then a 20-year incumbent and on the Senate Appropriations Committee, As Byrd's "own little witch" (sex slave), I would also become involved in covert government operations. I now understand that this required more memory compartments/personalities than I had developed. Hence one more reason for the mind shattering occult ritual, and my "predestined" marriage to Cox. In typical Project Monarch structure, Byrd was my "owner" and in control of my life, while Cox became my primary "handler" and followed Byrd's orders to ensure that I was at key locations and events at appointed times and to maintain me under mind control. Cox reportedly was not paid cash for his role like my father was. Instead, he either followed orders or would be prosecuted for distributing drugs and being the occult serial killer that he was and is to date. Cox's primary role was to shatter my mind further through repealed occult trauma as well as father my daughter, Kelly, to be raised in the genetic mind-control studies of Project Monarch.

I moved to Nashville, as ordered, to marry Cox, who took me to the backwoods of his hometown swamp in Chatham, Louisiana for months at a time for occult traumatization. Cox had been brought up in witchcraft by his mother, and admittedly longed for her sexually and ritually. Together they subjected me to their beliefs, which included what equates to a weakened version of mind control used by witches for centuries, anchored in superstition rather than scientific fact. These superstitious beliefs seemingly conflicted with Cox's mercenary training to the point that his killing raged out of control. For example, Cox would murder a human through repeated stabbing with a knife, believing that the "departing spirit" and splattered blood gave him power to control my mind. In truth, it was my aversion and subsequent traumatization by the event that caused me to dissociate and trance, leaving my subconscious open to his suggestions and those of others. During the three years I was with Cox, he ritually impregnated and aborted me six times, consuming several of his own offspring and preserving the others shaped in ceramic for sale in his interstate occult body parts business. Cox's M.O. for murdering always included removing the hands with a machete, as the "Hands of Glory" he kiln-dried in the ceramic shop of his and his mother's house were in demand and thus distributed throughout the occult underground supply network. Cox's protected cocaine and body parts distribution routes included Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Florida.

Cox and I travelled to Florida on several occasions as his mother's parents lived in Mims, which is only minutes away from the NASA Kennedy Space Center in Titusville. Cox, like my father, made sure I was there for mindcontrol testing and programming as ordered. Cox perceived me as a "Chosen One," and often used this CIA Project Monarch term when referring to me and for proudly "justifying" his leaving me at the NASA installation.

Cox had a variety of belief systems that he applied to various situations, all of which were superstition based. He believed in spirit communication or "divine guidance" through nature spirits and demons, that Satan must be appeased, that Jesus is an alien, that the Bermuda Triangle is a door to another dimension, and that the end of the world is near. He 'religiously' carried a Bible with him everywhere-including to occult rituals-quoting scripture like a theologian. He justified "eating the body and drinking the blood," "being washed in the blood," and even "murdering children" according to the story of God testing Abraham by ordering him to murder his son, Isaac, by knife on an alter. Jim Jones was one of Cox's idols, as was Charlie Manson, and he touted the Jonestown massacre as a prime example of the "power of (CIA) mind control".

Cox demanded I become a Mormon in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. This was to "prove" that Satan was everywhere-particularly in the Monroe, Louisiana Mormon church where he led occult ritual, and in the Hendersonville, Tennessee church that the so-called Freedom Train rolled through.¹

Cox's determination to instill his religious superstitious beliefs in me was side-tracked by J. Bennett Johnston in his Shreveport, Louisiana office early in the summer of 1978.

Cox's mother, Mary, had driven us to Johnston's office near Barksdale Air Force Base as ordered. As she knocked boldly on the obscure metal door, I read the attached metal sign: "General Dynamics Research and Development".

A smaller sign near the doorknob read; "Unlawful to enter premises without prior authorization. All violators will be prosecuted under penalty of federal law."

Johnston, wearing a light blue, leisure suit and smelling strongly of body odor, opened the door. "Well, hey Senator," Mary drawled in her backwoods Louisiana dialect, "I brought the children to see you like you said."

Johnston looked at her with annoyed disgust. "I see that," he said matter-of factly.

He then proceeded to instruct Mary to wait outside a moment while he talked with Cox, then to take him on to her home in Monroe where I could be picked up at the Airport a few days later.

Cox and I were ushered into Johnston's barren military-style furnished office. Several Presidential and military photographs hung on the wall and served as the only decor. Johnston sat on the front of his military issue desk and talked to Cox's subconscious mind using cryptic, hypnotic Disney Peter Pan theme language,³ as he apparently had done in the past when Cox had a mind left to control.

"As long as your ticker's running, chat crock-a-dial you've been feeding over the years will be running right behind you. (Peter) Pan knew how to stay a step ahead of the game and stop the inevitable process of becoming gator bait himself by offering to give

him a hand now and then."

Cox dismembered his murdered victims and distributed the "Hands of Glory" to fellow Satanists and occult traumatized/ Peter Pan theme programmed mercenaries, while feeding "left over" body parts to an alligator that lived in the Swamp behind his house. This was indicative of Cox's twisted, murderous response to Johnston's traumatic Peter Pan theme programming... a programming that I was about to experience "first hand".

Cryptically instructing Cox on Senator Byrd's orders, Johnston continued, "I've got to hand it to that Pan. His livelihood of creating hookers for the Captain (Hook) was indeed lucrative. And speaking of creating hookers, a little Byrd told me that a shift from routine hand-ling to a theme that is alien could prove lucrative to you." Revealing his intent to ensure my military mindcontrol programming, Johnston told him, "I'll lay a little groundwork and set the patten for countdown. Then I'll send her out to launch for you, and it's your job to man the craft from there..."

Cox was ordered out of Johnston's office, and he turned his full attention to me. When alone with the Senator, Johnston manipulated my mind, and ultimately my beliefs and perceptions, for future programming. He referred to a picture of himself shaking hands with unknown Navy brass as he dramatically told me, "I was there that fateful day in 1943 when a hole was ripped in the fabric of time through what later became known as the Philadelphia Experiment. All those fine boys vanished along with their ship in a bizarre twist of events that parallels the Atlantis disappearances. A vortex was created in an effort to slip dimensions and become invisible to the enemy. It was a success beyond the highest expectations and launched us all into universal travel. It is no wonder at all that we have had a man on the moon. Traveling to distant planets and galaxies is Mickey Mouse stuff in comparison to the high tech wizardry of trans-dimensional travel. Trans-dimensional travel circumvents all measures of time, including distance and speed. When the fabric of time was torn, we opened ourselves up to intergalactic travelóboth in and out of this dimension - and in and out of the future, as well as the past. We can alter the course of history by travelling back in time to alter events, or we can blast off into the future and gain wisdom and knowledge of events yet to come. We can control the future by controlling the past. At present, this is a relatively easy task according to the theory of relativity and abilities gained through the Philadelphia Experiment. I came back an ET (extraterrestrial) myself. And our ship returned to this Earth as a spaceship.³ I gained the keys to the universe on that fateful day, and I carry them with me now, sharing only a Key or two at a time with those who are Chosen. You are a Chosen One (Johnston was deliberately interfacing with Rite to Remain Silent conditioning), and therefore must learn the ins and outs of interplanetary travel. Your mission is trans-dimensional. You can span infinite dimensions by learning from me.

Take it from me, you're going places, kid. And I'll teach you to get there by riding the light. I'll teach you the groundwork, and you do the light work. The key to the universe lies in the speed of light. The only way to travel is by beam of light. You will learn to go to the light... Your mission is to learn how to Tinker with time. I'm going to take you on

that journey myself. Come with me now. It's time we were leaving this plane and boarding another."

Johnston took me the short distance from his General Dynamics Corporation provided office to the Barksdale Air Force Base airfield. He was apparently well known at Barksdale, and a small cargo plane was ready to take us to our destination-Tinker Air Force Base in Oklahoma.

Once we were airborne, Johnston accessed my sex programmed personalities for his own aggressive perversion. His use of cocaine further accentuated his hyperactive demeanor as he brutally slung me around the back of the small plane while he had sex with me. At one point the pilot hollered from the cockpit "Hey, you're creating turbulence. Knock it off, will you."

Johnston laughed and responded, "What the fuck do you think I'm doing?"

By the time we arrived at Tinker A.F.B., my arm was beginning to show a dark bruise that extended from my shoulder to my elbow. A uniformed man greeted us as we walked across the airfield. Johnston apparently knew him quite well, and referred to him as "Cap'n" (which tied in with the Peter Pan theme programming I was about to endure). When he noticed my arm, Cap'n reminded him, "Hey, that's not necessary, you know."

"Yeah, I know. Take care of it for me. Here..." Johnston took the straps of my tank top and pulled them down around my forearms (which still could not cover the bruise.) "There, that just about covers it." He smiled and continued, "You look like a Southern belle that way rather than a damned ol' Yankee anyway,"

Cap'n said, "She'll be a Tinker-belle by the time we're through here today."

Then, referring to Johnston's primary purpose in actually escorting me to Tinker he asked, "How are your South American operations progressing?"

"I've got to talk to you about that," Johnston answered. The two talked as though they had worked in tandem on given mercenary operations/assignments in the past. "I may need a few of your boys to back me on something."

"Back you, or cover you?" the Cap'n retorted.

Johnston laughed, "Both if you'll front the operation."

Johnston had previously "justified" his use of Tinker (Peter Pan theme) programmed mind-controlled mercenaries to me by saying, "Mercenaries are missionaries who follow their inner guidance system rather than their old Uncle Sam. Politics hinder the route to freedom, and these boys slip under international laws, undetected, to carry out the work the military boys only dream of doing.."

I was escorted away from the two by a nurse, who purported to be tending to my injured arm. In fact, she was preparing me for the "Tinker-belle cage"⁴⁶

an electrified metal cage with an electrified grid bottom. Locked inside, I was subjected to high, direct current voltage to compartmentalize the Peter Pan theme mind-control programming that I endured. Like Peter Pan's Tinkerbelle, I learned to "ride the light" as a means of travel.⁵ Additionally, my instilled Tinker-belle theme mind manipulation included a sense of Never-Never-land timelessness that was rooted to my "natural" inability to comprehend time due to my MPD/DID.

Back in Louisiana, Cox and I shared a subconscious understanding of Peter Pan themes and "riding the light". The difference between us was that Cox consciously activated Tinker Air Force Base programming within Johnston's band of mercenaries, while my trance was perpetual whereby I could "Never-Never-Land."⁶

I was with Cox on numerous occasions when he was running guns and/or cocaine, and activating specified mercenaries for operations as instructed by Johnston. In the course of these travels I saw numerous underground arsenals and stockpiled weapons that were known to Senator Johnston, but were not on military installations. I was also privy to government sanctioned cocaine operations.

On one such cocaine run in 1979, I traveled with Cox to a remote area in the Ouachita National Forest near Hot Springs, Arkansas to "watch for fairies like Tinker-belle" and "ride the light".

We sat in the brush near a railroad track until we saw a light approaching from the Eastern sky. At the time I thought I would be "riding the light" as I was led to believe, but in retrospect I recall my personalities being deliberately switched and a helicopter landing in a nearby clearing. Cox and I unloaded approximately 200-400 pounds of cocaine from the van he had driven, and stacked it in the helicopter. We were then flown to a small airport that appeared to be no more than a dark, fenced-in clearing where I saw a row of metal buildings that looked like mini-warehouses. While the cocaine was unloaded into a warehouse, Cox and I were taken by car to a nearby grey stone hold. The driver led us upstairs, and knocked on the Penthouse door.

"Yeah," a voice answered, "I got a Tinker-belle and a Peter Pan here to see you, Sir," the driver called.

"Send 'em in." Cox and I walked into the suite where then Governor of Arkansas Bill Clinton was shuffling through a briefcase. Clinton and Johnston were cohorts in illegal covert operations that emanated from Tinker Air Force Base.

Cox spoke up. "Senator Johnston said a little (Senator) Byrd told him that you are one of Ours."

"So what does that make you?" Clinton asked impatiently.

"A Chosen One," Cox nodded his head toward me.

Clinton asked me, "Chosen by whose order?"

I cryptically delivered the proper coded response, which cued Clinton to proceed. "What brings you here?" he demanded.

Interpreting his question literally as is "natural" for programmed MPD/DID slaves, I answered, "I rode the light, Sir."

Clinton rolled his eyes, and looked back over at Cox who was nervously rocking back and forth as he so often did. "State your business," Clinton ordered.

"Uh," Cox cleared his throat, habitually picked his nose as he rocked back and forth and said, "Well, uh..." Clinton looked disgusted.

"Get him the fuck out of here!" he ordered the driver. Cox was immediately escorted out. "That's better," Clinton said. Using standard Jesuit hand signals and cryptic language, he triggered/switched me and accessed a previously programmed message.

"Senator Johnston sent me to give this to you." I handed Clinton a thin, large brown envelope, "And I have some fairy dust guaranteed to make you fly high." I took the personal stash of cocaine that Johnston was sharing with Clinton from my pocket.

Clinton snorted two lines of the coke immediately. He smiled. "Tell Ben I'm impressed." He showed me to the door.

The severe torture and mind-control programming that I was enduring at Tinker Air Force Base had prepared me for this simple "mission" and many others. Although Cox's out-of-control occult serial killings polyfragmented my multiple personalities as intended by Byrd, it was Johnston's alien theme mind conditioning that locked me into absolute robotic helplessness. After all, had I been capable of rationalizing, I would have found that the thought of interdimensional travel and aliens was no more bizarre to me than Cox's murderous actions or having found out pornography king Jerry Ford held the office of President.

When my daughter, Kelly, was born in February of 1980, Cox's former employer. Jack Greene, travelled to Louisiana to meet with me in keeping with his role as Nashville's CIA Freedom Train "conductor". He took me aside and explained that since Cox had fulfilled his (genetic) role in producing Kelly, Senator Byrd had ordered me back to Nashville. Greene talked at length, hypnotically reviving my original programmed "obsession" to move to Nashville. He told me that Cox had proven too insane to follow orders anymore as was evidenced by my extremely poor health (much of my hair had fallen out) and by the stench of decaying human flesh that permeated the area surrounding his remote Chatham, Louisiana swamp house.

If I had had a mind of my own, I know in retrospect I would have felt as though I had been released from a prison dungeon. But I could only respond by telling Cox matter-of-factly that I had received "divine guidance" to move to Nashville at once to a home that awaited me. Cox had no choice but to comply with Byrd's orders. Kelly and I moved to Tennessee when she was only three months old, and Cox temporarily moved with us in order to apprise our new handler of the latest details of our victimization. Within weeks, Cox moved back to Chatham, Louisiana to live with his mother (even to this date). Now he reportedly raises goats for sacrifice and carries on his occult serial killing activities unhindered due to his immunity from prosecution because of whom and what he and his mother know.

1. Substantial information regarding the saturation of occultism in the Mormon church is a published fact, circulated among the Bishopric, then released by Bishop Pace in an effort to restore morality and freedom of thought to church members.

2. Senator Johnston's dual and triple cryptic language perplexed me at the time. In retrospect, I understand how this component of mind control allowed for undetected proliferation of criminal covert activity, even when overheard by strangers, to the extent that I believed it must be occurring in "another dimension" as I was told.

3. Johnston "validated" his ploy in my mind by arranging for me to see his "space-ship"-a then TOP SECRET experimental aircraft which would eventually be known as a Stealth fighter at a military installation near Baton Rouge. The classified triangular Stealth was so alien to me at the time that it looked more like a spaceship than the U.S. fighter plane it actually is. This, in combination with his inhumane demeanor and my previously instilled belief in transdimensional travel, convinced me he was the "ET" he purported to be.

4. I understand this is referred to as a Woodpecker grid.

5. "Riding the Light" scrambled my future experience of being transported by military helicopter or airplane to robotically carry out some program for the government. This "transdimensional" travel caused my earthly experiences to be perceived as having occurred in another dimension.

6. I remained in a Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD) trance.

7. Same Jesuit reference used to describe Pierre Trudeau.

CHAPTER 6: UNITED STATES MILITARY & NASA MIND-CONTROL TRAINING

Soon after moving to Tennessee, I learned that Senator Byrd had simply exchanged one living hell for another for me. My new mind-control handler, CIA operative and country music ventriloquist/ stage hypnotist Alex Houston, seemed only to pick up where Cox had left off. As "destined," Kelly and I moved into a run-down old trailer on

Houston's property, which adjoined Jack Greene's farm in Goodlettsville, Tennessee. I was subjected to further occult ritual on Greene's farm, and was ritually impregnated and aborted again, this time by Houston. A difference between Cox and Houston was the superstition factor; Houston knew exactly what he was doing and why he was doing it, in accordance with tried and proven scientific U.S. Government mind-control research and development. I gleaned this knowledge from conversations I overheard between him and "those in the know".

Alex Houston was 26 years older than I, and claimed to have gained his knowledge of stage hypnosis and government mind-control methods from the military while entertaining overseas in Bob Hope's USO tours. After the tour, Houston reportedly moved to Washington, D.C. where he and his alter-ego dummy, Elemer, were regulars on the Jimmy Dean television show in the '60s.¹ According to Houston, he was regularly booked to entertain in officers' clubs on military bases due to his involvement in covert government operations.

During the brief interim period that Cox resided on Houston's farm with us, he played music behind government mind-controlled slave Louise Mandrell and her husband/handler, R.C. Bannon. Cox had previously worked with Louise's sister, Barbara Mandrell, at the onset of her government sponsored career in the 1960s, travelling overseas with her in the same U.S.O. tours that launched Houston's career. Irby Mandrell, the Mandrells' father and manager, reportedly sexually abused all three of his daughters and eagerly thrust them into their mind-controlled existence much the same way my father had sold me.

His daughters, too, were owned by U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd. Cox was soon fired from his position with Louise due to his insanity. Once when Houston was travelling with the Mandrells as he so often did throughout the years, Irby Mandrell relayed the events that prompted his firing of Cox. He told Houston and I that Cox had become an embarrassment to him while travelling.

"I knew he was weird," Irby Mandrell said. "That's OK. I can live with that. But when he pitched a tent behind the hotel so he could hear the trumpets sound, signalling him to march to Missouri,² I said, 'Start marching, son.

You're done. You're through in Nashville. Don't ever come back.' That's it, he was done."

Houston reminisced with Mandrell about the U.S.O. days, and inquired as to how he had tolerated Cox back when he played music behind Barbara.

"Oh, yeah. I remember he (Cox) had somewhat of a brain back then." Irby Mandrell continued, "Barbara was just a kid back then with the talent of a full blown star. I thought she had what it takes to make it in the industry. Then the Byrd came along and introduced us to the latest in technology."

Houston interrupted, "Are you talking about (music) equipment or the kind they've got in Huntsville (Alabama's NASA mind-control training center)?"

"Both," Mandrell replied. "But it was Huntsville that launched her to the stars. The doors opened wide after that. Byrd took a lot of pride in Barbara, and the doors just kept opening. With my baby's talent and the Byrd's influence on her mind and career, there was no way we could lose."

When Houston became my appointed mind-control handler in 1980, Byrd's influence on my mind boosted Houston's "entertainment" career. His travels had expanded to accommodate covert drug and money laundering operations across the U.S., in Mexico, in Canada, and throughout the Caribbean.

Houston had, and has, a great deal of "no show" money, but I was never permitted access to it. Poverty was one more means of control I endured, as slaves like myself were not afforded the freedoms that having money allows.

When I was working three menial jobs during college, all of my money was taken from me by my parents. All money earned by Cox's cocaine and body parts enterprises was reinvested in the coven and drugs, leaving us dependent on charities for our basic necessities. With Houston, I had to "earn" every penny I spent on groceries and necessities over and over again, which made "earning my keep" a deliberately impossible cycle. This kept me financially dependent and further hindered my ability to escape, even if I had known enough to attempt it.

My innate protective maternal instincts as a mother may have been accentuated due to my past unsuccessful attempts to protect my brothers and sisters (I now had two sisters). It was my desperate need to keep Kelly safe that drove me to the point of "fight or flight" when I was transferred to Houston. I had long ago lost my ability to "fight," but my new maternal instincts compelled me to "flight". I did all I could to save Kelly and myself from Houston and her fate in Project Monarch. Since I had no ability to reason and was amnesic, I "fled" to my parents' new house in affluent Grand Haven, Michigan, I had no concept of what I was running from or to. I arrived with my baby daughter in my arms, the tattered clothes on our backs, and what few donated belongings I had acquired for Kelly. Within a few days, my parents received and followed Senator Byrd's instructions, and turned me back over to Houston—who, in turn, sent me back to Louisiana for further conditioning.

After three more months of intense, nonstop tortures by Cox, I could not think to follow maternal instincts and barely knew my own name. I had no idea how old I was, where I was, how long I had been there, and what had happened to Kelly during that time, Kelly's own testimony and current programmed poly fragmented Multiple Personality/Dissociative Identity Disorder reflects the high tech, sophisticated conditioning and torturous trauma she endured during this and numerous ensuing times that we were separated. When I was returned to Houston as orchestrated by Byrd, my brain contained a series of new compartments ready to be programmed and led.

Intensive mind-control behavior programming began at once, and Houston ensured that I was taken to my appointed destinations under the guise of his travels in the country music industry. In the early 1980s, my base programming was instilled at Fort Campbell, Kentucky by U.S. Army Lt. Colonel Michael Aquino . Aquino holds a TOP SECRET clearance in the Defense Intelligence Agency's Psychological Warfare Division (Psy Ops). He is a professed Neo-Nazi, the founder of the Himmler inspired satanic Temple of Set, and has been charged with child ritual and sexual abuse at the Presidio Day Care in San Francisco, California. But like my father and Cox, Aquino remains "above the law" while he continues to traumatize and program CIA destined young minds in a quest to reportedly create the "superior race" of Project Monarch Mind-Controlled slaves. I quickly teamed that Aquino did not adhere to his profoundly professed occult superstition any more than I did. His "satanic power" was in the form of numerous variations of high voltage stun guns,⁵ which he used on me regularly. Although Aquino used occultism (blood trauma) as a trauma base, his programming was high tech and "clean"ónot muddled in a proverbial witches' brew of ignorance. He quickly dispelled the Cox influence, and began programming me according to Byrd's specifications as his "own little witch" for sadistic sex, covert CIA drug muling, black mail, and prostitution operations.

During the three months I was back with Cox, a muscle in my upper vaginal wall was cut and dropped in preparation for Houston to flesh carve a hideous witch's face⁴ for Senator Byrd's perversion. Aquino provided the ancient instructions on how to mutilate me, and Houston used silver nitrate and hot exacto knives to carve the details of the face without any form of anaesthesia.

By flexing the muscle downward, the face protruded out of my vagina. Not only did this surgery give Byrd a vagina suited to his minute, underdeveloped penis, it also provided an equitable "curiosity" to be displayed over and over again in both commercial and non-commercial pornography and prostitution. On the 1981 anniversary of John F. Kennedy's assassination, I was forced to "marry" Alex Houston for appearance sake. Earlier that month when I had been taken to Washington, D.C for prostitution purposes, Byrd informed me that I would actually be "marrying" him when I "pledged my vows" to Houston.

"It is a covenant between the two of us," Byrd had said, "It is me that you will honor and obey 'til death do us part," Byrd then instructed me to pick up my wedding dress from a nearby D.C. store. Throughout the years, Houston often joked about the significance of my Washington, D.C. wedding dressówhich was depicted in pornographic photos and a commercial video to "commemorate our wedding night", Alex Houston's "best man," Jimmy Walker, was also a photographer for Larry Flynt's sexually graphic commercial pornography magazine, Hustler.

When I met Byrd after the ceremony at Nashville's Opryland Hotel as ordered, he presented me with a "wedding gift"óa rose patterned crystal crucifix deliberately designed to anchor "our wedding" in my Catholic/Vatican instilled beliefs. The Larry

Flynt photos depicting me in my wedding dress with the crystal crucifix to "commemorate our wedding night," was standard lock-in procedure for all mind-controlled slaves I knew who were forced to "marry" their handlers/owners.

Houston's booking agent, Reggie Mac (MacLaughlin), of United Talent and later of MacFadden Agency in Nashville, Tennessee, had been booking CIA involved country music acts into key locations to aid the execution of covert government operations. For example, Houston's ventriloquist act "Alex and Elemer" would be scheduled to perform at a county or state fair near Washington, D.C., where I would be picked up by car or helicopter and escorted to the White House or the Pentagon. The ensuing activities would be compartmentalized in my memory in a manner that caused me to believe I had simply been travelling in the country music industry, and no one "back home" would be suspect of my absence. Another example would be that Houston "entertained" at Byrd's West Virginia State Fair every year, which gave a legitimate appearance to my presence there, when in fact I was being prostituted to the Senator I had "married."

During the early '80s, Reggie MacLaughlin primarily booked Houston into areas that were conducive to my mind-control programming with Aquino. I was first subjected to Aquino's tortures and programming in Fort Campbell, Kentucky; Fort McClellan in Anniston, Alabama; and most frequently, at Redstone Arsenal and Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Alabama.

Military mind-control was fast, effective, and highly technological, but it was the NASA programming that launched me as a "Presidential Model". Even though Aquino instilled my programming on both military and NASA installations, he had access to the latest technological advancements and techniques through NASA. These included mind foilers such as sensory deprivation tanks, virtual reality, flight simulators, and harmonics. By the age of two, Kelly had already been subjected to Aquino and his programming through these latest technological advancements, which shattered her fragile young mind before her base personality had a chance to form. Rather than use occultism on Kelly, Aquino traumatized her through sexual assault and high voltage tortures of the mind and body. She, like I, to this day carries numerous scars from this "non satanic" abuse base. I know, from years of research, NASA technology and Aquino's programming, combined with the Project Monarch standard sleep, food, and water deprivation and high voltage, made Kelly a subject of state of the art genetically multigenerational MPD/DID psychological mind-control engineering.

In 1981, Byrd personally joined Aquino in Huntsville, Alabama during one of our programming sessions. NASA cooperated fully with Byrd on any and everything, since it was Byrd's Senate Appropriations Committee that determined how much and/or whether NASA received government funding. I lay naked on the cold metal table, tranced and photographically recording every word and detail of my programming and every word that Byrd and Aquino not so privately discussed. Byrd was providing Aquino with specific details of certain perversions he wanted me equipped to fulfil or perform. Additionally, they talked about scrambling my immediate memory with two private porn films they were arranging to have produced locally. These were titled How To Divide a

Personality and How To Create a Sex Slave. These films are the kind NASA became involved in producing for the dual purpose of "scrambling" memory and documenting their mind-control procedures. The resident Huntsville, Alabama pornographers were two local cops, one of which was (and is) a Sergeant.⁵ This served NASA and the CIA well when cover-up was necessary. The How To Create a Sex Slave film depicts the common "spin" programming, which in essence is the combination to unlocking or accessing a specific programmed act. For example, the compartment of the mind that holds memory of incest is stimulated to open when the original abuse is eminent.

Seeing my father's penis would "trigger" a specific response, supposedly opening the neuron pathways of my brain to allow the part of my brain that dealt with his actions before to deal with them again. With "spin" programming, the trigger of seeing my father's penis is replaced with a combination of specific verbal commands and a specific number of physical spins so that anyone with the "combination" could access that particular part of my brain. The part of my mind containing "knowledge" of the original abuse by my father learned to "like" painful, sadistic sex. Senator Byrd wanted me programmed in such a way that he could decide if he wanted me to scream and cry when he whipped me, or if he wanted me to become sexually aroused and "beg" for more. After programming, when I met with Byrd, I would "dance" like a music box dancer, twirling round and round until Byrd's fiddle music stopped. My mind precisely calculated how many revolutions I had made whether I was capable of conscious counting or not (much like a normal person wakes up at a particular time without an alarm clock), and the desired results were produced as accessed.

This is but one simplified example of sex programming, and I was programmed for more than sex. But this particular incident of programming at the U.S. Army Redstone Arsenal would change my existence entirely and set the stage for my role in covert government black, budget-type operations as a "Presidential Model".

Seeing and/or knowing that Kelly was being tortured and programmed proved to be a detriment to my own mind-control programming, such that the common "cross-programming" of mother and daughter was rarely viable. In the fall of 1982, Houston was scheduled to perform at the State Fair in Senator Byrd's home state of West Virginia, Byrd arrived at our hotel with LT. COL. Aquino, who took Kelly with him, supposedly for programming purposes, I was left alone in the hotel room with Byrd, whose KKK affiliation fuelled his rage over my having been recently prostituted to black entertainer and CIA operative Charlie Pride. Although I had had no control over the situation to begin with, Byrd expended his fury on me rather than on Houston who was ultimately responsible for the incident. He took out his whip and began beating me as he had so many times before. Only this time it seemed to last forever, Byrd was still whipping me when Aquino returned with my tranced and traumatized daughter. I regained consciousness enough to pull myself up off the floor when I heard Kelly's hysterical cries. Byrd ordered me to the bathroom for a cold shower to stop the bleeding. My body could not carry out his orders, and I collapsed again in the bathroom, smearing blood all over the floor. Kelly's cries again revived me, and I crawled to the door to find Byrd sexually assaulting her and Aquino disrobing to join them. One small

window in the bathroom appeared to be a possible means of escape to obtain help, but Byrd caught me and knocked me to the floor. The whole bathroom was smeared in blood by the time he threw me into the shower and turned the cold water on to slow the bleeding.

Later that afternoon, Kelly and I stood hand in hand in the afternoon sun at the State Fair where Senator Byrd was about to make a speech to his constituents. My blouse stuck to my freshly whipped skin as Byrd walked onto the stage, and the crowd cheered. Although Byrd periodically sexually abused Kelly throughout her Project Monarch victimization, the horrific incident in West Virginia was the last time I was able to instinctively think to respond at all. Aquino's mind-control programming further insured it, as did Byrd's access to high tech mind-control equipment via West Virginia's Jesuit College, where he claimed the role of "Head Friar".⁶

Kelly has reported enduring much sexual abuse by both Byrd and Aquino.

Aquino apparently incorporated sexual abuse with his mind-control programming and sex training of her, and shared more such events with Byrd.

It was also my experience that Byrd's sexual perversions were heightened when Aquino shared in the assault. Traumatic events such as this one in West Virginia reinforced my own programming through conditioning, and further locked me in to Byrd's seemingly inescapable control.

The majority of my programming, as well as a large part of Kelly's, was again Oz theme based. This means the combination of codes, keys and triggers to access me were related to L. Frank Baum's story, The Wizard Of Oz.

Whether or not it was Baum's intention (or for that matter Walt Disney's, Lewis Carroll's, etc.), it is evident that his psychologically intense story was used for manipulating minds. Much of The Wizard Of Oz lends itself to themes commonly used by perpetrators. For example, nearly all MPD/DIDs have suffered the loss of pets during ritualized torture. And all of Baum's primary character Dorothy's nightmarish experiences "over the rainbow in Oz" stemmed from her desire to risk her own life to protect her threatened pet. Abusers use this lesson to condition the victim to drop all resistance and cooperate or "I'll get you, my pretty, and your little dog (or child) too." The "over the rainbow" scramble of dreams vs. reality provides abusers a theme by which to manipulate an MPD's subconscious perception of switching personalities. Oftentimes this theme is transdimensional as is Oz, or that which was just experienced was "just a bad dream" like Dorothy was told upon her awakening in her own bed back in Kansas.

CIA cryptic language is manipulation of the English language such that words have a double meaning (aka 'double binds' in mental health terminology.) It works much the way as communication through "inside jokes", among people familiar with each other. Perhaps this is a reason for the government's use of professional comedians as slave

handlers. Since mindcontrolled slaves' minds function consciously through their subconscious, which has no way of discerning fantasy from reality or intended meaning from literal meaning, cryptic dual level language is especially effective. Many CIA covert operations I was involved in occurred in public. Anyone who overheard the conversation would have discerned something very different from what actually "trance-spined". For example, one of my Washington, D.C. Secret Service escorts linked arms with me like Dorothy did with her companions when walking the Yellow Brick Road. This would have appeared to be normal behavior, or even romantic, to outsiders. But to me it was a signal to "stay the course" (Bush's quote) and follow directions. Arm in arm we walked through the crowded Air and Space Museum of the Smithsonian to the nearby NASA headquarters. There he read the "Service Entrance" sign on the door accentuating syllables ever so slightly so that I heard him cryptically command, "Serve-us, En-Trance".

1. Jimmy Dean is knowledgeable of, and a willing participant in criminal covert activity including the use of mind-controlled slaves.
2. "Marching to Missouri" is a Mormon based belief that interfaced with the CIA'S FACTION OF THE COUNTRY MUSIC industry being transferred to Branson, Missouri in the mid 1980s.
3. 120,000-volt stun guns leave two indented prod marks or moles two inches apart, while the cylindrical stun gun USED primarily in the vagina and rectum leaves prod marks/moles 3/4 of an inch apart.. A look into trash-magazine publisher Larry Flint's Hustler will show prod marks on the mind-controlled slaves he photographs, particularly on the throat, near the lips. and on the back.
4. The "witch's face" has also been referred to as that of a Baphomet and Jesuit monk.
5. I photo identified the Sergeant and his (jailer) officer in 1990, and Mark's and my lives were threatened through then-District Attorney, now U.S. Representative, Bud Cramer (D. Huntsville, Alabama) of the Congressional Permanent Intelligence Committee as a result of this revelation!
6. To a literal mind-controlled MPD/DID slave, the term "Head Priar" equates to "head frier", meaning high voltage to the brain.

CHAPTER 7: CHARM SCHOOL

After Aquino instilled my base sex programming, I was often taken by Houston to Youngstown, Ohio to attend the sex slave training camp hell hole referred to as "Charm School". Houston often performed in the Youngstown area at county fairs, Fraternal Order of Police shows, or any little country music entertainment gigs that would bring us in the proximity of the dreaded Charm School. On occasion, Kelly would go through the torture process with me. But usually Houston delivered me to the door for training with other CIA and Mafia slaves my age, and then left taking Kelly with him. When Charm

School was in session, there were several girls being tortured and trained at once. I have seen and known numerous girls to go through Charm School, but, understandably, few are reported to have survived or recovered their minds enough to talk about it.

Charm School was reportedly operated by an identified member of the Mellon Banking family (Byrd's Endowment for the Arts' largest contributor).

The operator took the name and role of "Governor" from the movie *My Fair Lady*, in an attempt to confuse my torturous reality with movie fantasy. In the movie, Governor is the cockney title given the professor who transformed a female street urchin into a functioning high society lady. Additionally, Mellon's use of the title, Governor, was intended to create scramble for the real Governor who frequented the school as though it were only a whore house. I am referring to then Governor of Pennsylvania (and later U.S. Attorney General, now secretary for the United Nations) Dick Thornburgh.¹ Aquino provided some of the programming at Charm School and everyone I knew in government operations was at least aware of it. Then Youngstown Sheriff, now U.S. Representative Jim Traficant, was usually present. He capitalized on his ability to portray himself as "Lurch" by slowly opening the door and saying, "Walk this way - To a literal slave in training, this means walk like he is walking-like Lurch, Egor, a street whore, Scarecrow, and so on.

Once the door closed behind me. Charm School meant I would be charmed, mesmerized (hypnotized), and programmed to be a high class prostitute for select politicians. I did learn their way to walk, I learned when to talk, how to dress, how to sit, stand, and all the rest. Table manners were not taught as they were not needed since slaves endured food and water deprivation when working. Above all, we were taught how to gratify any sexual perversion. Just as Traficant opened the door to Charm School for slaves, he oftentimes was the one to "test" their newly learned sexual skills to determine when or if slaves could leave.

A typical three-day course at Charm School included the usual factors of, sleep, food, and water deprivation; trauma; high voltage; and programming.

Often times experimental or tried and proven CIA manufactured "designer" drugs were administered which produced specific brain wave activity to maximize and/or compartmentalize programs. I usually spent the first day hanging in the dungeon. Charm School is housed in an identified stone historical railroad barren's former residence, and the basement was in fact a wine cellar dungeon. It was dark, damp, and musty and was decorated in classic torture chamber fashion. It was complete with various hanging chains, a stretching rack, whips, and altars including one specially designed for bestiality sex. As I hung by my wrists, I could hear and smell the animals in the next cells: a black Nubian goat called Satan, a small donkey named Nester, sometimes a small white pony referred to as Trigger, and various dogs, cats, snakes, and others. All Charm School animals were trained to sexually respond to the smell of urine. When someone, such as Dick Thornburgh who particularly enjoyed this kind of kink, entered my cell and urinated on me, I knew I would soon be released from my

chains and led to the animal altar for bestiality lessons, pornography, or to please a perverse onlooker. I was hung by my ankles, stretched on a rack, burned, and tortured repeatedly. My feet and hands were chained to a wall for what was termed "off the wall sex." I was taught "Silence" in Oz fashion since screaming did not produce results anyway unless they wanted it for pornography. This was implemented with an electronic canine bark collar normally used to train a dog not to bark.

I was repeatedly filmed pornographically, and always taken upstairs to the "Master's Chambers" for prostitution to participants, including the real "Governor" of Charm School, then Pennsylvania Governor Dick Thornburgh, Congressman Jim Traficant, 2 Lt. Col. Michael Aquino, and others. When Kelly was with me, she endured the same and we were forced to see each other physically tortured as further psychological trauma. This was to ensure I could never remember the who, what, when, or where of our bizarre enslavement.

This is what is sometimes referred to as cross-programming.

In spite of the deliberately created amnesic blocks, I developed a subconscious sympathetic understanding for other Charm School slaves that extended outside the walls of this man-made hell. This understanding emanated from the depths of my being, creating a compassion for other mind-control victims that compels me to give voice to their silent pleas for help to this day.

I became close friends with one such victim, who must remain anonymous in order to survive to eventually recover. This beautiful blonde and I had numerous opportunities to be together throughout the years, as Houston's government sponsored travels routinely took him into her home state of Pennsylvania while Dick Thornburgh was Governor.

My friend and I were photographed together for Larry Flynt's commercial pornography publications, and featured in the illicit films that contributed to funding CIA covert operations. In addition to this, she and I were able to spend two weeks together when her husband/handler traveled to Houston's farm in Tennessee for instructions on handling his new "bride".

I was "made of honor" for my friend's "wedding," which was no more a marriage than mine to Houston. As was customary with Project Monarch slaves, her marriage to her handler equated to marriage to her mind-control owner, U.S. Senator Arlen Specter.

The "wedding" I was forced to participate in was for pornography purposes only, and it took place in Arlen Specter's Conneaut Lake house in Pennsylvania.

Specter's stone house was located in a wooded, remote setting and was masculine in decor. Side rooms were either designated for perverse sex or were furnished with antiquated NASA virtual reality and programming equipment.

The musty smell of Specter's playhouse was overpowered by the scent of roses, which

he symbolically presented to his slave on their "wedding" day.

My friend's "wedding" photos included Catholic themes, and the crucifix featured was rose cut crystal similar to the one I received from Byrd. Regardless of how this girl was depicted, her innate morality was apparent to me. She and I were referred to as "minor/mere cats," due to the similarity of our victimizations. Like me, she was controlled through manipulation of her religious beliefs and maternal instincts. The delicate rose tattooed on her left wrist signifying her role in government operations did not detract from her high class projection any more than Spector's immorality could mar her innate goodness. Once Arlen Spector officially became this slave's owner, her Charm School status rose to "Presidential Model".

In addition to Charm School, I endured extensive programming to prepare me for future operations. Houston was often booked into Oklahoma fairs, Masonic Lodges, F.O.P. Conventions, and so on, in order that I be back in the vicinity of Tinker Air Force Base for further programming. My Tinker-Belle conditioning further enhanced my photographic memory through direct control for receiving and delivering government messages which amounted to a computerized compartmentalization of my brain, so to speak. I was also trained in covert criminal operations, such as international drug mule transactions for funding the Pentagon's and CIA's Black Ops Budgets, Houston's CIA orchestrated travels in the country music industry led me to a TOP SECRET military/NASA installation at Offit Air Force Base in Nebraska.

The "you can run, but you can't hide"³ conditioning was deeply ingrained in my mind there through a technique that was later used on Kelly, as well as on other mind-control slaves, I was taken underground to a so-called 'secret' circular room where the walls were covered with numerous screens showing satellite pictures from around the world. These satellites are referred to as the "Eye in the Sky". An Air Force official explained to me that my every move "could be monitored via satellite". On a separate four-screen viewer, he demonstrated what in retrospect was a contrived pre-recorded slide show, with the scenes changing as rapidly as he spoke and typed it into the computer.

"Where will you run?" he asked me. "To the Arctic? The Antarctic? Brazil? The mountains? The desert? The prairies? The hills of Afghanistan? The city of Kabul? Devil's Tower (Wyoming)? Would you try to run to Cuba and live among our enemies? We can find you there. There is truly no place to run and no place to hide. The U.S. Senate (the picture was of Byrd)? The White House? Or to your own backyard? (My father was depicted waving from his front door, cupping his hands over his mouth saying, "come back" just like Aunt Em in The Wizard Of Oz.) "The moon? We got you covered. You can run, but you can't hide." This had been sufficient to convince me in my suggestible state that my every move could be monitored.

During the course of my training/conditioning, I was routinely prostituted to Senator Byrd in Washington, D.C., at the West Virginia State Fair, NASA in Huntsville, Alabama, and at the Opryland Hotel in Nashville, Tennessee. One such night when I was to be prostituted to Byrd at Opryland Hotel, Lt. Colonel Aquino was scheduled to join him in

perversely assaulting me. Much to my horror, Aquino arrived early, in full army dress uniform, backstage at the Grand Ol' Opry. When I saw Aquino talking with the Vatican based Project Monarch slave runner, Kris Kristopherson,⁴ whom I had known since 1979, my personality programmed for Opry events "short circuited". Under circumstances such as this, a multiple without programming would have switched personalities autogenically, whereas I could only switch upon command, I backed away, dazed, right into a soft drink machine.

Kristopherson saw me as I backed further between the wall and the machine.

"What are you doing in there, little lady?" Kristopherson asked. The Colonel wants to see you,"

Aquino had walked over and sarcastically asked, "What are you doing in those machine wires? That could very well be a shocking experience for you."

All experiences with Aquino or Kristopherson resulted in high voltage electric shock torture, and apparently neither had any regard for human life.⁵ Aquino used the opportunity to reinforce his belief that I "had no where to run, no where to hide" from his "power"- his stun gun.

While I untangled myself from the wires, Kristopherson and Aquino continued their banter at my expense, Kristopherson held up his key ring and jingled it, catching my undivided attention as conditioned, while he told Aquino, "You're gonna need the Keys to the Kingdom to work with this one right here."

"Keys to the Kingdom," of course, referred to my previously instilled (Enter/Inter)"Inner-dimensional" Catholic programmed personalities. Since Aquino was my primary mind-control programmer at the time, Kristopherson was informing Aquino of programs previously instilled in childhood via the "Rite to Remain Silent". By jingling the keys, he was demonstrating his control over me and his momentary edge on Aquino.

"I got 'em," Kristopherson was saying as he jingled the keys. "She's mine unless you wanna play ball. Besides, you have to. The Byrd sent me."

"I've been expecting you," Aquino said with a smile. Events later that night proved that Aquino had been supplied the keys to my previously established Jesuit based programming, which he and Byrd used and altered to suit their own perversions.

Byrd monitored all of my programming "progress," and often tortured me with his whip and pocketknife. He picked up where my mother left off, to destroy any self-esteem I might have inadvertently developed. He said, "There is no place for you to turn because if you could think to talk no one would ever believe I would have anything to do with the likes of you." He often threatened me that I was considered "disposable" because, after all, "The first Presidential Model, Marilyn Monroe, was killed right in front of the public

eye and no one knew what happened."

Byrd's threats and cruelty were unnecessary as I could no longer think to seek help anyway, but he loved to hear himself talk and would often drone on and on and on in his infamous long-winded recitations, while I was photographically recording every word he said. He detailed the inner operational structure of the world domination effort, including psychological warfare strategies, and explained how he had and would utilize his "expert" knowledge of the Constitution to manipulate it and the so-called U.S. Justice System, and more. His loose lips provided me yet another means of surviving and staying a step ahead of "the game" once Kelly and I were rescued from our mind-controlled existence.

Senator Byrd revealed his "justifications" for criminal activity to me as well. He used me as a sounding board even though he knew I was incapable of input or response. He rehearsed in keeping with his motto "The only way we can fail, is to fail to think of an excuse."

Byrd "justified" mind-control atrocities as a means of thrusting mankind into accelerated evolution, according to the Neo-Nazi principles to which he adhered. He "justified" manipulating mankind's religion to bring about the prophesied biblical "world peace" through the "only means available" — total mind control in the New World Order "After all," he proclaimed, "even the Pope and Mormon Prophet know this is the only way to peace and they cooperate fully with The Project."

Byrd also "justified" my victimization by saying, "You lost your mind anyway, and at least you have destiny and purpose now that it's mine." Our country's involvement in drug distribution, pornography, and white slavery was justified" as a means of "gaining control of all illegal activities world wide" to fund Black Budget covert activity that would "bring about world peace through world dominance and total control". He adhered to the belief that "95% of the (world's) people WANT to be led by the 5%", and claimed this can be proven because "the 95% DO NOT WANT TO KNOW what really goes on in government".

Byrd believed that in order for this world to survive, mankind must take a "giant step in evolution through creating a superior race". To create this "superior race," Byrd believed in the Nazi and KKK principles of "annihilation of underprivileged races and cultures" through genocide, to alter genetics and breed "the more gifted-the blondes of this world".

As Byrd's captive audience (literally), I absorbed information that the other so-called masterminds behind the New World Order would never have revealed for security reasons. But Byrd regarded me as "his" object, a game-piece that he could strategically move through life as though he were playing a chess game. He perceived me as totally under his control with no possibility of my ever being rescued, surviving, and recovering my mind and memory. Byrd likely would have talked to a post, and I filled the role as his silent sounding board.

My CIA Operative mind-control handler, Alex Houston was often scheduled to perform at the Swiss Villa Amphitheatre in Lampe, Missouri, which is yet another installation where I was programmed. Swiss Villa was a cover for a CIA Near Death Trauma Center of which there are several across the country.

It is a remote, high security resort, enclosed with military barbed wire fences, that swings its guarded gate open to the local public for country music concerts.

The small Amphitheatre covers the covert activities occurring inside, which includes U.S. Government CIA cocaine and heroin distribution operations and mind-control projects.

Swiss Villa, like the Mount Shasta, California compound, was also used as a training and operations camp for the Shadow Government's paramilitary projects referred to by Senator Tnouye (D. HI). I learned that this not-so-secret military buildup, sanctioned by corrupt members of our government, consisted of special forces trained robotic soldiers, numerous black unmarked helicopters, and the highest technological advancements in TOP SECRET weaponry and "Star Wars" electro magnetic mind-control equipment. These paramilitary compounds were intended for global policing of the New World Order through the Multi-Jurisdictional Police Force.

"A Most Dangerous Game" was often played at Swiss Villa and involved CIA agents, politicians, and others who would attend the resort just for the sport of hunting humans. Kelly and I both were hunted at Swiss Villa. The tortures and rape after being caught were extensive and sufficiently traumatized our minds for ensuing programming, as well as for creating memory compartmentalization for the high level operations we witnessed behind the villa's patrolled fences. It was at Swiss Villa that I was taught "THE Most Dangerous Game" was one where a slave tried to escape and reveal what he or she had learned. If the hunters could not catch and stop the slave, then the black helicopters patrolling the area would. And if all else failed, the "Eye in the Sky" would locate him or her, and a torturous death was supposedly imminent.

According to my abusers, my deprogrammer and primary advocate Mark Phillips and I have embarked on "THE Most Dangerous Game" through efforts such as releasing this book and turning a spotlight on the Shadow Government to reveal its members' identities and their crimes against humanity, Mark Phillips and I are determined to beat them at their own "game" by arming the "95%" with the truth that perpetrators "don't want them to know!"

1. Dick Thornburgh is listed in Houston's CIA memo book which is now in my (and others') possession.
2. Please note that, while still Sheriff of Youngstown, Ohio, Traficant was investigated and subsequently indicted for federal racketeering, drug distribution, and Mafia connections. However, he was acquitted through careful CIA jury manipulation and he

went on to become the U.S. Representative he is to this date.

3. Once gaining "eyes to see and ears to hear," this "you can run, but you can't hide" theme is so widely used it is visible from Hallmark greeting cards to Interstate overpasses to the lock-in song by the rock group, Police's "I'll Be Watching You".

4. A good friend of mine who remains a victim to date was "married" to Kristopherson on the night she wed her mind-control handler-much the way I had "married" Byrd when I wed Houston. The crucifix used to her Larry Flynt "wedding night" porn photos was mirrored rather than crystal.

5. Kristopherson nearly strangled me to death with his penis, which had further sexually excited him, late in the summer of 1987 during another incident related to Byrd.

CHAPTER 8: CIA'S WAR ON DRUGS OPERATION: ELIMINATING COMPETITION

I no longer had any mind of my own. I was absolutely void of free will and was now totally robotic. So was Kelly, We wore our Charm School smile at all times, and did exactly what we were told to do. The only characteristic noticeably out of place was Kelly's age-inappropriate programmed vocabulary and mannerisms. Outsiders attributed this to her traveling within the country music industry. My public image was a programmed personality that always smiled, looked and talked like the proverbial "air-head" blonde that kept outsiders away by socializing only within my controlled environment. This lifestyle appeared quite normal for my role as Houston's much younger "wife" in the country music industry.

When we were not traveling, I began each day at 4:00 A.M. with a minimum of 2 hours aerobic exercise. Afterward, I tended farm animals and did other chores, then cooked Houston a large country breakfast which neither Kelly or I were permitted to share. Houston would then order me to work to exhaustion on his 100-acre farm while he watched. These chores included hauling, stacking, and feeding out hundreds of bales of hay to our livestock each year; maintaining miles of electric fencing; cutting acres of grass with a push mower an average of twice weekly; busting concrete with a sledge hammer and mixing and pouring new cement; digging by hand and maintaining a two acre vegetable garden for canning; cutting, hauling, and slacking firewood for Houston, his neighbors, and friends; shovelling pick-up truck loads of creek gravel to fill in enormous potholes in the gravel road leading to 11 rural residences including Jack Greene's; and anything else Houston could think of that would wear me down. Houston's exhaustive, slave-driving work orders made my father's seem benevolent in comparison. The "best" of days were rough.

I ate "like a bird (Byrd)," following Byrd's orders of 300 calories per day with no sugar or caffeine. My metabolism was low. I was trained to compute calories like a machine, eating more like a rabbit than a "bird", I had to count every calorie, from a simple taste of what I had to cook for Houston to semen.

Houston ensured that Kelly and I never got more than two consecutive hours of deep per night. He accomplished this through automatic mental "alarm clocks" that woke us up at two- hour intervals-Kelly with asthma, and me with panic.

These tactics contributed to Kelly's and my total inability to resist mind control.

Traveling in the country music industry was no easier than existing on Houston's farm in Tennessee. It certainly lacked the glamour that outsiders usually associate with entertainment industries. CIA covert drug operations had permeated the industry. Entertainers were used to buy, sell, and distribute cocaine brought into this country by the U.S. government for the purpose of funding the Pentagon's and CIA's Black Budgets. Nashville's local government, from my perspective, was totally corrupted by these criminal covert operations. Cover-up, murder, drugs, and white slavery prevailed.

Entertainers usually made n big only when they participated in CIA operations and/or were slaves themselves. I know of numerous entertainers in need of rescue and deprogramming from their mind-controlled existence, because it was discovered that voices could be harmonically tuned through mind control to captivate audiences. To quote my father, "Spies, like singers and actors, are made, not born". These entertainers have endured much of the same programming as I to permit them to carry out government operations in the course of their travels.

Norwegian Caribbean Lines (NCL) cruise ships depart regularly from Miami, Florida and travel throughout the Caribbean and Mexico. NCL provides pleasure cruises to the public complete with "entertainment" like that of Alex Houston while carrying out CIA operations. Sue Carper, former director of entertainment procurement for all NCL cruise ships, would ensure that government covert activities staging were properly orchestrated. She rotated entertainers like Houston from ship to ship in order to avoid the scrutiny of clean U.S. Customs and Immigrations inspectors. I routinely took cruises with Houston, muling cocaine and/or heroin out of Haiti, the Bahamas, Mexico, the Virgin Islands, and Puerto Rico to fund covert operations. While I was robotically carrying out transactions as ordered, I was also prostituted to South and Central American drug lords and politicians, as well as filmed pornographically. Houston made sure I was in the right place at the right time and switched me into the proper mode for each activity I was forced to carry out. In the early 1980s, this included passing messages to and from Senator Byrd, Baby Doc Duvalier, my Cuban contact, Puerto Rican drug lord Jose Busto, and others.

In keeping with NCL's Caribbean operations, Byrd adjusted his use of programming themes to include the mirror-reversal, interdimensional, Air-Water mind-control theme used on me by NASA and the Jesuits. I often saw dolphins playing in the ocean while being transported from port to port via the Cruise ships, but the popular "whales and dolphins" mind-control theme was avoided in favor of a theme more suitable to my experience-that of the Sea-Bird-Robert C. (Sea) Byrd. He told me, "Atlantis1 has long been the epicenter of alien activity. The path is so well warn that there are holes in the fabric of time and space whereby airplanes and ships, even people, timelessly

seemingly disappear, transformed into another dimension alien to this world. Likewise, we (aliens) came in, entering through the mirror reflection of the hole in the fabric of space, the deep blue sea. Some of us entered Earth's plane as whales and dolphins. And when we emerged from the sea, some of us came flying out.

Or is that in? At any rate, we are here. Watch for the flying fish when you are out to see/sea. When you see one, you will know it is kin to me. A flying fish by any other name is a C. Byrd. A sea bird. Robert C. Byrd."

The drug business was booming for the CIA, and the only "War on Drugs" I witnessed was that launched by the CIA against its competition. As quickly as I brought the NCL suitcases of drugs into the Port of Miami, they were usually transferred to Houston's factory custom-built Holiday Rambler motor home.

Concealed compartments were built into the walls for hiding the illegal drugs.

If I drove the drug-filled motor home on to Nashville rather than deposit the drugs en route at Warner-Robbins Air Force Base in Macon, Georgia, the bulk was stored in the Hendersonville Mormon "food storage" Bishop's Warehouse.

Some cocaine was delivered to a music distributor in Nashville, Tennessee, where it was carefully packaged in participating entertainers' cassettes, for delivery along their carefully scheduled travel routes. Houston always kept a large amount of the cocaine for his own use and distribution. Oftentimes he ordered that I deliver the drugs to specific entertainers at the Grand Ole Opry and/or at the local shopping mall when we were not traveling. Most often, however, the larger loads of drugs remained concealed in the motor home for distribution to CIA drug drops while we traveled the country music industry.

These CIA drug drops included an abandoned amusement park near Youngstown, Ohio; Diamond Caverns² campground in Park City, Kentucky; and Swiss Villa Amphitheatre in Lampe, Missouri. I was aware that tons of drugs were being handled via our military, but the hundreds of pounds I muled were targeted for exclusive private distribution.

An example of a typical Caribbean drug operation centered around the NCL port of call. Key West, Florida. Houston took Kelly and me to a nearby tennis court under the guise of playing tennis. In reality, I was to meet with CIA Operative Jimmy Buffett, who devoted more time to the proliferation of CIA criminal covert activity than he did to his music career cover. Buffett was playing tennis. Referring to him as though he were to be my tennis instructor, Houston said, "There's your instructor. As soon as he gathers the balls, he should be over here to meet you."

Noticing us, Buffett strode over and shook hands with Houston. "Hi, Jimmy/ Houston said as though they were old buddies.

"Hi, Alex and Elemer," Buffett responded, sarcastically using Houston's stage name.

"Oh," Houston said. Never one to know an insult when he heard it, he continued, "What do your friends call you?"

"What does it matter to you?" Buffett asked. "Uncle calls me Jim. I take it you're not the contact." Houston pointed to me, "She is".

"That's more like it," Buffett smiled. "A little Byrd told me I'd be meeting with a Diamond in the Rough."³

"I prefer a Diamond in the Buff," he said, "I've got a studio across the street."

As we walked toward his studio, I was oblivious to the meaning behind his conversation. with Houston and commented, "I understand you're an instructor.

I wish I had brought my racquet."

"I'm not that kind of an instructor," Buffett explained, "I'm a point man for Uncle. And you've got an appointment with me. I have some instructions to give you." As we entered his studio, he said, "Welcome to paradise," and gestured me in. We went into the small living quarters, which may have appeared even smaller due to the electronic equipment, acoustic guitars, and furniture that filled the room. A black mirrored coffee table, atypical of cocaine users I'd known, was the clearest spot in the room. A gold razor blade, cocaine residue, an ashtray full of marijuana roaches, and a fanned deck of card with the queen of hearts on top lay on the table. Tropical plants further cluttered the room. Standing between a perched, stuffed parrot and a banana tree, Buffett was saying, "Key West is a key place to be. It's the key to the Caribbean - Cuba, Panama - anyplace that means anything to Uncle these days, I hold the keys. I'm keeper of the keys and I hold a few of yours." Looking at his parrot, he continued, "The bird/Byrd says you respond to pair-o-dice, look deep into the parrot eyes."

I did as instructed, and Buffett popped out the bird's ruby red eyes, which actually were dice, into his hand. "Roll your eyes high while I roll my pair-o dice," he ordered as he rolled the dice across the table. Stopping at the deck of cards, he picked up the jack of diamonds. "I am a jack of all trades," he cryptically continued. "And I trade in whatever Uncle orders. An order has been placed. You must follow orders and go to that place. Go to the White House Inn at the pier. Carry your laundry bag (full of cash) with you, and see the man in black. (My Cuban contact almost always wore a conspicuous black trench coat.) There is a launderman on the dock itself. They do all my laundering for me, and will be expecting you. Watch for the sea-man with the duffel bag. When you see the military green duffel bag, approach the desk.

When he says, "I need this laundered, but I do not have the time," you say, "Welcome to Paradise. I will make sure it is cleaned and delivered on time."

Then give him your duffel bag of 'laundry' and say, "This has been properly laundered for you". Take the duffel bag. It will be light as a feather. Return to the Inn and enjoy the buffet."

Changing modes, Buffett unzipped his shorts as he asked, "Do you like a buffet? I have a Buffett buffet for you now. And if is Paradise!"

I carried out the drug transaction as ordered, the whole ordeal lasting a matter of minutes. A buffet was spread in the courtyard of the White House Inn at 4:00 PM just as Buffett said it would be. But due to the food and water deprivation necessary to maintaining my mind-controlled trance, Houston forbid me from carrying out this last part of Buffett's instructions, Alex Houston Enterprises was another side business that Houston used to cover for his CIA criminal covert activities. It included the relabeling of G.E. capacitors for the "energy savings" companies, Queen Electric and Phase Liner, he shared with his former wife and first CIA mind-controlled slave. She was a Catholic processed Puerto Rican blonde beauty. These G.E. capacitor banks were sold internationally as energy saving devices, when in fact they provided one more means of transporting drugs from the U.S. around the world.

It was Houston's G.E. capacitor scam that provided me insight into the elaborate Long Island docks drug network run by U.S. Congressman Gary Ackerman (D. NY).⁴ I first met Ackerman in 1981 when Houston was booked into the Woodberry Music Festival with known CIA mind-control victim Loretta Lynn.⁵ Loretta's road manager, Neo-Nazi pedophile Ken Riley, who was also Alex Houston's best friend, often assisted Houston in handling me.

Riley in turn handed my Charm School programmed keys, codes, and triggers to Congressman Ackerman, who skilfully accessed my Alice In Wonderland mirror theme programming. After snorting a couple of lines of coke, he stepped into the center of a three way mirror where he positioned me and proceeded to sexually gratify himself in my throat. Ken Riley, and other involved members of Loretta's band, all laughed as Ackerman stumbled around the room while pulling his pants up from around his ankles and complaining that he "couldn't stand for sex like that". The term "Ackerman syndrome" was coined after that in reference to sex that drained a man of his energy, and circulated among "those who know" for years.

1. NCL cruise ships routinely pass through the so-called "Bermuda Triangle," and Byrd did not miss this opportunity to tap into old programming base installed by Senator L. Bennet Johnston.

2. When Mark and I turned in detailed information on this drug drop to law enforcement, our lives were endangered to the point that a foreign Intelligence officer intervened and subsequently saved our lives through a timely tip-off.

3. "Diamond in the Rough" was a term used to describe an MPD/DID slave actively engaged in programming via torture conditioning.

4. Congressman Ackerman's Caribbean cocaine and Asian heroin operations have not hindered his position on the Congressional Post Office and Civil Service Committees, nor the Asian and Pacific Affairs Committee. It is important to note that, as a matter of Congressional record, Ackerman openly opposed compulsory drug tests for all federal employees.

5. Senator Byrd proudly claimed Loretta as his mind-controlled slave and told me, "I literally made Loretta what she is today, and she is maid to order". Loretta's son and secondary mind-control handler, Ernest Ray, told me, "I know what the Byrd did to my mother. I can get away with murder... All I gotta do is call him and I'm free as a bird/Byrd."

CHAPTER 9: RONALD REAGAN'S AMERICAN DREAM: A PANDORA'S BOX OF NIGHTMARES

My mind-controlled existence became more complicated after Senator Byrd introduced me to then President Ronald Reagan in the fall of 1982 at a White House political party. Byrd told me, "When you meet the Chief, imagine him with his pants down. He's most comfortable knowing you are imagining him with his pants down. He doesn't want formality." Former president Ford had conditioned me to dread the Office of President, and I mechanically went through the motions of meeting Reagan, Reagan admittedly had seen the How To Divide a Personality and How to Create a Sex Slave videos made in Huntsville, Alabama. He acted very pleased with me as though I had participated in them willingly. Within the first few minutes of meeting Reagan, he was giving me acting tips to utilize in government operations and pornography!! "When you become your part, your performance increases, which in turn increases your ability to do your part for your country. 'Ask not what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country'-your part," he instructed. Somehow, Reagan's reminder of Ford's and VanderJagt's conditioning to Kennedy's quote seemed more patriotically significant than "simply" sexually entertaining politicians by waving a flag in my bottom. After gazing deep into his self-professed "kaleidoscope eyes," each metaphorical phrase he spoke became life and breath to me.

Reagan explained to me that the illegal CIA covert activities I was forced to participate in were "justified" as they funded covert activities in Afghanistan and Nicaragua. He explained, "America's Freedom Train is spanning the globe and sex is but a sidetrack to the ultimate course of freedom. Our job of procuring and transporting arms is the most difficult part of all. But it can and must be done. How can a man with no arms fight? These operations are necessary as American people raise too much hell about violence already, and it is better they're not informed of our supporting wars they cannot understand the significance of."

I realize now that Reagan twisted reality to fit his personal perceptions rather than to adhere to Byrd's philosophy of providing "excuses" for what he deemed "the order of things". In typical Reagan fashion, he did not perceive mind control as slavery, but as

"an opportunity for those who otherwise would have nothing in life". He claimed that multigenerational incestuously abused children like myself, or "previously impoverished baseball players from third world countries and slums, are provided an opportunity to 'be all they can be' through making a 'contra-bution' to society, our nation, and the world, by utilizing their talents to maximum potential." With this altitude, Reagan displayed pride in the sick role he played as The Wizard Of Oz, directing Project Monarch slaves like myself.

That night. Senator Byrd acted in the capacity of a pimp and prostituted me to Reagan. Referring to me as though I were a machine, Reagan asked Byrd, "Does she run on chemicals?" meaning specific CIA drugs.

Byrd answered, "She takes it in spurts". I noticed that Reagan's eyes lit up with perversion and understanding of Byrd's statement, which meant that I "shared" whatever drugs were in his system through his urine. Reagan later told me he preferred sex slaves equipped for this task since he, as President, should not have to get up in the night to urinate. "Well," Reagan said, holding up his glass, "All I've had to fuel her with is alcohol. That's not much of a jolt from a 'whiz of a Wiz(ard).'" Byrd chuckled at Reagan's Oz cryptic joke and removed his gold cocaine vial from the inner pocket of his suit. He and Reagan discretely turned their backs to the party while Byrd "spoon fed" Reagan the drug up his nose.

Before I left with Reagan, Byrd informed me that "Uncle Ronnie doesn't sleep with his mommy (Nancy)," and that he preferred snuggling into his LL Bean, light blue flannel sheets in his nightshirt and ridiculous nightcap because "they're warmer, softer, more comfortable, and don't snore".

Later, in his bedroom, Reagan accessed my sexual programming, and I became "my part" as a prostitute to "Uncle Ronnie". Reagan did not move during sex. After all, that was "my duty". And my duty was to please him, whatever it took, and it took more time than anything. Reagan never hurt me (he always made sure someone else did that) and used this as a "bond" to the little child ("Kitten") personality he always accessed for sex. Reagan's most apparent personality kink was his love for bestiality pornography.² According

to my handlers, his passion for pornography escalated its manufacture and distribution during his Administration. He wholeheartedly approved and encouraged the porn industry for funding covert activity.

Many commercial and instructional (private) pornography films I and others participated in, referred to as "Uncle Ronnie's Bedtime Stories," were manufactured solely for his pleasure-oftentimes according to his instruction, using Freedom Train slaves. After my initial meeting with Reagan, I was used in numerous films that were produced predominantly at Youngstown Charm School and/or by his "Chief Pornographer"³ Michael Dante, specifically to satisfy his perversions. These included a wide range of cryptic themes, but were mostly bestiality. Reagan often watched the videos while I was

prostituted to him, requiring me to re-enact the porn however possible.

I first met Reagan's Chief Pornographer Michael Dante, AKA Michael Viti, at an elite Nashville hotel where he was attending "charity" Golf Tournament festivities. Like CIA Operative Charlie Pride's Pro-Am Golf Tournament in Albuquerque, New Mexico, this "charity" tournament provided a cover for the cocaine and white slavery operations that dominated the event. Houston and I often attended such "charity" events, as did Dante, but it was only after having met Reagan that Dante's and my paths crossed as arranged.

Dante took me to his hotel room after our initial introduction. He snorted a few lines of coke, looked me over as though I were merchandise, and accessed my sex programming. He then arrogantly asked me if I knew who he was. He told me he lived in Beverly Hills, California and made movies. I thought he was referring to his box office flop, Winterhawk, until he said, "Uncle Ronnie sent me. He wants me to make movies with you as your 'contra-bution.' We're gonna have a good time, then he's gonna have a good time, and everybody's happy. You'll like that, won't you Baby? Get dressed. We're going back downstairs and make arrangements."

Dante telephoned me often, professing "our love" through command reinforcements and making arrangements to meet me in specific places for producing Uncle Ronnie's Bedtime Stories and commercial porn. These locations included, among others, Tennessee, Florida, the Caribbean, and California. He often talked of owning me in the future, painting a picture of what life would be like living with him. His attitude toward women was atypical of slave owners and handlers, and he often quoted scripture to justify his dominance. "No arguments," "speak only when spoken to," "take a good beating now and then just to keep you in line," "see to all my comforts and housework," and "be on call 24 hours a day when I need a good whore". He gave me a slave bracelet a trademark of his porno and said, "A woman needs a chain. It's a public reminder of total commitment and devotion. A reminder of the chain-of-command. A woman is tied to her man. No man should be tied to a woman."

Dante's Connecticut Italian roots are in the Mafia, and it was a well-established fact that organized crime and government had a close working relationship where criminal covert activities were concerned, I met many of Dante's associates, and we already shared a few common contacts who were conduits between the Mafia and CIA. These included Congressman Guy VanderJagt, former President Gerald Ford, then Governor of Pennsylvania Dick Thornburgh, Congressman Jim Traficant, Congressman Gary Ackerman, and Ronald Reagan.

Dante related to me, "When Reagan was Governor (of California), we went to Dodger (baseball) games together and sat in the Press Box. I got to know him real well and we got along. So, he and Tommy (LaSorda, Dodger manager and their mutual friend) and I would continue partying after the game. I brought him a few girls (slaves) and we did business. Really. Tommy LaSorda brought us together-you'll like him. I'll take you to meet him. We'll go to games together all the time, every chance we get. You'll love that,

won't you, Baby? You like a Press Box, Baby? Dick says you do." I wasn't surprised that Dick Thornburgh had talked about his previous, perverse sexual activity with me at a baseball game back East any more than I was surprised to learn that Dante knew Thornburgh through their mutual political and baseball ties.

Dick Thornburgh was Governor of Pennsylvania during my tenure as a Presidential Model mind-controlled slave. He used his influence to bring Houston into Pennsylvania state and county fairs year after year for the purposes of cocaine and pornography distribution, as well as for prostitution of me to him on a regular basis. Thornburgh was a heavy cocaine user, and was deeply involved in CIA covert activities-particularly Project Monarch. He was a firm believer in mind control, not only for sex training and government operations, but for sports. An avid baseball fan, Thornburgh had much to share with Reagan, Dante and LaSorda, I had been giving Handwriting Analysis lectures on NCL's Norway cruise ship (my cover for covert operation) in 1987, and Thornburgh and his friend Chicago Cubs Baseball Scout Jim Zerilla were in attendance. Afterward, Zerilla offered me a job with the Baseball Commission analyzing handwriting of their "million dollar babies" baseball players before they were signed up.

Thornburgh explained that the job may not fit into my schedule. Nevertheless, we met on several occasions during the course of the cruise, always for sex, but business was discussed as well.

My programmed mind contained a "baseball computer" that was created for Reagan, and used by many including Thornburgh. LaSorda, Dante", and Zerilla.

It was packed with the binds of statistics in which they were interested; the codes, keys, triggers and hand signals of certain mind-controlled baseball players. Zerilla and Thornburgh were cruising en route to the Dominican Republic to the CIA baseball mind-control farm to scout out new slaves. They talked excitedly about the prospect of winning large sums of money through gambling on rigged games. I had been aware for years that many pro players, particularly LaSorda's Dodgers, were mind-controlled and triggered to win or lose according to their owners' bets and favors. The Dodgers, Reagan's "favorite American pastime" ball team continuously won, including the World Series during his Administration. The Mafia was in on the bet rigging, and information was passed to certain ones through Thornburgh and others as gleaned from my "baseball computer" programming.⁴

To this day I am not certain who instigated the plastic surgery to which I was forcibly subjected, but soon after meeting Reagan and Dante I was scheduled for breast implants. Perhaps it was done for pornography. Perhaps it was Reagan's preference. I tend to believe it was a combination of the two and ordered since my breasts were no longer lactating. In the first commercial porn film Reagan had directed Dante to produce in St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands my breasts were still tender and swollen from silicone implant surgery.

My appearance was not the only "make over" I endured after meeting Reagan. Aquino

and I were called to Washington, D.C. to revise my base core programming to override Senator Byrd's control for security reasons. Since Reagan had been shot, he took extra precautions to ensure his safety which included directing Aquino as to how he wanted me programmed. Much to Aquino's dismay and embarrassment, Reagan admired the occult role that this Army Lt. Colonel played for mind-control traumatization purposes, as it fit in with the public promotion of religion Reagan had launched. Reagan claimed to believe that the masses were easiest to manipulate through their religion, as were mind-controlled slaves like myself.

While Reagan had Aquino in D.C., he demanded that he wear his black ritual robes to a White House party to reinforce the controlling superstitions of a few South/Central American diplomats. Aquino appeared foolish in the eyes of his peers. They knew Aquino's image was only a guise for Psychological Warfare, but his appearance at the White House in costume made Aquino look like he believed his own facade. Aquino got even with Reagan. Minutes before I was prostituted to Reagan that evening, Aquino ordered me into a closed side room where he very quickly had intercourse with me. When he finished ejaculating, he slapped me on the behind and disrespectfully said, "Take that to the Chief.

Earlier that day, Reagan instructed Aquino how to program me in keeping with "spin" programming depicted in the "How to" videos. "Program it," Reagan said, referring to me as though I were an object, "under number one. I like the number one. It's the first, the best, and it promotes confidenceólike 'I've won'," I observed Aquino giving him the intellectually disgusted look he reserved for anyone with the fortitude to make a suggestion to him, but tempered his reaction by giving some thought to the request. Since the "How to" videos showed the 6th revolution to "ignite the heat of hell" for sex, no one would suspect I had sex programming under the first revolution. It would take some modification of my initial programming, but Aquino was sold on the idea.

By programming me according to Reagan's instruction, Aquino would be able to provide added protection for Reagan whereby any program I was under at the time would immediately become replaced by Reagan's number one as quickly as I saw him. This effective safety measure infuriated Byrd the first time he saw me instantaneously switch out of his control in Reagan's presence.

Additionally, Reagan discussed how Aquino could use me on various military and government installations to provide "Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations" of the "latest advancements in training" by displaying the diversity of my "Presidential Model" programming. Reagan said the Hands On Demonstrations could "educate our boys in the military to the wonders of the mind-control phenomena." "Hands On" meant my sex programming would be used to "peak their interests and lock (bond) them in." After all, "entertaining the troops is a long time American tradition." Aquino did the programming, and Reagan began making arrangements for the demonstrationsówhich brought me back around to Dick Cheney. Cheney would be acting in the capacity of my "Commander" for the Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations and other covert operations from then on.

1. Since I had no concept of time under mind control, the '80s seemed like one long day to me, whereby discerning exact dates is extremely difficult. Furthermore, I was programmed to believe that every encounter with certain individuals was "the first time". I do know that I had been conditioned and programmed in preparation for Reagan since 1978 at NASA's Cape Canaveral in Titusville, Florida.

2. Reagan preferred illicit pornography videos such as bestiality, while his favorite pornographic magazine was Larry Flynt's Hustler.

3. Although Hollywood's Dante rivaled Larry Flynt for the title of "Chief Pornographer" producing video versions of Hustler's stills, Flynt was unequivocally the official White House Pornographer. Dante's covert filming of political perversion for blackmail purposes failed to gain him the international notoriety Flynt maintained through his New World Order colleagues such as Presidents Reagan, Bush, and Ford; CIA Director Bill Casey; U.N. Ambassador Madeleine Albright; Senators Byrd and Specter; Congressmen Trafficant and VanderJagt; Governors Thornburgh, Blanchard and Alexander; and various World Leaders such as Prime Minister of Canada Mulroney, President of Mexico de la Madrid, and Saudi Arabian King Fahd...to name a few...

4. Having been out of circulation since my rescue did not preclude my ability to "predict" winners according to political favors: from George Bush, Jr's Texas Rangers to the Toronto Blue Jays' victory during the Canadian political heal of NAFTA.

CHAPTER 10: "COMMANDER" DICK CHENEY & REAGAN'S "HANDS ON MIND-CONTROL DEMONSTRATIONS"

Please note: In order to maintain the integrity of documenting my experiences using precise and photographic detail, I have recorded events and quotes as they occurred in reality. Please excuse any offensive and foul language, but this is the way Cheney presented himself. I was attending another White House cocktail party where, as usual, I was taken aside for a meeting and escorted to a large office. There, Reagan and Cheney were having their "before cocktail party" cognacs, and Reagan's cheeks were already flushed. He was in a hurry and quickly explained the purpose of the meeting,

"You're the kind of girl who could hold a man in line. (He was cryptically referring to the lines of military personnel I was forced to have sex with.)

That's why I've selected you to tour a few Air Force Bases with the Colonel (Aquino) and demonstrate for our boys in the service what a Presidential Model is trained for, a kind of 'hands on' demonstration. But you'll have to audition for the role." Reagan drained his glass and gestured toward Cheney as he strode for the door, adding, "Do what he says. He's your commander."

It had been eight years since I had been hunted and brutalized by Cheney in Wyoming, and apparently he wanted to see how my programming had progressed before agreeing

to use me in Reagan's "Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations". He grabbed me roughly by the hair and slung me onto a black leather chair, tipping my head backwards over the high studded arm.

"Audition here," he snarled. Since I last saw him, I had undergone Wizard Of Oz Tin Man programming, which he accessed to accommodate his large, thick penis. He placed his hands on my jaw while he said, "Soon we'll have you purring like a well oiled machine. All of your moving parts are pivotal and gliding with ease. Melt into my hands. I'll hold your jaw to keep it from slipping while you slip through a window in lime." He then jerked my jaw out of joint, and roughly gratified himself in my throat.¹

As he lit his cigarette, I slowly regained focus enough to realize I was in pain. The back of my head hurt from being thrust into the studs on the chair, and I slowly lifted my head. My owner, Senator Byrd, had just walked in and realized Cheney had already completed the "audition". Referring to compartmentalizing my memory via stun gun high voltage, Byrd asked, "Did you fry her?"

Cheney, 'cocksure' of himself as always, answered. "She can't have fucked all of Washington" (indicating that no one would believe me anyway, even if I did reach this point and talk). Cheney put out his cigarette and said as he went out the door, "She'll work. Tell Ronnie she'll work."

When Byrd saw that my lips were bleeding, he called Cheney a "son of a bitch" under his breath, as this damage would prevent my fulfilling other assignments that were planned for me. Byrd touched his finger to my swollen lips and tasted the blood (and Cheney) several times. Then he slapped me hard across the face, which re-aligned my jaw but caused more blood to flow down my chin. He took a box of tissues from the desk and threw it at me, the corner hitting me in the forehead. "Wipe yourself up. You're just getting started. I'll see to it you get what you've got coming to you."

Fortunately for me, Byrd had cause to return to the formal cocktail party and did not have time to brutalize me further. My face was battered, mouth torn, and my throat felt torn and stretched. I had difficulty swallowing for some time, and could not speak. I certainly was in no condition to return to the cocktail party, and was escorted out by agents/guards.

Before I could leave Washington, Byrd made good on his threat and arranged for me to meet with Cheney in a blue bedroom in a part of the White House so remote that "no one could hear my screams and moans". But Cheney implemented Oz theme "Silence" conditioning anyway as he proceeded to brutally sexually assault me.

"Byrd tells me you need a good whipping. But I'm not certain which instrument you prefer, so I brought them all." Cheney had a riding crop, a whip, and a cat-o-nine-tails laid out on the bed. He beat me quick and hard as though he were releasing his tensions rather than savoring my pain like Byrd did. I regained consciousness when Cheney slid a pillow under my neck, steered me by the hair, and bent my head back.

Survival instinct kicked in when he positioned himself above my head, I hoped to satisfy him before he became deadly brutal again. But he quickly pulled out his liquid cocaine sprayer, sprayed my throat, then proceeded to get rough. At one point he yanked my head aside and asked, "Was that a tooth?" and grinned. It was imperative that I kept my teeth off him because, according to Aquino's programming instruction, I was subject to death if a tooth was ever felt by anyone. Cheney knew this was my programming and manipulated me with it often. I resumed "satisfying him as though my life depended upon it, because, of course, it did." This is another Aquino programming line Cheney knew and used. When he was gratified, he flopped over and slept. I had been instructed to leave immediately because Cheney absolutely did not want me near him when he slept (some insiders say he is paranoid), and I began dressing. I was escorted out.

In preparation for "running bases" for Reagan's Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations, I underwent a great deal of programming by both Aquino and Cheney. Cheney laid the ground rules while Aquino carried out the programming detail and performed the demonstration with me on various military and NASA installations.

Reagan wanted the demonstrations to include all programming depicted in the "How to" films, additional programming instilled since the videos were made, delivery of drugs when applicable, and sex according to Aquino's instruction with whomever/however many were present at the lecture. Cheney's personal "touch" to the demonstrations was to have me programmed to vaginally internally electric prod myself with a high voltage cylindrical cattle prod-truly an example of total mind control.

I was routinely escorted arm-in-arm "Oz style" by two agents to Cheney's downstairs office in the Pentagon. Sometimes Byrd took me in. Other times Cheney walked me through the building, particularly if we were going to his "Bunkhouse" personal quarters. Cheney's office was equipped with black leather furniture, a huge messy brown desk, massive book shelves, and an hour glass that he always used in keeping with Oz programming, to assure me that my life was on the line under his command. As a programmed MPD, I had no concept of time. The hour glass was a visible way for me to see "my time running out" and actually grasp the concept.

The first time I reported in, Cheney shuffled through the clutter on his desk, picked up a paper and began reading: "Number one. I am NOT your friend, and I don't want to see you unless I order you to report in. Number two. Follow the Colonel's (Aquino) orders, as it is the chain of command. What he orders you to do, is a command from me, follow it to the letter, as though your life depends upon it, because (he looked up and grinned wickedly) of course, it does." His cold eyes bore into mine as he walked around to the front of his desk, "Any questions?"

I knew he "was NOT my friend," but he already "saw me" sexually on other occasions. I was perplexed and hesitated. Even though I remained silent, Cheney sensed my hesitation and became enraged. He got up in my face, poked my breast bone with his finger and roared, "Don't even THINK to question anything I say! There is no question as to what I do, what I think, or what I say, because I am absolutely above

questions-especially YOURS!! Your orders are clear. Now get out of here! I have work to do!"

Throughout the next three years, U.S. Army Lt. Colonel Aquino used me in the Hands On Demonstrations on numerous Army, Navy, Air Force, and NASA installations across the U.S. according to Reagan's plan and Cheney's orders. The Top Brass privy to the demonstrations ranged from three at a time to roughly twenty. In closing, Aquino always "persuaded" them to line up while I was forced to perform sexually on command with each one. The larger groups were physically painful, while the smaller groups often involved unapproved variance from the routine, such as revealing Reagan's bestiality perversions. The wide array of "switching" my personalities that Aquino incorporated into the demonstrations, and the vast amount of high voltage and torture to which I was subjected, left me exhausted and physically devastated for days after each one of Reagan's Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations.

1. My jaw is permanently damaged From Cheney. I have chronic TMJ.

CHAPTER 11: "POPPA" PHILIP HABIB

My (CIA operative) handler, Alex Houston was scheduled to perform with country music entertainer Loretta Lynn at the Playboy Club in Atlantic City, New Jersey in the spring of 1985, and he admittedly did not want me there for the performance. He explained that after his show, he intended to "dress up like a carrot as lunch for the Bunnies" and I would only be in his way. But I had White House business to attend with a different land of "rabbit". Reagan had arranged for me to meet with his personal attache", Philip Habib (now deceased), who always played the cryptic role of the Alice In Wonderland White Rabbit to mind-controlled slaves. Houston had no choice but to take me along once the orders came down.

CIA operative Ken Riley, the Neo-Nazi pedophile who functioned in the capacity of Loretta Lynn's road manager and Project Monarch Mind-Control handler, was Alex Houston's closest friend. Riley often made arrangements through Loretta's and Houston's shared talent agent, Reggie Maclaughlin, for all of us to travel togetheróparticularly when it involved government covert operations such as this Playboy Club gig did. Loretta's singing career and political ties into CIA covert operations have always been synonymous. Riley escorted her in and out of the White House on numerous occasions during the Reagan Administration. By natural attrition, this put Riley in a secondary role as a "backup" handler for me as he often returned from D.C. with orders for and/or concerning me. Houston and Riley shared much: CIA covert operations, country music interests, Neo-Nazi and U.S. Government mind control, Project Monarch methodologies, slave running¹, pornography, cocaine, and pedophile activities. Kelly and Riley's young daughter were often filmed pornographically together, and endured the sexual assaults of Houston and Riley² together on numerous occasions.

This trip to Atlantic City provided me an opportunity to talk with Loretta while her

husband, Mooney, Riley and Houston met for business. Loretta and I had so much in common that our time together had been restricted from the time we met in Minneapolis, Minnesota in 1981 and discussed our victimizations.³ While alone in Loretta's dressing room at the Playboy Club, we discussed a wide range of topics from motherhood to the White House. We talked about Reagan in terms of his role as The Wizard Of Oz, but mostly we recited the general praises we were trained to say. We talked about Reagan's "favorite" music by Air Supply, which he had supplied to us both via Riley.

Air Supply's cryptic NASA/Project Monarch theme recordings became "life and breath" to us both according to Reagan's intention, which locked in our programmed devotion for him. We discussed the recent Inauguration party Loretta had attended at the White House. (I was aware she had entertained there as Houston relayed information to Riley pertaining to his recent trip to Panama to meet with Panamanian Dictator and CIA operative Manuel Noriega in order that Riley deliver the information to Reagan during the Inauguration party.)

Loretta and I switched personalities spontaneously as we inadvertently triggered each other with the shared cryptic language to which we were accustomed. We discussed forbidden subjects including Noriega and Byrd until J Riley and Houston caught us and separated us as though we were a couple of naughty kids. I learned more than I was supposed to about Loretta while in Atlantic City, but was never permitted another opportunity to speak with her so freely.

This trip to Atlantic City was multi-purpose, which was not unusual for government operations in which I was forced to participate. I had a major cocaine transaction involving Noriega to attend at the airport; a message to deliver to Philip Habib pertaining to the Contras, and another programmed in by Habib in answer to Reagan; country music "entertainment" aspects; and prostitution to Habib according to Reagan's instruction.⁴

As the sun was setting over Atlantic City, Houston activated the Project Monarch Oz programming that was used for high level covert operations, and had me dress accordingly. I wore real and faux diamonds to signify my "Presidential Model" business role, rubies to signify my Oz programmed prostitution personality, and emeralds to signify my Oz programmed drug business. This physically indicated to my contact(s) which mode of operation I was under at the time. Rarely did I wear all three indicators at once, but they certainly applied in this operation with Habib. Houston led me down the waterfront boardwalk toward the hotel casino where I was to meet Habib, walking like the Oz Scarecrow and singing, "Follow the Yellow Brick Road", Houston led me up the elaborate escalators of the hotel to a high stakes gambling area where Habib was playing cards. The guard at the door did not let Houston through, and I was sent to Habib's table on my own. When I approached, Habib leaned back in his chair to hear while I quietly recited in Oz cryptic, "I've come such a long, long way to see you, Uncle Ronnie sent you something."

"What would that be?" he asked loudly as he leered at me and chuckled. I could not respond because I was under heavy program. He handed me his room key and pulled me close as he hypnotically whispered, "Use the key. Put it in the lock. Turn. Open the door, and step through a window in time." The other gamblers at Habib's table were getting impatient, and I quickly exited the gambling room.

When I arrived in Habib's room, two of his bodyguards accessed my programming. "Chiefly speaking," I began reciting Reagan's message.

Arrangements were made for the two guards to pick up a fair sized shipment of cocaine the next morning that was arriving on a small military "brass" airplane.

Houston and I would then board the plane and fly to D.C. where I would complete my part of this operation;

When Habib arrived, he ushered me into the bedroom part of the suite and began disrobing, down to his boxer shorts and gartered socks. Referring to a recent Dante porn film I was used in, he said, "I liked your ruffled tennis panties..." then threw me a pink teddy and ruffled panties resembling the tennis outfit commanding, "Put it on." I complied. He threw me a stuffed toy cat on the pillows and explained, "That kitten is going to keep this Kitten (pointing to me) from screaming. We're going to play Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum."

(S&M games) Habib physically resembled the violent Alice In Wonderland characters, especially in his boxer shorts. The hysterical controlled laughter that rose in my throat would only have intensified his abuse and was (fortunately) choked back by terror as he begun attaching heavy rope ties to the four posters of the bed. On command, I crawled onto the bed and lay on my stomach while he tied me so tightly I was stretched. He shoved the stuffed cat under my mouth, then entered me roughly from behind and said, "Come to Poppa". The intense pain as he brutally sodomized me was outweighed by a high voltage stun gun as he jolted me repeatedly to create the perverse jerking movements and rectal muscle constrictions he desired. I soon passed out from the blinding high voltage of his stun gun. It was nearly 3:00 AM when I stumbled out the door with the stuffed cat in my hands, nauseated, disoriented, and in extreme pain. The cool, ocean breeze helped revive me as Houston marched me back to the Playboy Club.

Houston knew I had been programmed with a message for Reagan that I would deliver the next morning in D.C. As usual, he began to access it immediately. His quick timing somehow permitted him to penetrate the electricity and programmed codes (designed to keep the information repressed) and accessed the information. Houston kept a written record of any messages he was able to access (along with photos and ledgers) for his personal profit and future blackmailing purposes, should he need to protect himself. In this case, I surmise from Houston's Panama activities, conversations I overheard between him and Riley, and my recollection of the messages he accessed, that his purpose in extracting this information was for his personal profit in backdoor dealings

with Noriega. I understood it was these kinds of dealings that eventually contributed to Noriega's downfall with the CIA.

Morning arrived before I was allowed to sleep, and I felt exhausted and "spacey" as I waited by the curb for Habib's bodyguards to pick Houston and me up and take us to the airport. A small military airplane was parked in a restricted fenced in area as we arrived at the airport. The two bodyguards conducted their business and quickly loaded the trunk with the bundles of cocaine as planned. Houston and I boarded the airplane and flew to Washington, D.C. where I delivered Habib's message to Reagan. The bank transaction numbers later checked out to be a Cayman Island account number.

Philip Habib was directly involved in various DIA/CIA Operations I was forced to participate in throughout the Reagan/Bush Administrations. Although Dick Cheney maintained his role as my Commander for these Operations, Habib directed my actions where International "Diplomatic Relations" were concerned, Cheney orchestrated events from behind his desk, whereas Habib was active in the field as Reagan's attache'.

The following Operations, documented in their entirety from my experience perspective only, most likely involve other aspects to which I am not privy. In typical DIA/CIA manner, scam "need to know" information resulted in the "left hand not knowing what the right hand was doing." Nevertheless, the overall criminal purpose of Operation Carrier Pigeon and Operation Shell Game, documented herein, does not change.

1. Riley, over time, owned several slaves.
2. Riley, like my father, Wayne Cox, and other, remains apparently immune from prosecution for his crimes against children and humanity, as it is considered a matter of "National Security" under the 1984 Reagan Amendment to the National Security Act.
3. I still have the handwritten note from Loretta that prompted out forbidden conversation and I hope that someday Loretta will gain the piece/peace-of-mind that comes with rehabilitation.
4. In the course of deprogramming, I found retrieval of this information much quicker than it would have been had Houston not accessed it previously, against government policy, and for his own personal gain.

CHAPTER 12: OPERATION CARRIER PIGEON

The term "Pigeon" is one with which I have been familiar since the early 1980s when I first began delivering messages between my "owner" Senator Byrd and Puerto Rican drug lord and CIA operative, Jose Busto. Houston had simply explained to me then, as we fed the flock of pigeons roosting at the Old San Juan Cathedral, that Pigeons were used as messengers. The DIA's U.S.

Army Lt. Colonel Michael Aquino often activated my Pigeon programming during the Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations.

Dick Cheney further defined the term "Pigeon" when I learned of Operation Carrier Pigeon in the mid '80s. He said, "You have been selected from the flock (of programmed slaves) for the Carrier Pigeon Operation for the purpose of carrying messages from point A to point B as ordered. Pigeons, once they fly the coop, find no freedom in flight, but carry out their task of delivering their message from point A to point B by the shortest possible route—a direct route. I will direct your route and you will deliver messages as ordered."

But no one defined my role as a Pigeon more eloquently than President Reagan during the course of Operation Carrier Pigeon.

The cryptic "pigeon language" utilized by all participants in the operation was intermixed with The Wizard Of Oz, Alice In Wonderland, and "Genie in the Bottle" cryptic programming themes. While Pigeon meant messenger, "Carrier Pigeon" referred to the U.S. Air Force aircraft that actually transported the arms and drugs. "Pigeon Droppings" included the sometimes multi-national dispersal of the arms and drugs after they reached their destination. "Pigeon Holing" meant covering up the criminal activity. These definitions, as I understood them then and understand them now, may well include deeper, more diverse meanings than I have perceived.

Habib's favorite programming theme was Alice In Wonderland, Through The Looking Glass due to its international recognition and relation to the ultraeffective NASA mirror, time, and infinity space programs for instantly dissociating programmed participants. He habitually spoke in Alice In Wonderland cryptic language, and even used it for sex as was evidenced by his Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum brutal games of perversion. Due to Habib's orchestration of Operation Carrier Pigeon, this CIA covert operation was littered with Wonderland mirror themes from beginning to end.

My CIA handler, Alex Houston had just returned from a brief solo trip "to Florida" with an elaborately wrapped box. "it's from a friend of yours," he told me as he handed me the box. "Let's go into the bedroom so you can unwrap it and see it through the 'Looking Glass'." Cryptically triggered, I mechanically walked to the bedroom as ordered.

I removed the silver metallic bow and wrappings from the box and Found an expensive, elegant dress made of an unusual shimmery silver fabric. A sheet of plain white stationary written in Philip Habib's recognizable shaded blue script lay on top of the dress. It read:

The heat you radiated when we last met
melted my mirror.
I had it made into a dress just for you,
cut to accentuate your figure
so that when you melt into it,

You lose yourself into the pool of liquid mirror.
Step into the Looking Glass
Sink deep within its pool
and straddle dimensions in time.
I'll see you there...
along with my friends.

It was signed: "Passionately, Phil Habib," with his name written upside down under a line as though it were a mirror reflection.

Houston knew there would be a note, and ordered "Let me see your note," snatching it from my hands. He gestured toward the dress. "Go ahead and try it on while I read this note. Now let's see, what does it say? 'Come to Poppa'?"

I took the dress from the box. It did not feel like anything I'd ever felt before. It was cold like satin, but thin like silk. I started crying quietly, afraid that Habib would somehow show up if I had it on.

"Put it on and I'll zip you in," Houston said as he took another note from his wallet and read it as I undressed:

There's a pair of magic shoes to wear with your dress,
Something in-lightening,
to transport you faster than the ol' ruby slippers (Oz)
The shoes, like the dress, are made just for you,
and when you wear them you'll be fit for a King,
I'll send them for you at the appropriate time.

Houston tucked the note back in his wallet, "See. You're not going anywhere now. You'll meet him at the White House when you have shoes to wear with it. Just slip it on."

I did. Houston accessed Habib's Wonderland brutal sex programming for his own gratification. Afterwards I hung the dress in Kelly's closet with my other trigger-significant clothes; out of sight, out of mind. Until the shoes arrived...

Habib "sent the shoes for me" soon afterward. They were shiny black with what appeared to be silver lightening bolts down the high heels and sides. In place of dinner that night, Houston gave me a "Wonderland Wafer" (MDHMAXTC CIA designer drug "Ecstasy"). The wafer, like all those supplied by Habib, bore his trademark that read "Eat me". I began to prepare for the night out as instructed. Houston zipped me into the dress, and turned me to face the mirror. As I slipped into the shoes, Houston took another note from Habib out of his pocket and read:

Something in-lightening to tranceport you faster than the ol' ruby slippers.
Click your heels together (I obeyed) and be there in a snap.
Electrifying-with the rumble of thunder.

Boiling through time
So you won't be late for a very important date.

Houston hit me with his stun gun and I passed out. He then drove me to the Nashville airport where I boarded a small plane to Washington, D.C.

I found myself at the White House with Byrd, attending another small cocktail party of about 20-30 people. After we spoke with Reagan, Byrd pointed me in the direction of Philip Habib and sent me over to him. My eyes were locked on Habib's as he hypnotically said:

Melt into your melted mirror
for an electrifying ride.
Look deep into the black
of my melting mirror eyes,
See you reflecting me, reflecting you,
reflecting me--you-me--you-me
until we melt together and sink deep
into the other side.

Habib took me to a quieter spot in an adjoining room and held up another wonderland Wafer as he said in Alice In Wonderland cryptic, "Welcome to Wonderland, Kitten. This is a very important date. I haven't time to explain.?"

He gave me the wafer and continued, "Eat it, and I'll take you through the door."

Habib took me by the hand and led me to the doorway of another room. It was a dining room of sorts where an informal array of guests was gathered. As soon as Habib appeared in the doorway, King Fahd of Saudi Arabia quickly excused himself from the table and approached. He was wearing a multicolored robe and headwear with a black-brown rope band. I was instantly repulsed by his "wicked" lecherous gaze, I stepped back into the other room in fear. Habib introduced him. "This is one of 'my friends' I mentioned in my letter."

I robotically responded, "It's a pleasure to meet you" and extended my hand as taught in Charm School. Fahd bent over to kiss my hand. As he did, his evil black eyes bore into mine as he softly said, "Your beauty warms my embers. See them glowing deep within the darkness of my eyes-igniting into flame-black flame." He laughed wickedly at the effect of his use of NASA hypnotic conditioning, Habib slapped him on the shoulder as though they knew each other well and there were no formalities between them and asked, "Am I right? Is that fit for a King?"

The three of us went into another room that appeared to be a guest bedroom that Habib was occupying. He closed the door and told me, "Diplomatic relations are very important. You know the old saying 'when in Rome do as Romans do'. Well, he's a King. Get on your knees. His wish is your command. Satisfy his deepest wishes. It's your turn

for a magic carpet ride, so turn your Genie free."

Fahd was sitting in a chair by a coffee table. As I knelt on the carpet in front of him, his piercing black eyes seemed to stab into my brain like swords.

I could not turn away. He stroked my neck with his index finger, activating oral sex programming. "I have heard about you and am intent on having you."

Somehow he found the slit in his robes and parted it as he continued, "Come into my tent- A feast has been spread for you." He spread his legs and exposed his penis, one of the nastiest I had ever seen, like a black nightcrawler worm that smelled and tasted strongly of spice. Habib watched as I carried out my orders, much to the pleasure of Fahd. Then Habib went to the chest of drawers and began pulling out his electric prod and bondage equipment as he explained. "Now let me introduce you to my other 'friend'. I need to bottle up a message with your Genie and send it out to sea. You know what to do. Begin undressing now."

I did as I was told and lay on my stomach on the bed while Habib sodomized me. He used his electric prod equipment and programmed me with a message to deliver to General Manuel Noriega while on an upcoming NCL cruise.

I was at sea on board an NCL cruise ship bound for their private island in the Bahamas, Stirrup Cay, which was to be my rendezvous point with Noriega. "Bottled up" in my mind through the recent 'Genie in the Bottle' programming, was a cryptic message from King Fahd to Noriega. It was a moonless night whereby the Caribbean waters appeared as black as the night. I could not distinguish the sky from the sea in accordance with NASA hypnotic conditioning. I gazed, totally entranced, from the rear of the cruise ship.

Houston used the opportunity to hypnotically enhance Habib's previous programming, while traumatizing me with the threat of being thrown overboard.

The thought of "treading water in the inky blackness while the lights of the ship fade further-and further--away-until all is black and I sink to the depths of the sea" did not seem so horrible in light of the fact that I was to be the bearer of bad news to Noriega in the morning.

Upon arrival to NCL's Stirrup Cay, Houston and I began our usual walking trek to the farthest end of the island where the CIA operations radio station and equipment were located. In a hidden cove on the island's back side was a smaller island of sufficient size to conceal Noriega's personal yacht, anchored behind it. As Houston and I made our way along the cove's beach, we came upon an old wooden boat half buried in the sand and a man sitting beside it.

Because I was in a different personality, I did not recognize the man as my contact who ran the Stirrup Cay control tower for drug trafficking and covert activity. I asked him how he got there. He began his charade, which, due to the depths of my trance, I believed in

its literal text, while Houston heard quite a different story:

"I shipwrecked." John (the name I called him) pointed to the boat half buried in the sand, "That's all that is left of my boat."

I asked, "Why haven't you been rescued?"

He cryptically replied, "I sent a message in a bottle and I expect a response real soon. Good thing I had these coconuts (he was carving one) and all that 'sugar' in the hull to sustain me."

Houston laughed, immediately realizing that 'sugar' meant cocaine and said, surprised, "In the hull?" as he bent down to look inside the wreck. I looked, too. There was more white cocaine and (dark) cocaine paste than I could mule (carry) in one walking haul, even with both of my tote bags full. But I could not comprehend reality in the midst of this charade, and therefore commented that he was fortunate that both the "white and brown sugar" had made it through the wreck.

Houston said, "So, they cast you away, huh?"

My contact laughed and sniffed, "Yeah, cast me away with all that 'sugar'óthat's nothing to sniff at." He looked up as Houston informed him a speedboat was approaching, I looked out across the cove beyond the little island and finally noticed Noriega's yacht. A "black mirror" finish speed boat, which matched the upper smoke glass windows of Noriega's yacht, was approaching.

John told me, "Probably has something to do with that message I sent. Help me wave him in." I did. He handed me a coconut and, using it as a scramble and excuse for me to join him on Noriega's yacht, persuaded me to board the speed boat with him. Houston stayed behind to guard the cocaine that had obviously already been delivered from Noriega's yacht.

When we pulled up to the rear of the yacht, I was helped on board by Noriega's armed guards. I noticed there did not seem to be any big parties going on as was customary, and Noriega seemed unusually abrupt and businesslike. He was not drunk this time. Upon command from John, I delivered Fahd's message:

"I am under command to deliver a message from King Fahd. The Caribbean is becoming volatile. Trouble in Jamaica, Trouble in Cuba, Even trouble in Panama. Dominican Republic must be launching point for missiles and artillery that are being channeled though Cuba. Concluding arms deal, Carrier Pigeon must be detained until all transactions are cleared. Banco de Panama to receive Contra Aid after all steps leading to me have been swept away by the shifting sands (of Lime), and all pigeon droppings pigeon holed.

Our business is concluded. Let us part on friendly terms," My personal perceptions of

history as it happened in reality remains somewhat distorted, as I had no access to "news" outside of my mind-controlled environment. In order to keep my memory retrieval free of contamination, I completed the deprogramming process before "educating" myself through books.

And news. I have since learned that what was reported as news was often distorted propaganda, and many events were never reported at all. Therefore, I do not know of the "troubles in Jamaica and Cuba" to which King Fahd referred. I was aware, however, that due to outside scrutiny, Houston had recently met with Jamaican officials in Kingston pertaining to ceasing the long standing criminal covert operations. As for Cuba, I only knew that I was no longer meeting with my Cuban contact. In Panama, I knew Noriega himself was the object of controversy. The "arms deal" was the final stage of Operation Carrier Pigeon where the planes were to wait in Saudi Arabia until all bank transactions were cleared and the load was ready for disbursement. Saudi Arabian King Fahd would then fund the Contras via Noriega for Reagan after all evidences had been properly covered upójust as he had done in Afghanistan.

After the shipment, there would be no further deals through Noriega involving Fahd, because Noriega could no longer be trusted. Besides, Fahd had increased diplomatic relations with Mexico for covert operations, and Iran-Contra was just beginning to heat up.

Noriega did not seem to be upset by the news of losing Saudi Arabian business, although he was somber and took some time to respond. His translator was working over some complex computer equipment after I delivered the message. I left Noriega's yacht with John and a brief message for Dick Cheney at the Pentagon.

Back on Stirrup Cay, Houston was anxiously waiting to begin transporting the cocaine back to the party area of the island. There, NCL workers were cleaning up from the cruise ship's beach party cookout, which was NCL's excuse to stop the ship. After I muled the first heavy load of cocaine in my tote sacks, Houston approached one worker familiar with the drug operation and informed him we had a heavier load than usual and needed to make another trip.

The worker directed us to a huge empty food container used for transporting cook out supplies from the ship, and gave us the key. We locked the first load in the container, and I took my empty tote sacks, plus another straw bag back.

for another haul. With the second load, Houston even carried some cocaine himself. We had to run quite a distance through the island woods in an attempt to make it back to the ship's shuttle before scheduled departure time. When we arrived, the beach was nearly deserted, as all the passengers had been taken back to the ship. All that remained was the food container and the NCL worker who was hurrying us onto the shuttle and on board the ship, which was waiting for us.

When the cruise ship docked at the Port of Miami, Puerto Rican drug lord and CIA

operative Jose Busto was acting as a U.S. Immigrations officer (commissioned by the Drug Enforcement Agency through the CIA), which he often did for NCL. Busto helped us clear ship undetected with the large load of cocaine. The drugs were packed into suitcases, then loaded into Houston's specially made motor home which was parked in NCL's guarded, restricted parking lot. Most of the cocaine was dropped off as usual at Warner Robbins Air Force Base in Macon, Georgia, to be distributed to destinations unknown to me. The money generated by the sale of cocaine was supposedly used to fund a major arms shipment into Saudi Arabia. These weapons were reportedly distributed among several neighboring countries. The profits were then relayed into Reagan's Contra Cause.

A large quantity of cocaine was retained by Houston for his own use and delivery for personal profit through his country music industry contacts. Some of the cocaine would be delivered by me to Saudi Arabian Ambassador, Prince Bandar Bin Sultan, Fahd's own "Homing Pigeon".

I carried a message from Warner Robbins Air Force Base in addition to the message from Noriega agreeing to Fahd's terms back to Dick Cheney at the Pentagon. Cheney then prepared me for the final phase of the operation. This was a meeting with Prince Bandar (who Cheney, Houston, and others referred to as Sultan) in Nashville, Tennessee where he often visited corrupt friends.

There, I would relay a message of agreement to Fahd's terms between Noriega and the U.S., as well as confirm all Air Force flights (Carrier Pigeons) and bank transactions. In turn, Fahd's "Homing Pigeon" would relay the messages to Fahd so that the seemingly long running drugs for arms deals would draw to a successful conclusion.

Dick Cheney cautioned me, "Sultan will be in Nashville having dinner with friends at the Stockyard." (The Stockyard was a popular country music dinner club known for its CIA criminal covert activity involvement.) Cheney glanced at the list on his desk and continued, "Among others, those friends would be (Mayor) Fulton¹ and (Sheriff) Thomas.² They are considered a threat to the operation. They're not discrete. Thomas in particular is not to be trusted--he's an ass and too crooked. So, Sultan must leave the table before the message is delivered. Any questions? Good."

I certainly had no questions this time. I did not need him to caution me about Nashville's Mayor Richard Fulton whom Houston had prostituted me to, and Sheriff Fate Thomas. I had known the pair for years, had been cautioned about them before, and had no respect for them at all. Together Thomas and Fulton had indiscreetly perpetuated the total corruption that had permeated Nashville's \$2.8 billion country music industry, which ran the city of Nashville.

They ran the city's business from a bar^othe Stockyard-while they drank and openly used cocaine. If I had had the capacity to wonder, I would have wondered what a "Homing Pigeon" so critical to the conclusion of this international criminal covert operation was doing with such low level sleaze.

As it was, I could only sense relief at not having to deal with them, too.

Prince Bandar Bin Sultan's reputation for sex and drugs was widely known in Nashville. But much of my information pertaining to his activities came from one of my closest Project Monarch friends. She is an entertainer's daughter who was prostituted regularly to Sultan when he was in town, which was often.

When Cheney was through with me, Byrd escorted me to the White House to see Reagan, who also cautioned me about the Prince. Reagan was aware of Habib's having activated me sexually with King Fahd, and made it clear that my scheduled rendezvous with Prince Bandar would not include the usual sex.

Reagan joked in Byrd's presence, "Birds (Byrds) may well be eaten by a Kitten. (Reagan's pet name for me), but not Homing Pigeons. Homing Pigeons taste foul." Byrd laughed. Reagan continued, "Homing Pigeons have one purpose. Passing messages. Throughout history world leaders have passed messages to and from each other by way of pigeons. Messages that have set the course of events that have altered the course of history. Homing Pigeons are loyal and dedicated to their task, flying over seas, yet never pausing long enough to even quench their thirst-giving no thought to their own needs. When a pigeon is released, he takes a direct course to his destination. Dedicated to delivering the very messages on which history was founded. Why, even Noah relied on a pigeon to traverse the seas to bring back a message of hope. It is your duty to attach an added message to the Homing Pigeon-one of peace, from our homeland to his: One from the President of the United States to King Fahd of Saudi Arabia, ... (Omitted due to international ramification.)"

Byrd was visibly inspired by the speech. I was literally saved by the bell from another boring, long winded recitation that Reagan had just inspired in Byrd when Cheney telephoned me back to his office. It was still morning and Cheney had appeared very busy, hurried, and irritable when I had seen him just a short time earlier. My heart was heavy in expectant anticipation of the physical and sexual brutality Cheney's moods normally incited. Yet I was relieved to escape the torturous "picture painting" competition that experience had taught me Byrd and Reagan were about to embark on. My heart lightened when my escort left me at Cheney's office and I noticed his foul mood had changed dramatically.

"I understand you ordered me to report in, Sir." Cheney looked up from his desk where he was shuffling through papers and tying up loose ends before leaving his office.

"Sit down." he ordered, "I just got word that the Genie in the Bottle 'Castaway' Operation is complete and I intend to pop a cork or two of my own in celebration of its successful conclusion. I have time on my hands and want you to join me. The bunkhouse is being prepared..." Cheney apparently thought of something, went to the door and told the guy who had escorted me, "Make sure there's some Wonderland Wafers in the bunkhouse," He walked to his desk, picked up the phone and said, "I'm outta here" into it and

slammed it down. I followed Cheney out the door, and we turned to the right rather than the left outside his office and walked to his personal quarters referred to as the bunkhouse. It was decorated in Cheney's western style in browns and tans, with leather furniture. There was no food (maybe some nuts stashed somewhere), but plenty of bottles of alcohol.

I was swollen and bleeding vaginally, the bottom of my shirt was soaked in blood, and my belly hurt deep inside when my escort finally came for me early the next morning. Staying around Cheney while he slept was as deadly a mistake as removing his clothes or questioning him-it was forbidden. This time he broke his own rule, and did not even punish me for it when morning arrived. He had spent so many hours drinking alcohol and using his enormous penis as an assault weapon that he passed out shortly before my escort arrived.

As I walked into the hall, I doubled over from pain. My escort turned to Cheney and remarked, "Christ, Cheney".

Cheney lifted his head and proudly slurred, "Now you know why they call it 'Dick'".

Back in Tennessee, my CIA-paid gynecologist, who knew I was under mind control, covered for my abusers as usual and wrote me a prescription for swelling and pain, I was still in pain and ill from my exposure to Dick Cheney and his high voltage torture and brutal sex when Houston drove me to Nashville's Stockyard Nightclub for my rendezvous with Prince Bandar Bin Sultan.

A waitress led me to the Saudi Arabian Ambassador's table where he was drinking with Mayor Fulton, Sheriff Thomas, and Metro Police Chief Joe Casey.³ I approached him and said, "If you please, Sir (Oz), I am under command to deliver a message to you from the Pentagon. There is to be no horse play (sex games). We must get down to business." There was laughter from everyone at the table. I continued. "My message is brief and I only need a moment of your time away from your dinner."

The Prince's face grew more serious and we left the table. He touched the waitress' arm and she pointed to a door across the hall that led to an empty room. We stood just inside the room, and I quickly delivered Ray Pigeon cryptic message:

"The Carrier Pigeon (Air Force airplane) will take flight... and will keep its promise (the agreed load) while all transactions (both bank and distribution) are procured through the designated diplomatic channels (Habib.) Your bonus, one crystal, three cuts await you. The President of the United States gives his word to King Fahd: ..."

He told me his driver would meet me out from of the Stockyard and instructed me to put the cocaine in the back, I left the building to rejoin Houston at the car in order that the cocaine could be delivered. A white stretch limousine was pulled up in front of the Stockyard; Chief Casey's assigned Metro Police Officers guarded the area, and the cocaine was transferred into the back seat of the Prince's limo. Houston and I

immediately left the area. My part in Operation Carrier Pigeon was concluded.

1. Richard Fulton and his bank were under Federal investigation as of 1991.
2. Fate Thomas is currently serving time in a Federal penitentiary for bribery and extortion.
3. Recently under Federal investigation for corruption.

CHAPTER 13: OPERATION SHELL GAME

Sometime prior to the death of CIA Chief William Casey, I was in Washington, D.C. for a briefing on Operation Shell Game. Iran-Contra was politically explosive at this time, and U.S. Senator Allen Simpson (R.Wyoming) had a plan to set Panamanian General Manuel Noriega up to take the fall for cocaine aspects of the investigation. Noriega had become yet another source of embarrassment to the Reagan-Bush Administration. The need to convince him to be discrete about his involvement in U.S. criminal covert activities had reached alarming proportions. Noriega had been an intricate part of arming the Nicaraguan Contras for Reagan, as well as an international hub in the cocaine operations that funded the black budgets for ultra secret projects such as Project Monarch. My CIA operative handler, Alex Houston's shadowy back door drug dealings with Panama further exemplified the kind of "honor among thieves" rules that Noriega routinely and openly violated. My role, my "Contra-bution," was but a small part of the over all picture. Nevertheless, Operation Shell Game was one of the more significant and informative covert operations in which J had been forced to participate.

My role began one cold, rainy day when Houston dropped me off at the Washington Monument where I was met by two agents, who triggered me to go with them by flashing their IDs. They escorted me to the large White House office where I had first met Cheney to "audition" for the Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations some years before. As usual, Cheney and Reagan were drinking, this time to excess for so early in the day. Reagan's cheeks were flushed and his voice slurred as he greeted me, "Well, hello, Kitten. Dick and I were just discussing the plight of the Contras since this Ollie North thing broke out." Cheney's alcoholic foul mood was immediately apparent. He was agitated as usual at Reagan's informality in my presence. Apparently I had come in during a serious discussion about Iran-Contra as Reagan's mood was more somber than I had ever seen it. He took a drink and looked out the window. "Americans believe in their country-baseball, hot dogs, and Ollie North." Cheney snorted a laugh at what seemed to be an ongoing joke between them about "hot dogs and Ollie North". Reagan continued, "And I believe in the Contra cause and all that we have accomplished. And I'm damn proud of it!"

It's not 'Law and Order'. No, it's Order and then Law. Order must come first because without it, law would be ineffective. Sometimes we must rise above and beyond the law to establish that order (he glanced seriously at Cheney) for a new (world) order. As President, that is my responsibility. Establish order through democracy by spreading

democracy throughout the world. With order, there is peace. Right now in Nicaragua the people are crying out for democracy, for peace, and I cannot turn a deaf ear to them. Not even in view of Ollie North's troubles. True Americans know he is a hero. That's why we must rise above the law to establish order by fulfilling the wishes, the hopes, the dreams of those brave men fighting for freedom by doing our part in spreading democracy." Reagan was gesturing into the air, apparently lost in the poetry of his own ranting.

Cheney lost patience and jumped from his chair to sneer at me and poke his finger in my chest while he said, "Order is all that matters, and you're going to follow mine."

Reagan turned back to us. "I'm glad you brought that up, pick. Kitten, you have a role in establishing this order With the same patriotic passion that burned in your bosom for the freedom fighters of Afghanistan, you will carry out your orders for the Contras. Dick will define your role and provide you with all you need and all you need to know from the ol' Wizard's bag in the basement (Oz programming in Cheney's Pentagon office). So, you run along now and do as he commands."

Senator Allen Simpson was in Cheney's office when we arrived. Cheney flipped over the hour glass to let me know my life was on the line according to Oz programming. Cheney gestured to Simpson and began, "Operation Shell Game is Simpson's brain child, so he's master of the game and he's going to teach you the rules. The objective of the game is to see 'who's left holding the goods". Pointing to Simpson, he commanded, "Listen to 'im", Simpson stood up and began cryptically talking. "You are going on a 'Princes' Cruise' (Noriega's Yacht). The Baby's Ear Shell is your pass key. I will provide you with yours at the appropriate time." He took the "shell" out of his wallet. It was approximately 1 1/2 inches long and was translucent pink, shaped and detailed exactly like a baby's ear. Simpson noticed the relief cross my face as I realized it was not a real baby's ear. He smiled. "These are but empty shells of the life they once possessed. Like you are-empty and void of life. A shell. In one ear and out the other. I have your ear now LISTEN, If they hold the pass key, you listen. When you hold the pass key, you speak. In one ear and out the other-never again to be retrieved," He returned the shell to his wallet and continued, "Listen. Follow orders. The Colonel (Aquino) will be there and you will follow his orders and provide a demonstration Hands On style for the General (Noriega). It will be different, yet the same, so follow the Colonel's orders closely."

Cheney roughly grabbed my hair and pulled my head back, got right in my face and said, "Or, I'll get her, my pretty, your little girl. Follow orders as though her life depends upon it because it does. Or the next baby's ear will be taken from Kelly. So listen. When you see the baby's ear, you will listen," He spun my head in the direction of the hourglass as he released my hair. He was sneering and Simpson looked as though he thought Cheney overdid it. I was relieved it would not be my job to "soothe Cheney's savage beast" sexually that day.

Cheney look me back to the White Rouse office where we had started. He and Reagan shared another drink. Reagan patted my hair back in place where Cheney had pulled it,

which made me feel safe somehow since I could not comprehend that he was behind my ordeal with Cheney. Reagan switched my personality to where I no longer regarded him as "Chief," but instead as "Uncle Ronnie", He did this by reaching into his Jelly Belly jar and giving me one.

Certain colors and flavors triggered certain programmed responses. Uncle Ronnie must have had other "Kittens" conditioned to the military green watermelon ones because he kept an excess amount of these in his numerous jars.

Cheney said, "How in the hell you drink cognac and eat those goddamn jelly beans is beyond me.

Reagan responded, "Well, Dick, you don't have to have a Jelly Belly if you don't want to. I was just giving one to Kitten, here."

"Damn right I don't have to have a Jelly Belly, but you're going to have a jelly belly if you keep that shit up." Cheney finished his drink.

Reagan chuckled, "Now, you know I watch my figure.."

"Figure this," Cheney interrupted. "What are you going to do with the Contras?" Cheney slammed down his drink and headed for the door, "Exactly what I've been doing." Reagan turned to me, "C'mon, Kitten, Let's take a walk, I need my evening constitutional," Reagan was in no mood for sex, and it was a relief to be away from Cheney, He took me outside for a walk in his "Secret Garden," where he said he goes to "think and solve the world's problems". We walked down a cement path he referred to as a "Yellow Brick Road". After sitting quietly on a cement bench for awhile, he said, "If you follow the Yellow Brick Road, it leads right to the Wizard's lair-the Oval Office, How would you like to see where Uncle Ronnie really solves the world's problems?" I felt like a little girl with her daddy going to see where he works with no real concept of the experience. The guard at the Oval Office door ensured I was returned to my escorts when Reagan was through "sneaking me in" to his office. I was then taken back to Washington Monument where Houston was waiting in the car as though T had never been gone at all.

Operation Shell Game brought me back in touch with former President Gerald Ford early one misty fall morning. Ford's continued relationships with my abusers had given me cause to remain in touch with him throughout the years; particularly since he and my father were still jointly active in the Michigan organized crime drugs and pornography operation that had launched me into Project Monarch so many years before.

Ford was about to embark on a game of golf with my father on the otherwise "Closed for the Season" golf course next to my father's expensive house in affluent Grand Haven, Michigan. My brother, Mike, was with my father and me as we rendezvoused at the Club House with Ford and the Secret Service personnel assigned to him. Ford told my father he would "catch up with him and Mike at the third hole" and to "leave us to our

business". I was maintained in "Silence" until Ford and I were out of range of the Secret Service men, and I recited a message from Reagan instilled prior to the Shell Game, "If you please, Sir," I began in Oz cryptic, "I have a message for you from Uncle Ronnie. It's a 'humming telegram' (oral sex game) to see if you agree that our National Anthem should be changed to America the Beautiful," (Reagan was actually serious about changing our National Anthem.)

Ford responded, "We may have to see about that later. First, we've got some other 'holes' to attend before the sun gets up any higher," As he teed up his golf ball I asked, "Do you still golf a lot now that you're no longer President?"

Re said very seriously, "I golfed a lot when I was President. But now, I just keep up with events from the golf course. I've earned the privilege of monitoring the progress of America's Freedom Train at my leisure." He turned to face me, "Do you play golf yet?"

"Very well, Sir, when permitted." (Houston always ensured he won.) Ford was openly amused by my answer and handed me his club. "Give it your best shot." I outshot him the first stroke and his amusement vanished. I gave him back his golf club as ordered.

At the end of the second hole, Ford said, "I'd like to have a word with you," He took me over to some trees off the fairway and turned to me with his arms crossed over his bulging chest, raised himself up taller, and bore his sharklike eyes into mine. "Lend me your ear", I had the Baby's Ear Shell with me as ordered, took it out of my back pocket and handed it to Ford. He began talking as though I were a machine and he was dictating a message. "Take this message to Dick Cheney, Pentagon. The Mob has agreed to transfer the \$2.3 million (porn profits) to the Bank of Credit and Commerce International. Let's pool our money now and we'll be swimming in it. This operation has been an enterprising success. Let's keep it that way. Cease agreement with Panama.

All Mexican channels are implemented (cocaine and heroin). Hail to the Chief." He took a step away and added, "And you (he poked my chest like Cheney) take care of my friend, Dick. Here..." he handed me the Baby's Ear.

For meanness he added "over and out," and did the sign of the (satanic) horns at my eyes which deepened my trance significantly since I had been conditioned so heavily to this by Byrd.

After he hit the golf ball, he asked, "How's my friend, Allen Simpson, these days?"

"Very well, Sir." I noticed he bristled as he missed another shot. His temper was rising. When he wanted to add more to his message, he took out his frustration on me, "Gimme that fucking shell." He wiggled his fingers at me. That wasn't the pass phrase and I did not trigger. He grew louder and more agitated, "Where's that Baby's Ear." I still could not respond. "Lend me your goddamn ear!!" he roared at me. Close enough.

"Yes, Sir," I responded meekly as I dropped it in his hand. He proceeded. "Tell Simpson

to take care of my friend Dick Thornburgh. Get back to me on it." He returned the ear. We could see my father waiting at the next hole and Ford said he might "bean him one" with his next stroke. He swung, but missed my father.

When we met up with my father at the third hole. Ford set up his ball first, of course, and waving his club at me said, "Get out of here before I get teed off," My father pointed the way with a thumb over his shoulder and let out a shrill whistle. My brother, Mike, walked me through the bushes and back to my father's house.

My sister, Kelli Jo, was waiting tearfully for my return. She was MPDed and horrified of Ford. She and my little sister, Kimmy, and I had all been forced to sexually gratify Ford just prior to a special ordered porn film titled Three Little Kittens whereby his semen was filmed "anonymously". I was aware that Ford had initiated both of my sisters the way he had me in Cedar Springs, and they, too, dreaded his brutal and degrading sexuality. I hurried past my sister to make sure my daughter, Kelly, was OK. Cheney's threat to her life was ringing loud in my ear.

I did not see the Baby's Ear shell spirt until Kelly and I arrived in Bradenton Beach, Florida. I drove the motor home into Florida with Houston and Kelly along, and dropped Houston off at the Tampa airport, since he did not have a role in Operation Shell Game. He "had business at Boys Town in Omaha, Nebraska" where the wayward boys were being traumatized and sexually abused in accordance with the Catholic involvement in Project Monarch. Survivor Paul Bonacci of the infamous Franklin Cover-up case has named Alex Houston as one of his abusers there in Boys Town. Houston often went to Boys Town or other similar "vacation resorts" while I was on covert government business. Kelly and I drove on to Bradenton, where we checked into a participating campground on the bay across from "MacDill Air Force Base. It, too, was "Closed for the Season".

The recreation room of the campground was actually a harmonics programming operation, and the offices were filled with elaborate computers consistent with high-level CIA operations. The day Kelly and I met with Senator Simpson, I had been instructed by campground workers to drive to nearby Santa Maria Island where we were to collect unusual shells. Kelly and I were on the "wild side" of the island hunting sand dollars because they had "BIRDS" in them. As we walked through the shallow water, Kelly scared up a Stingray, which sent us screaming for the shore. Simpson was on the beach laughing, looking out of place in his Cagney hat and grey suit with legs rolled up and polished shoes in hand. He seemed familiar with the beach. When we reached the shore, he struck up a conversation about shells. It wasn't until he told us about the Baby's Ear Shell and opened his wallet to retrieve it that I triggered and knew who he was. As he look it out, he also flashed his ID signalling us to go with him. Considering Kelly, he had slipped a shell into the sand for her to find that looked like an eye in a spiral. He used this as a hypnotic induction to control her, comparing it to Bush's Eye in the- Sky.

Simpson showed me the shell in his hand and began, "You. You alone will take the

shuttle boat to your Princes' cruise. It will leave the dock from your own backyard (Oz) at 7:30 pm. Dress appropriately (Houston had ensured the proper attire had been packed). You will be escorted to the conference room and on into the top deck. You will see as you approach the ship (Noriega's yacht) the top deck is surrounded in black mirrors. Look deep into the mirrors; that is where you will be. And where I will be when next we meet," We walked a little further up the beach to where the motor home was parked and, referring to the Baby's Ear, Simpson said, "They're very rare indeed. This one is the right ear. You must go to the other side of the island, out Long Boat Key, to find its match. The Colonel (Aquino) has the baby's left ear and will meet you at the Pier at 4 pm. Stop at the little market on the corner and call.

Then it's just down the street a little ways."

I followed instructions robotically. Kelly and I watched from the pier as four big, armed (with machine guns) emotionless (programmed?) guards scanned the area as Aquino emerged from a car. Kelly said, "Mom, let's go". I remembered Cheney's threat and assured her I would protect her, though I could not comprehend from what.

When Aquino approached with two Dobermans on leashes, I told him Simpson had sent me there looking for the left baby's ear. He opened his hand to reveal "all that was left-the baby's ear-the dogs had devoured and consumed the rest of the baby." It was bloody, ragged, and bluish rather than pink.

Whether or not this was an actual baby's ear, the impact was the same. I put Kelly further behind me away from the dogs. I stood traumatized and entranced, ready for command. Aquino instructed me in full detail on the night's activities, and that I was to leave Kelly with campground personnel until my return.

That evening I was taken to Noriega's yacht in the bay via a small motorboat. I triggered and tranced further as I approached the familiar "black mirrored" yacht according to plan. I was helped onto the back of the yacht by Panamanian "palace" guards who kept me there at gunpoint until I was cleared and my Baby's Ear pass key accepted. I was escorted past the Air Force Base officials, their wives, drug people, and the vast amounts of cocaine laid out for them. I recognized several of the guests, including Oliver North and Puerto Rican drug lord Jose Busto. I was led up the stairs to the conference room where Aquino, Noriega, and Simpson were waiting. Simpson! I realized I must "be on the other side of the black mirror" and I gazed out into the darkness.

Simpson spoke softly, "You're on the other side of the black mirror now (NASA programming), peering through the blackness out to sea. Sea of black. Riding on a sea of black, drifting, drifting from the winds. Deep into the blackness. Drifting through the sands of time. Black sands, yielding shells such as this Baby's Ear." He pressed it into my hand signalling it was time for me to speak, I addressed Noriega, "If you please, Sir, I have a message from the President of the United States of America: The successes we have enjoyed in our shared endeavors are now history in the making, whose course

cannot be altered-regardless of the imminent lifting of the veil by well intentioned do-gooders. As this veil is lifted, it may shed light on you. So you must have your house in order, as does Ollie North, and cease any and all detectable activity I will do my best to keep you under shield and out of view if you comply with these orders and cease all detectable activity at once."

Noriega reacted as anticipated, obviously insulted by me message. In the ensuing moment of chaos, Aquino hypnotically waved his hands in front of Noriega and dramatically spread out his satanic black cape (worn for impact on Noriega's superstitions) which appeared to fill the room. Noriega all but bowed to him as Aquino's control over him was complete.

Aquino's manner was side-show-style rather than the usual somber tones used on Military bases for the Hands On demonstrations. "General, for your entertainment and in respect and appreciation of your successful enterprising 'Contra-bution', the Chief has sent his Presidential Model to demonstrate the latest technology in mind-control advancements. With the flip of a switch, this Pigeon becomes a Kitten (I began undressing). Quite a different animal."

Because of Noriega's superstitious beliefs, the whole idea of switching personalities apparently frightened him. I know Noriega believed whole heartedly in mind control, but could not grasp the concept of multiple personalities (which I now believe he perceived as demonic possession).

Therefore, he did not adhere to the idea of one slave being trained for both business and pleasure. Aquino, whom Noriega already perceived as a "devil" working for Reagan, was manipulating his beliefs masterfully. The impact of this demonstration and Operation would prove to be Psychological Warfare of the highest order.

Aquino ordered me to lie on the bed and invited Noriega to look closer at what the "Wizard"- "his Chief (Reagan) - could create. Noriega stepped closer to see what Aquino was pointing out to him between my breasts. A large, carved Baphomet appeared. Aquino had hypnotically regressed me to the time of its making which caused it to seemingly "suddenly appear" right before Noriega's eyes. Noriega jumped back, ignorantly terrified of this scientific phenomena. I believe Noriega stayed in the room for the rest of the demonstration simply because he was frozen in fear. Aquino hit me with a cat-o-ninetails and I shrieked in pain. Noriega jumped, Aquino hit me with it again, this time activating me to respond sexually as though pain were pleasure-a mindcontrol concept that Noriega more readily grasped. Then Aquino pointed out that the baphomet had disappeared. While Noriega looked, Aquino used Byrd's Hypnotic induction as he cut me "between the breasts with a knife saying, "In like a knife sharp and clean, I'll carve out what I want." My trance had been deepened to the extent that my circulatory system was slowed. Therefore I did not bleed until Aquino hypnotically changed my trance level. He then told Noriega that the baphomet carving had "retreated to the depths of my body and soul, possessing me and inciting the heal of hell." He commanded me to show any "face", the vaginal mutilation carving of the baphomet

face. As I did, Aquino offered Noriega my sex. As predicted, Noriega's eyes bulged in terror and revulsion. While Aquino told him his "rejection of me had killed me," I ceased breathing and moving as conditioned. Noriega was dumfounded as Aquino laughed wickedly and threatened, "Even death will not permit her-or you-escape from the Wizard's power." He explained that I was the "Wizard's own" and "under his spell" and could therefore "re-energize myself and come back to life." He put a vaginal prod in my hand and ordered me to masturbate myself with it, pushing the button to electrically jolt myself internally upon command. Noriega's eyes were enormous. He paled to a sickly grey, his mouth fell open and he ran out the door while Aquino assured him that he had "NO where to run, no where to hide from Reagan's powers."

Noriega predictably interpreted the demonstration as a threat from the depths of HELL, which should have been enough to heed Reagan's commands to break the drug trafficking ties immediately. (Apparently this is not the case as is evidenced by Noriega's continued Florida incarceration.) Aquino and Simpson doubled over with laughter as they congratulated themselves on a job well done.

Simpson finally ordered me to dress and escorted me to the back of the yacht to ensure the guards put me on the shuttle boat rather than kill me because of Noriega's horror.

As I approached the dock of the campground, the boat driver told me I would find Kelly asleep in the 'recreation' room. I ran to her, and, fearful of Cheney's threat, made sure her ears were still intact. I was immensely relieved to find them still there and to know she was "OK" (I could not think to wonder what she had endured in my absence.) I illogically felt like a "good mom" for "doing my part right so Kelly could live." Never before had I experienced such a sense of danger to us both and my relief was proportionate. I lovingly held her in my arms the rest of the night.

CHAPTER 14: CLINTON COKE LINES

I met up with Bill Clinton again in 1982 at a county fair in Berryville, Arkansas. Alex Houston was "entertaining" there due to the close proximity of the CIA Near Death Trauma Center (aka slave conditioning and programming camp) and drug distribution point at Swiss Villa in Lampe, Missouri. I had just endured intense physical and psychological trauma and programming, Clinton was campaigning for Governor and was backstage with Hillary and Chelsea while waiting to make a speech. Clinton stood in the afternoon sun with his arms crossed, talking to Houston about him and "his people" (CIA Operatives) being looked into specific areas for the dual purpose of entertaining and carrying out specific covert drug operations.

From my perspective, those who were actively laying the groundwork for implementing the New World Order through mind conditioning of the masses made no distinction between Democratic and Republican Parties. Their aspirations were international in proportion, not American. Members were often drawn from, among other elitist groups, the Council on Foreign Relations. Like George Bush, Bill Clinton was an active member of the CFR, Bilderbergers, and Tri-Lateral Commission. Based on numerous

conversations I overheard.

Clinton was being groomed and prepared to fill the role of President under the guise of Democrat in the event that the American people became discouraged with Republican leaders. This was further evidenced by the extent of Clinton's New World Order knowledge and professed loyalties.

Clinton understood that I had just been through "hell" in Lampe, and took it all in stride as he focused on his speech. He not only was well aware of the mind-control tortures and criminal covert activities proliferating in Arkansas and the neighboring state of Missouri, but he condoned them! Just as there are no partisan preferences in this world dominance effort, neither are there any strong individual state considerations or boundaries, either. I knew from experience that Clinton's Arkansas criminal covert operations meshed with the Lampe, Missouri center where he routinely tended business and claimed to "vacation." staying in the compound's resort villas.

In 1983, Houston took me to Lampe for routine trauma and programming while he was scheduled to "entertain" at the amphitheatre. Also scheduled to perform were Bill Clinton's and George Bush's friends Lee Greenwood and CIA operative, slave runner, and country music singer Tommy Overstreet. Greenwood and Overstreet were active in both the Lampe, Missouri and Lake/Mount Shasta, California CIA compounds. Clinton was flown in from Berryville, Arkansas by helicopter for the shows as well as for a business meeting.

Before Clinton arrived. Greenwood and Houston were in the backstage dressing rooms snorting fine after fine of cocaine, Houston, always eager to make an extra penny to pinch, attempted to prostitute me to Greenwood, "She's the real performer," Houston said. "She performs all kinds of sex acts upon command. For a small price, she's yours."

Greenwood laughed, and referring to my Huntsville. Alabama NASA programming said, "I've spent more time in Huntsville than she has, and I know full well who and what she is-a 'space cadet' programmed for sex. She's a modified version of Marilyn Monroe."

Tommy Overstreet had waited in and heard what Greenwood said. "How much time have you spent in Shasta?"

"Shasta?" Greenwood looked arrogantly at Overstreet and smiled knowingly as he said, "You don't 'spend time' in Shasta, you maintain the concept if you can. I haven't lost any time there, either, if that's your next question. I go there quite a bit. Enough really to override Houston's suggestion with ease and take what I want, when I want, and how I want it."

Greenwood began expertly accessing my sex programming and told the others in the room, "You all can come and go as you please, but I've been made an offer that I am going to use." He ordered me to undress and bend over the desk where he roughly

sodomized me as he said, "You're going to think it's daddy all over again".

When Greenwood was through with me, I was ordered out into the amphitheatre concert area. During intermission, I met up with Swiss Villa manager Hal Meadows, Tommy Overstreet, and Governor Clinton in the hall.

Clinton was wearing a cap that read "Diesel Trainer" which I was told to equate literally as "these-will-train-her". Puzzled, I looked at his cap and asked, "Are you a conductor?"

Clinton smiled and said, "Of electricity". Overstreet laughed as he continued, "Actually it means I check cabooses. How's yours?" I squirmed.

Apparently Greenwood had bragged about sodomizing me. They laughed even harder as Clinton said, "Still running, I'm sure".

Houston stepped out of the dressing room to greet Clinton, "Hi, bud."

Houston extended his hand. "I hear you made Governor."

"I hear you deliver a hell of a one liner," Clinton replied, cryptically referring to cocaine and NOT Houston's so-called comedy routine. "I'm always aspiring to achieve new heights."

"Well, come on in," Houston invited. "I have enough (cocaine) to put us all into orbit." I walked into the dressing room with them as Houston was saying to Clinton, "I suppose there are no limits for you since you're across the (stale) line."

"What line?" Clinton feigned surprise and ignorance. He looked at Hal Meadows as he continued, "You mean I've left that state of mine? In the state of mind I'm in, there are no boundaries anyway." He walked over to the table and snorted a line of cocaine. "I come here to get away from it all. This kind of business is pleasure."

"So where's that young wife of yours?" Houston asked, referring to Hillary.

"She's with friends." Clinton sniffed the coke further up his nose. "She's minding her own business. I'm just here to unwind, see the show, maybe do a little hunting (referring to A Most Dangerous Game). I've got a bird (helicopter) ready to fly me back when I'm through. Hey, speaking of 'Byrd' (he gestured my way) I hear she's moved up to the big house (White House)."

Referring to his friend and mentor Senator Byrd he asked, "So what's his position now?"

"The same." Houston answered. "Probably like this..." Houston pantomimed a lewd sodomy pose while everyone laughed. "He still runs the show."

Clinton kept his eyes fixed on Houston's "caboose" and said, "Why don't you show her

(referring to me) me way out and show me that again?" If I could have thought at that moment, I would have realized Bill Clinton was/is bisexual. My personal sexual experience with Clinton was limited, but I had witnessed him engaged in homosexual activity during an orgy at Swiss Villa.

Immediately following the Swiss Villa incident, Houston was scheduled as usual to perform at the county fair in Benyville, Arkansas. There, Houston and I had been visiting with long time Clinton Mend and supporter, H.B. Gibson, when we parted company to attend a private meeting at the mansion of Clinton's bisexual friend and supporter Bill Hall, Hall had reportedly made his fortune in the pre-fabricated log home business, and the Clintons were staying in a guest villa patterned after those at Swiss Villa. Hillary had taken toddler Chelsea to the villa while Clinton and his aide/bodyguard attended the meeting. Tommy Overstreet was also in attendance as this directly coincided with the recent Lampe meeting. We all sat in Hall's sunken living room on two couches facing each other with a black mirror coffee table between us. Hall had cut numerous lines of cocaine on the table, and everyone present—including Bill Clinton—was inhaling it through \$50 bills rolled into straws. The conversation ranged from CIA, drugs, and politics to the Swiss Villa Amphitheatre and country music. At that time, a major effort was underway to move Nashville, Tennessee's country music industry to the Lampe area (it has since literally moved to nearby Branson), in closer proximity to the CIA cocaine operations that leached the industry.

Tommy Overstreet was attempting to convince Hall, who was obviously no stranger to the drug (cocaine) business, to join the high level CIA cocaine operation that was funding covert activity. They discussed the possibility of Hall transporting cocaine from Berryville, Arkansas to Nashville, Tennessee to be in on the ground level of what would soon be one of the largest and most prolific CIA cocaine operations—the Branson, Missouri country music industry.

By enlisting now, the contacts and customers that Hall would procure could "politically and financially bolster him for life". Additionally, Overstreet discussed the viability of using Hall's own company trucks to transport the drug throughout Atlanta, Georgia; Louisville, Kentucky; and Jacksonville, Florida as well as Nashville, Tennessee and Lampe, Missouri. These key CIA cocaine routes coincided with Hall's established truck routes, according to the insiders present at the meeting. Hall was being offered the "opportunity of a lifetime" as his role would also include laundering money through his business to fund the black budget covert operations. Hall appeared nervous and skeptical, and Clinton and Overstreet attempted to maintain a "light" atmosphere by joking that Hall could change the name of his trucking line to "CLINTON COKE LINES".

Hall was not convinced and began to raise questions as to the longevity of the operation and how he was going to protect himself. Although Hall was very adept at the cocaine business, he voiced concern that he found it easier to trust those who were not with the CIA operations than he did U.S. government protected participants. Clinton reassured him that it was "Reagan's operation," but Hall was concerned that some faction of the government would "shut it down like a sting operation" without warning and leave him

literally holding the bag, Houston laughed and explained that "no one was going to cut it (the drug business) off." He assured them it was far too lucrative and that there would "always be a market" for drugs-a market controlled by those criminals implementing their New World Order.

Clinton added to what Houston "said, talking in local colloquialisms.

"Bottom line is, we've got control of the (drug) industry, therefore we've got control of them (suppliers and buyers). You control the guy underneath ya' and Uncle (Sam) has ya' covered. What have ya' got to lose? No risk. No one's gonna hang ya' out to dry. And whatever spills off the truck as it passes through (he laughed and snorted another line of coke) you get to clean up."

Hall smiled at his friend, which was apparently interpreted as consent.

Clinton motioned for his aide to get his ledger. Overstreet began pulling out his paperwork, and Hall neatly cleared the table of the remaining coke lines.

Clinton gestured to me and told Houston, "Get her out of here".

Houston didn't move and laughed. "She's a Presidential Model. She's kept secrets bigger than yours."

Clinton responded, "I don't care. Get her the fuck out of here," Hall's wife led me away and locked me in a back bedroom. After an indeterminate period of time, I heard her telephone Hillary at the guest villa.

She then drove me up the mountain through the dark to meet with Hillary.

Although I had previously met Hillary we had very little to say to each other particularly since I was still dazed and tranced from the tortures I had endured at the CIA Near Death Trauma Center in Lampe. Hillary knew I was a mindcontrolled slave, and, like Bill Clinton, just took it in stride as a "normal" part of life in politics,

Hillary was fully clothed and stretched out on the bed sleeping when Hall's wife and I arrived. "Hillary, I brought you something you'll really enjoy. Kind of an unexpected surprise. Bill ordered her out of the meeting and I took her to my bedroom and made an interesting discovery. She is literally a twofaced (referring to my vaginal mutilation carving) bitch,"

"Hmm?" Hillary opened her eyes and sleepily roused herself "Show me."

Hall's wife ordered me to take my clothes off while Hillary watched. "Is she clean?" Hillary asked, meaning disease free.

"Of course, she's Byrd's," she responded, continuing the conversation as though I were

not there, "Plus, I heard Houston say something about her being a Presidential Model, whatever the hell that's supposed to mean."

"It means she's clean," Hillary said matter-of-factly as she stood up.

I was not capable of giving thought to such things back then, but I am aware in retrospect that all Presidential Model slaves I knew seemed to have an immunity to social diseases. It was a well known fact in the circles I was sexually passed around in that government level mind-controlled sex slaves were "clean" to the degree that none of my abusers took precautions such as wearing condoms.

Hall's wife patted the bed and instructed me to display the mutilation.

Hillary exclaimed, "God!" and immediately began performing oral sex on me.

Apparently aroused by the carving in my vagina,² Hillary stood up and quickly peeled out of her matronly nylon panties and pantyhose. Uninhibited despite a long day in the hot sun, she gasped, "Eat me, oh, god, eat me now". I had no choice but to comply with her orders, and Bill Hall's wife made no move to join me in my distasteful task. Hillary had resumed examining my hideous mutilation and performing oral sex on me when Bill Clinton walked in. Hillary lifted her head to ask, "How'd it go?" Clinton appeared totally unaffected by what he walked into, tossed his jacket on a chair and said, "It's official. I'm exhausted. I'm going to bed."

I put my clothes on as ordered, and Hall's wife drove me back down to the mansion where Houston was waiting for me. The meeting apparently had been a success. I heard discussions throughout the remaining years between Houston, his agent Reggie MacLaughlin, and Loretta Lynn's handler, Ken Riley pertaining to Hall's successful branch of the CIA cocaine operation emanating from Arkansas. No discussions were as poignant and revealing as those between Alex Houston and CIA operative country music entertainer Boxcar Willie.

Boxcar Willie burst onto the country music scene after an ad campaign of high tech hypnotically persuasive produced television commercials that strategically made him an overnight, sensation and "star". The country music industry's Freedom Train needed a conductor to lead the industry and fans to Branson, Missouri, and Boxcar Willie was placed in the driver's seat. Like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, Boxcar Willie succeeded in his role of trance-ferring the industry in close proximity to the Lampe CIA cocaine operations.

Boxcar Willie was one of the primary ground level contacts that Bill Hall made after Clinton convinced him to cash in on the cocaine benefits of the country music industry transfer. Houston and Boxcar Willie discussed Hall's lucrative dealings throughout the years in my presence while traveling the country together, billed on the same shows, including performances at the Swiss Villa Amphitheatre, I had much contact with Boxcar Willie personally since my government sponsored cocaine runs often coincided and

intermeshed with his.

But I never knew Boxcar Willie as well as my daughter, Kelly, knew him.

Kelly has named Boxcar Willie as one of her primary sexual abusers in three different mental institutions, and has voiced frustration at the lack of justice.

"Why am I the one locked up while my abusers remain free?" she constantly pleads. I assure her I am doing all I can to blow the whistle on Boxcar Willie for hex, and expose his role in transferring the country music industry to close proximity of the Lampe, Missouri CIA cocaine operation as outlined by Bill Clinton.

1. Loyalty to the sovereign of our country is non existent under New World Orders. "President" Clinton poses no more leadership or loyalty to our country than Ronald Reagan did since both follow(ed) New World Order directives from former U.N. Ambassador and CIA DIRECT or George Bush,

2. Hillary Clinton is the only female to become sexually aroused at the sight of my mutilated vagina.

CHAPTER 15: NO MORE BEATING AROUND THE BUSH

It was a sunny, fall day in 1983 when U.S. Congressman Guy VanderJagt met with my CIA operative mind-control handler, Alex Houston, my then 3 1/2 year old daughter, Kelly, and me on the steps of the U.S. Senate in Washington, D.C. Kelly appeared familiar with Vanderjagt, although I had never previously remembered seeing her in his company. Even so, I could not think to realize he was, in fact, sexually abusing her just as he had me when I was a child. VanderJagt knelt on one knee in front of her to talk with her, assuring her that "today was a special day" because she would "see Uncle George (Bush) while mommy sees Uncle Ronnie (Reagan)". He stood up and took her by the hand, saying in Alice In Wonderland cryptic language, "Let's go on an Adventure together" and led her quietly and robotically away.

I met up with Kelly again that afternoon at the White House, both of us literally "on our toes" and standing at attention in Reagan's office. In retrospect, I wonder at the measures of control inflicted on my 3 1/2-year old child to cause her to perform so robotically and behave "so well" as she silently stood with the plastic smile and unblinking eyes, in the presence of President Reagan, Vice President Bush, and (later Defense Secretary) Dick Cheney.

Reagan appeared to gaze at Kelly, with her long blonde hair cascading down the back of her blue pinafore dress, completing her Alice In Wonderland Appearance. Reagan seemed to pose no direct threat to her sexually as he said, "She is adorable, a model child", Reagan then gestured towards Bush and said, "This is my Vice President George Bush. People don't usually know what the role of the Vice President is because he's always behind the scenes making sure everything that the President wants done

happens the way it's supposed to." He looked at me and said matter-of-factly, "I catch the public's attention (he made a gesture in the air that was eye catching) while the Vice President carries out orders."

Bush's close friend, Dick Cheney, said, "And gives them".

"Right," Reagan said. "An order from him is like an order from me."

Bush was wearing canvas boat shoes and a cardigan sweater as he knelt on one knee in front of Kelly in order to talk to her on her level. Bush used the children's television program Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood to scramble/confuse young victims' (like Kelly's) memory of contact with him and his sexual abuse.

His physical resemblance to TV's Fred Rogers was deliberately exaggerated by his choice of clothes and mannerisms, and is further compounded by his developed vocal impersonation. Using his best Mr. Rogers voice he said, "Come here, Little One. I want to ask you something. Do you watch Mr, Rogers' Neighborhood?"

"Yes, Sir," Kelly responded.

Bush told Kelly, "Well, I'm kind of like Mr. Rogers when he makes his puppets move and talk like your daddy (Houston, ventriloquist) does with Elemer (his dummy). Only I'm like Mr. Rogers because I have lots of puppets--only mine are people. I even have a King (Fahd) just like Mr. Rogers.¹ I pull the strings (he pantomimed marionette hand movements) and I talk through them. They say my words and we create all kinds of exciting Adventures.

Right now I'm building a new Neighborhood (the New World Order). The stage is set, and I have hold of everyone's strings. I need you to help me together we can pull your mother's strings. She's in my Neighborhood. That means you're in my Neighborhood, too."

It seems obvious to me now that Bush was referring to those actively engaged in implementing the New World Order through chaos and mass mind control (aka media conditioning) as "The Neighborhood". Of course I was unable to consider disputing Bush's statement, and Kelly was certainly not of a mind to see beyond Bush's twist on her favorite television program. Kelly's big blue eyes grew even wider as she responded, "I am?"

Bush stood up and took her hand, "C'mon. Let me show you my Neighborhood," He led her out the door.

Kelly became violently physically ill after her induction into George Bush's "Neighborhood." and from every sexual encounter she had with him thereafter.

She ran 104-6 degree temperatures, vomited and endured immobilizing headaches for

an average of three days (as is consistent with high voltage trauma). These were the only tell-tale evidences aside from the scarring burns left on her skin. Houston forbade me to call a doctor, and Kelly forbade me to comfort her, pitifully complaining that her head "hurt too bad to even move".

And she did not move for hours on end. Kelly often complained of severe kidney pain, and her rectum usually bled for a day or two after Bush sexually abused her. My own mind-control victimization rendered me unable to help or protect her. Seeing my child in such horrible condition drove my own wedge of insanity in deeper, perpetuating my total inability to affect her needs until our rescue by Mark Phillips in 1988.

Kelly's bleeding rectum was but one of many physical indicators of George Bush's pedophile perversions, I have overheard him speak blatantly of his sexual abuse of her on many occasions. He used this and threats to her life to "pull my strings" and control me. The psychological ramifications of being raped by a pedophile President are mind-shattering enough, but reportedly Bush further reinforced his traumas to Kelly's mind with sophisticated NASA electronic and drug mind-control devices. Bush also instilled the "Who ya gonna call?" and "I'll be watching you" binds on Kelly, further reinforcing her sense of helplessness. The systematic tonures and traumas I endured as a child now seem trite in comparison to the brutal physical and psychological devastation that George Bush inflicted on my daughter.

As soon as the door closed behind Bush and Kelly, Dick Cheney reached over to Reagan's desk from his seat and flipped over the hourglass. (Oz) "Her (Kelly's) time is running out. You'd better pay attention and follow orders as though her life depends on it, because from now on (heh heh) it always does! If you make one mistakeóoneóthen I'll get her, my pretty."

Reagan said, "George is like a director. He makes sure the stage is set to implement the New World Order as I envision it. Then he makes sure everyone has a script and knows their pan. He tells them how to speak and when to speak it. How to dress and (patting my head) how to wear their hair. He gets everything and everyone in place and hollers, 'Action!'" Reagan shouted through his hand as though it were a megaphone and rambled on, "All the world's a stage. I'm the Wizard. But he is directing the show so you better pay attention and learn your part well from him."

Cheney interrupted, "George and I will be working closely on a few projects together, and when you see him, you'll see me. When you're given orders from him, you're given orders from me."

"She knows the chain of command, Dick," Reagan injected, referring to his perception of who was in charge, and in what order. President, Vice President, Habib, Cheney, Byrd, etc. may have been the chain of command in Reagan's mind, but Cheney's definition was necessary to my understanding. From my perspective, the chain of command was clearly Bush, Cheney, Habib, Reagan, Aquino and lastly, on a par with my handler, Houston, Byrd, all of which was subject to change at any given moment.

Cheney just rolled his eyes at Reagan's comment and never slowed down as he continued, "Right now a stage is being set and you will be directed by the Vice President on just how he wants you to do your part in setting the stage for Mexico's role in the New World Order."

Reagan jumped in again, "With the world in order, there will be world peace. By strategically placing an American Patriot dedicated to the cause of spreading democracy in all parts of the world, we can influence the thinking of every nation's leader and paint for them a picture of freedom and American values that they'll never forget. They'll spread it to the people and the whole planet will be of one mind—one purpose—one cause. Freedom. You'll be talking with some of these friends and leaders from time to time on my behalf."

Bush slipped back into the meeting, without Kelly. Cheney continued, "Taking orders from me and your new director—the Vice President. Lesson number one. You know what Miami Vice is. Undercover drug agents taking control of the drug industry. A Vice President is just that—an undercover drug agent taking control of the drug industry—for the President."

Bush spoke up. "Mexico is a problem. They've got lots of drugs, but not the brains nor the means to sell it outside their own country. So how can we take control of their (growing) drug industry when we can't even get our hands on it? It's your duty as an American citizen to open the routes and initiate freedom from poverty throughout their nation by offering them cash as a means of enticing their drug industry right into our grasp by bringing it right up to our doorsteps."

"Operation Greenbacks for Wetbacks," Cheney said, laughing. Bush laughed with him.

Bush regained his composure to conclude, "Your assignment begins in Miami with NCL (Norwegian Caribbean Lines) and ends when you return from Mexico with word of success."

Cheney caught my eye with a hand gesture that directed my gaze from Bush to the hourglass, which was running out fast. By then I was deeply tranced and lost touch with my surroundings all together while my trance was timelessly deepened for further programming, I left the White House with a message for the Vice President of Mexico, Carlos Salinas de Gortari, from the Vice President of the U.S., and with one very sick child.

1. Mr Roger projects through puppets on his show, and one of his key characters from the Land of Make-Believe is King Friday the 13th.

CHAPTER 16: OPERATION GREENBACKS FOR WETBACKS

My CIA mind-control handler, Alex Houston and I boarded the Norwegian Caribbean Lines ship bound for Cozumel, Mexico, with a large, black, soft side suitcase packed full

of cash and a proposal of "prosperity" from the U.S. This proposal, programmed in me by Vice President Bush, was supposedly initial diplomatic groundwork for the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA).

It was my understanding then that the North American Free Trade Agreement was considered a significant step in implementing the New World Order through mind manipulation of the masses. According to Byrd, propaganda disguising the true purpose of NAFTA included the concept of "free trade" which the U.S. and Mexican governments had long since shared. "Free trade" of child and adult mind-controlled slaves, cocaine, heroin and businesses has been not-so-secretly proliferating for years. My own father joined the "run for the border" via U.S. State Department and Mexican subsidized business incentives and opened yet another branch of his U.S. Department of Defense-given-business in Mexico. This was part of the "free trade" agreement that I know personally has been operating smoothly from at least 1984. In an effort to maintain the illusion that the agreement would not create a negative economic imbalance between Mexico and the U.S., tourist areas of Mexico were deliberately built up, enhanced and Americanized with U.S. dollars. These funds were provided through CIA covert Black Budget operations of drug and slave trading, as well as directly through the Senate Appropriations Committee of which Senator Robert C. Byrd is chairman as of this writing.

I certainly do not purport to understand international business, nor have I attempted to "educate" myself through what I know to be propaganda slanted and filtered periodicals. How money interfaces in world markets has been well documented. For example, who supports whom in which financial endeavors is apparently far too complex for even BCCI attorneys and investigators to sort through. My personal perspective on Mexican, U.S., and Saudi Arabian buildup of Mexico's economy is limited to my own experiences. My understanding is further affected by deliberate misinformation from the criminal perspectives of those who were in control of my mind's knowledge base and actions. From time to time, Senator Byrd used me as a robotic sounding board.

He told me what he wanted me to hear, and this was structured more toward stroking his own enormous, warped ego than it was to educate me in world finance.

Senator Byrd claimed "the money game is simply a game of control," and lives by his adopted Golden Rule of "He who holds the gold makes the rules." He told me in so many words that "by appropriating funds to all (viable) projects ushering in the free trade agreement, and allocating lesser amounts to U.S. social systems such as our 'criminal' justice system, I control our country and our place in world markets. All the world is a stage, and I own the theatre!...you can bank on it!"

Senator Byrd's twisted reality echoed in my mind when America was bought (stolen) and sold by Presidents Bush and Clinton in the recent passage of NAFTA. "I would never run for PresidentóOh, I'd win if I did," Byrd bragged. "But why should I run for an office that is beneath me? I can make a President look good, or I can make him look bad by strategically appropriating funds." Byrd and others I knew boasted that he was

one of those (corrupt power brokers) responsible for Bill Clinton's being "chosen" and elected to the office of Presidency. And the last minute bids and dealings with those Congressmen holding NAFTA's deciding votes proved "strategic appropriations" indeed made Clinton "look good" in his NAFTA "victory".

At the La Celiba Hotel in Cozumel, Houston maintained my food and water deprivation for mind-control purposes, even during our dinner meeting in the hotel's restaurant later that evening. Although the restaurant was "officially" closed due to the late hour, a mariachi band, one waiter, four stationed armed guards, my Mexican dignitary contact, his two assistants, and handler, Houston and I were present. During the meeting, arrangements were made to meet with Mexico's then Vice President Salinas the next afternoon at a nearby military installation.

I would also deliver a message as usual from Senator Byrd at the nearby Consulate's office pertaining to U.S. financial support for creating propaganda to insure the illusion of economic equality in Mexican tourist areas.

These funds were simply to further the ongoing shared goal of easing into New World Order domination through carefully contrived smoke and mirror tactics.

The next afternoon, Houston escorted me to the high security fenced government installation for my meeting with Salinas. According to Bush, Salinas was regarded by the Reagan-Bush Administration as superior in power to Miguel de la Madrid who was officially President of Mexico at that time.

The upcoming Mexican "election," which was no more an election than Reagan's second term, was to place Salinas in the office of President to coincide with Bush's destined Presidency. To insure that this "strategically placed American Patriot" would be voted into position, Reagan informed me that the U.S. would "guard the integrity" of "elections" by covertly "overseeing" them, among other strategies. Salinas was to be President at all costs.

Although President de la Madrid was considered by Bush to be the stepping stone to the ultimate reign of Salinas/Bush's (already established) diplomatic relations, he was regarded with all due respect in a manner conducive to "no margins for error". His full cooperation was tantamount to establishing Bush's and Salinas's goals via free flowing drug markets and Mexico's cooperation in subversively funding and supplying Reagan's Nicaraguan Contras. De la Madrid worked in close association with Salinas so that a smooth transition of power would maintain U.S.-Mexican relations and efforts already in place.

"A message to Salinas is a message to the President," Cheney had explained.

Not only would the message be relayed to de la Madrid, but for the most part Salinas was the one responsible for working with George Bush since they would both come into power during the most critical point in the promotion of NAFTA—passing it by the

American people and into law. President Reagan, Mexican President de la Madrid, Vice President Bush, and Mexican Vice President Salinas were all "of one mindóone effort" toward economic expansion and growth for our southern "neighbors in the New World Order" through what I experienced was based on "free trade" of drugs, children, and pornography.

Vice President Bush told me that this (criminal) activity was regarded as Mexico's "only means of rapid economic advancement and freedom from poverty since the people were slaves to their own inability to advance in world markets."

When I arrived at the military installation with the aforementioned suitcase of cash in hand, I was taken to Salinas' "office" through a series of electronic gates guarded by officers in white uniforms. Salinas sat at his desk, which was small and functional (i.e., military issue), set on a highly polished wooden floor in a vast room virtually void of decor and personal effects. This created an air of military practicality. I set the suitcase in front of Salinas and began relaying the message I had been programmed to deliver "I have a message from the Vice President of the United State of America to our neighbors in Mexico. America is willing to share its wealth through a trade agreement with Mexico. We'll trade our cash for control over Mexico's cocaine and heroin production. By controlling your drug industry, we can open the border between our countries to allow a free flow of cocaine and heroin into the U.S., bought and paid for in American dollars to build Mexico. Eventually this could dissolve the border between our countries altogether as Mexico's economy grows to match ours. If we begin today, this dream could be realized by the turn of the century-sharing the same continent, sharing the same wealth.

Why? The drug industry already dictates what the Mexican government can or cannot do. By giving the U.S. control of your drug industry, Mexico regains control over her government. Re-established power backed by U.S. dollars will bring Mexico on an economic par with America. We can begin by spreading the word through the (drug) cartels that the U.S. is covertly willing to open the borders to free drug trade by making agents available to show you the passage and routes through which the drugs are to be delivered. Only U.S. agents can bring Mexican heroin and (South American) cocaine across the border, and likewise they will bring the cash in. Explain to those select few who control the drug empires that the cruise line (NCL) agreement is going into mass expansion, tearing down the border between our countries enough to allow for as many drugs to come in as Mexico can deal out. When do we begin? Immediately.

The cash is at hand. (I gestured toward the suitcase which Salinas unzipped to find full of cash.) Deliver whatever amount of brown heroin you have at hand as a means of confirmation to the agreement. Keep the change as a token of the change and good fortune that has befallen Mexico from its neighboring nation."

As I finished Bush's message, Salinas immediately took a note pad from the desk and scrawled a quick note. He passed it to a guard who was stationed at the door. He stood up, smiled, and leaned over his desk as he extended his hand in a warm handshake. I

was escorted out. Houston found me on the front steps of the installation and together we were escorted through the barbed wire fences and back onto the streets of Cancun, I waited in a small clearing nearby for an indeterminate length of time, playing with a large iguana. Finally, a taxi cab driver pulled up and honked his horn three times, signalling me to pick up a fist-sized ball of Mexican brown heroin. The heroin was crudely wrapped in brown paper, tied with twine, and measured approximately the size of a baseball. As quickly as the cab driver left, Houston, who was standing some distance away with two uniformed men, signaled me to join him. We were then driven to the airport where we boarded a U.S. Air Force aircraft to Washington, D.C.

Immediately upon arrival at Andrews Air Force Base just outside of Washington, D.C, I was taken to Senator Byrd who then escorted me to Dick Cheney's Pentagon office for a meeting with Vice President Bush, I was ill and vomiting from the high voltage administered in Mexico to compartmentalize my memory. I was allowed to use Byrd's magnetic pass key card to unlock the maze of doors that led to the Ladies' Room. I was still wearing my inappropriate-for-D.C. cruise clothes and carrying the heroin in my tote bag when I met with Bush to confirm Mexico's agreement to his proposal. Bush took the heroin for himself, obviously pleased with the quality of the product.

Cheney laughed and told Bush he needed to "confiscate the Contra-band". Bush replied, "Over my dead body" as he laughed at Cheney's Contra joke.

"If you don't share some of it, that could be the case," Cheney said. "Pitch it here."

Bush struck a pitch pose, wound up, made a fake out pitch, and joked in baseball banter, "It's a 'high fly' ball. You're going to have to steal." He tossed the heroin in the air, caught it, and strode for the door, Cheney got out of his chair, pointed to the door, and ordered me "Out".

Houston and I were flown in to Montego Bay, Jamaica and transported to Ocho Rios to board our next NCL cruise ship.

CHAPTER 17: ABOUT FACES

Soon after Kelly was inducted into George Bush's "Neighborhood" through horrific sexual abuse, Bush enforced his controls on me. Our mind-control handler, Alex Houston, had taken Kelly and me to Washington, D.C. for separately scheduled meetings with Bush. Kelly had already been escorted by agents to her rendezvous with him that morning, during which Lime I had been ordered to one of U.S. Senator Robert C. Byrd's offices located in the nearby FBI Hoover Building. There, Byrd reinforced his holds on me by claiming control of the Justice Department and "proving" once again that I had "no where to run and no where to hide". My horror reaction was compounded when Byrd looked at his pocket watch and notified me in Alice in Wonderland cryptic language, "You're late, you're late for a very important date," referring to my meeting with Bush.

I sprinted from the Hoover Building, encountering Houston who waited just outside. Houston hurried me to the Smithsonian where I waited for my escorts as instructed at the "Face Changing" exhibit. This computerized exhibit illustrates how an individual's face can take on a radically different appearance by slightly altering any single feature.

The exhibit fascinated me as a programmed MPD since multiples often experience the unnerving phenomena of routinely not recognizing themselves in a mirror due to switching personalities. A multiple's face often changes slightly with each switch, which "validates" the religious communities' perceptions of so-called "demonic possession" in occultism. Logic quickly dispels this belief when it is realized that everyone's expression changes according to emotion, by skin color and tones, blood pressure, and by tightening or relaxing specific micro muscles. An MPD's face changes are more exaggerated when these natural conditions are combined with the results of sophisticated programming/"Charm School" teaches subconscious control over these natural phenomena as a ready-made disguise on government slaves such as myself, as well as to enhance sex slaves' "beauty" to their maximum potential. I was incapable of thinking or logically understanding my fascination with the display, as I stood totally enthralled, waiting for my escorts as ordered.

As the escorts approached, I was relieved to see Kelly with them. Though she was visibly tranced and traumatized, the fact that she was alive was all I was capable of grasping. When she saw the "Face Changing" exhibit, she excitedly exclaimed, "Uncle George just read me a book about this!" Before I could hear anymore, I was led away, leaving Kelly with our handler, Houston.

I was then quickly taken to Bush's Residence Office, which here-to-fore was unfamiliar to me. Although it had slate blue, plush carpets and fine furnishings like the White House office, lattice work and smaller rooms provided a different air. I sat in a hard-back wooden chair as ordered, while Bush carefully positioned himself in front of me on a little wooden footstool. This allowed me clear visibility of the large book that he held in his lap. All illustrations faced me, while all text except the last page was printed in the holder's direction.

This book was a unique, high tech piece of art specifically designed to enforce Bush's favorite method of programming, "You Are What You Read". The juvenile face depicted on the front of this hardcover book gave it the appearance of a children's storybook. It was entitled About Faces.

Bush explained the dynamics of "changing faces" and "becoming what I read". Although I had been conditioned to this idea all of my life through Disney stories, The Wizard Of Oz, Alice In Wonderland, etc., I was not prepared for Bush's version of "You Are What You Read" programming explanations. The illustrations themselves were elaborate, consisting of mirrors and hypnotic depictions. He seemingly made the book come alive in my mind as he read page after poetic page of hypnotic, metaphorical language, all the while creating powerful illusions. His impersonations of the characters further enhanced the desired affect of fantasy becoming reality. This extraordinary effort to

scramble reality would have worked-perfectly-had it not been for another victim and myself discussing it only a few days later. The purpose of Bush's book was dearly explained within the first few pages, which included the following passage:

I am the Vice President when circumstance demands, And I am your Commander, you'll follow my commands. The first command's important - It is one you will heed, When I send you a book, you are what you read.

Throughout my tenure as a Presidential Model mind-controlled slave, I was provided specific books according to Bush's program. These books, delivered through pre-established channels such as Ken Riley, Alex Houston, and even Ronald Reagan, came complete with specific commands on how they were to be interpreted and used. Some books were used to instruct me on operations; some were an attempt to scramble my memory with fantasy; others were used to load my mind with pertinent data such as bank account passbook numbers, and so on.

I was provided a paperback book entitled Afghanistan, from which I absorbed history, current political events, and the strength of the Afghany Freedom Fighters. I have since learned that the book I read was never publicly released in the text it was provided me. According to instruction, the book was delivered back to Bush as quickly as I finished memorizing it, I wonder in retrospect if any part of it contained fact beyond how I was supposed to perceive it.

I read stories of espionage, including Robert Ludlum's Bourne Identity, and William Diehl's Chameleon. Mostly I was provided steamy sex novels for further training as well as scrambles. Kelly was conditioned to fairy tales, Steven Spielberg's ET, NASA NSA operative George Lucas' Star Wars, and the nightmarish Never Ending Story. Steinbeck's classic Of Mice and Men caused Kelly constantly to quote the dependant character of Lenny for years saying, "Tell me what to do, George". She still does this each and every time I am allowed to visit with her in the mental institution. The attending therapist overseeing the visit has yet to pick up on this programming cue, and I am forbidden by Juvenile Court order not to discuss Kelly's past or therapy.

Bush's most effective example of "You Are What You Read" in his book About Faces occurred during his reading of the page depicting lizard-like "aliens" from a "far-off, deep space place", Claiming to me to be an alien himself, Bush apparently activated a hologram of the lizard-like "alien" which provided the illusion of Bush transforming like a chameleon before my eyes. In retrospect, I understand that Bush had been painstakingly careful in positioning our seats in order that the hologram's effectiveness be maximized.

U.S. Army Lt. Col. Aquino's occultism provided trauma sufficient to maintain my Project Monarch Mind-Controlled existence despite his inability to affect my core spirituality. Therefore, I was not routinely subjected to the other favorite "trauma of choice"-alien themes-lite many slaves (including Kelly) I knew had been. The effect of Bush's illusion hologram on such victims is binding and strong. Even Aquino envied the mind

shattering effects of Bush's alien theme visual traumas to the extent that he wrote and published his own comic book sequel to Lucas' Star Wars. While occultism is easily dispelled with reason and fact, Bush's alien theme continues to be reinforced through NASA's involvement in mind-control atrocities. Additionally, California's 24-year incumbent Senator Alan Cranston of the Select Committee on Intelligence has perpetuated this trauma base for decades, as have others. Despite my having escaped routine "alien" theme traumas, Bush's "You Are What You Read" hologram proved devastatingly sufficient for him to gain total control of my robotic mind from that moment on until my rescue in 1988.

By the time Bush reached the last page of his About Faces book, I was so traumatized I instantly "became what I read" when I read the last verse aloud as ordered:

I am a True Patriot living an American Dream,
I will become my role when you pull my string.
I will become my part, so I can 'be all I can be'
'Cause just like the Vice President, I am what I read.

CHAPTER 18: IN THE MEANTIME

My life seemed to lead me at an accelerated pace after being subjected to Reagan and Bush. My handler, Alex Houston egotistically claimed it was his and Elemer's (his alter-ego dummy) popularity that kept us traveling so extensively within the country music circuit. When we weren't traveling the Caribbean and Mexico via NCL ships, or driving his cocaine loaded motor home to strategically booked shows across the U.S., we were routinely moving in and out of Washington, D.C. All along the way, my daughter and I were either prostituted, used in commercial pornography, or filmed in Michael Dante's "Chief" bestiality pornography as ordered by Uncle Ronnie Reagan.

Occasionally our travels would take us to Michigan, where Houston made certain we stayed with my family. Trips to my father's house were devastating but informative. My mother had developed deep, psychological scars above and beyond her own MPD condition and became an insomniac. My father by this time was routinely traveling to London, Germany, and Mexico, and taking the family to Florida's Disney World and Washington, D.C. My older brother, Hill, still worked for and with my father, traveled with him annually to "hunt" In Cheney's Greybull, Wyoming lodge, and maintained his wife and three children under trauma-base mind control according to my father's instructions.

My brother, Mike, ran a video store to front some of my father's and Uncle Bob Tanis' lucrative porn video business. My sister, Kelli Jo, became a belly dancing contortionist excelling in "gymnastics" since she became "as flexible as Gumby" according to her prostitution programming. She worked her way through school in children's day-care centers, admittedly spotting, for my father, abused children for potential "chosen ones" candidates. In 1990 she graduated to open a licensed day-care, "Little Learners" in Grand Haven, Michigan for my father. My brother, Tom (Beaver), is a Compu-Kids (CIA Project) programmed computer genius. My brother Tim broke his leg (in the same place

my mother had broken his leg years before) due to following my father's sports programming above and beyond human capability. And my youngest sister, Kimmy, became hysterically obsessed with "Mr. Rogers," expressed immense fear of her huge "electric" doll house that lit up at night to look like the White House, and was under a doctor's care for anorexia by age seven, I look forward to the day I can help them all, and justice is served on my father.

Since I was using parts of my brain I would not have used under normal circumstances, I developed the ability to read backwards as naturally as I could read forwards. Houston tapped into this typically occult-based phenomenon as a means of "scrambling" road signs to promote amnesia of where we were traveling. He further compounded his effort by conditioning me to read phonetically and literally, and alternated his "scrambling" methods. "Zoo" became "ooz" and "ooz" translated to "oz". Arkansas read "Our Kansas", and Missouri became (and was!) "Misery". East became West, and highway 66 became 99. When I travelled, I "literally" did not consciously know if I were coming or going. If an outsider happened to ask me about where I'd travelled, I mechanically replied, "The towns all run together and look alike after awhile."

Commands delivered in the same language twisting manner were natural for me to follow. "Role with it" was easier for me to become according to Reagan's acting definition than it was to go with the flow by "rolling with it". Phrases like Wyoming Senator Alan Simpson's "In a switch of an "I" (personality)/"eye"(hypnotic blink)/ "i"(the letter), complaint becomes compliant. The parts of my brain I was forced to function with were not conducive to "normal" thinking.

Nor could I have appeared "normal" to outsiders had they cared to see beyond my superficial programmed cover personality, I did have occasion to mix with "outsiders" at the local library where I took Kelly for her books on days when we were not travelling. By age 6, she tested at the 7th grade reading level. I also emerged from my closed environment to tend to Kelly's schooling.

She maintained straight As, but her poor attendance record threatened to violate state requirements. Once when the librarian asked where Kelly would be traveling to waive library book due dates, or the teacher inquired as to Kelly's absences, I gave the usual response of, "the towns all run together and look alike after awhile." If they pressed for specifics, I ran through a series of religious phrases such as "praise the Lord", to compensate for my lack of answers. People tended to overlook and accept "religious fanaticism" personality peculiarities, which combined with my "role" traveling the country music industry, kept outsiders at a distance for years.

My "religious fanatic" cover personality was cultivated at the Brentwood, Tennessee Lord's Chapel "nondenominational" (Pentecostal) church, through the CIA Operative preacher -Reverend" Billy Roy Moore (who has since fled to Arkansas due to a local murder scandal), Moore transported cocaine from the Caribbean for the CIA, at least during the Reagan Administration, under the guise of so-called "missions,"¹ i.e., Christian ministries. It most likely was not the intent of the Christians dedicated to their

Caribbean ministries to be used by the CIA and Moore to inadvertently mule drugs into our country. Even CIA agents operating under "need to know" partial information were denied the full scope of what they were actually participating in. Many seemingly willing participants were manipulated, provided "justification," and deliberately misled to believe they were serving their country, rather than destroying it from the inside out.

"Pastor" Moore combined his knowledge of Kelly's and my programming keys, codes, and triggers with his use of metaphorical language to maintain and/or direct our mode of operation. Moore's "following" consisted primarily of government mind-controlled slaves and handlers, including the Mandrells.

Jack Greene and his slave, the Oak Ridge Boys, and others. He instructed us on how to vote, which political issues to support, and to follow other "religious" political leaders such as his and Manuel Noriega's friend, evangelist Jimmy Swaggart. "Religious counselling" from Moore equalled to maintaining mindcontrol programming through "God's Orders". And "God's Orders" often came by telephone, Houston constantly prostituted Kelly to anyone "in the loop" who was willing to pay. When she wasn't being prostituted, she was being filmed pornographically. By 1984, Michael Dante routinely filmed Kelly in pornography, since kiddie porn was as lucrative as bestiality. He filmed Kelly and me in Las Vegas, Nevada and various other locations throughout the Caribbean, California, Florida, Tennessee, and in my home state of Michigan.

This created professional conflict with long time kiddie pornographers formerly associated with Houston. Houston's close friend in Waycross, Georgia, pedophile Jimmy Walker, managed the Okefenokee Swamp Park and had participated in black budget funding operations for years on both the cocaine and pornography levels. His counterpart, Dick Flood, refused to participate to any more pornography after Dante came on the scene. Even the Huntsville, Alabama NASA/DIA/CIA-appointed "law enforcement" officers could rarely succeed in their bidding for Kelly's video taped performances unless directly ordered by Senator Byrd. Dante considered himself her future owner as well as mine, and maintained control of our porn "business" ventures through serious U.S. Government and international Mafia methodisms/connections.

Jimmy Walker, the same photographer who had taken pornographic "wedding night" pictures for Larry Flynt, recently had other photographs of me published in Hustler. When Dante found out, he was furious. Larry Flynt and Dante both worked for the CIA, had Vatican and Mafia connections, and deliberately appealed to Reagan's perversions using project Monarch Mind-Controlled slaves. What Flynt could not "legally" publish, Dante ran through the underground. Flynt and Dante lived on opposite coasts, which, despite their similarities, still was not far enough apart to sooth their differences. Waving his hands in dramatic Italian gestures. Dante furiously spouted a string of obscenities over Flynt's publishing photos of what he deemed "his property". Accusing Flynt of going to extremes to gain favor/protection from the government, Dante shouted, "He's a bigger whore than the girls he promotes!"

Michael Dante's pornographic filming abilities served several purposes. Aside from

producing porn according to Reagan's own (well known) perversions and instructions, Dante was present during many key international government "gatherings". Oftentimes when I and others were prostituted to various government (New World Order) leaders, Dante had hidden cameras filming perverse sexual acts apparently for future blackmail leverage. These videos were scandalous in proportion and were usually ordered by Reagan.

Dante turned the videos over to Reagan, and covertly kept copies to protect himself. Dante converted a small room of his Beverly Hills mansion into a security vault, where he kept his personal copies of the international blackmail porn tapes there.

Among these internationally scandalous tapes are numerous videos covertly produced at the supposedly secure political sex playground in northern California, Bohemian Grove. According to Houston, Dante's high tech undetectable cameras used fiber optics, and fish-eye lens were in each of the elite club's numerous sexual perversion theme rooms. My knowledge of these cameras was due to the strategically compromising positions of the political perpetrators I was prostituted to in the various kinky theme rooms.

I was programmed and equipped to function in all rooms at Bohemian Grove in order to compromise specific government targets according to their personal perversions. "Anything, anytime, anywhere with anyone" was my mode of operation at the Grove. I do not purport to understand the full function of this political cesspool playground as my perception was limited to my own realm of experience. My perception is that Bohemian Grove serves those ushering in the New World Order through mind control, and consists primarily of the highest Mafia and U.S. Government officials. I do not use the term "highest" loosely, as copious quantities of drugs were consumed there. Project Monarch MindControl slaves were routinely abused there to fulfill the primary purpose of the club: purveying perversion.

Bohemian Grove is reportedly intended to be used recreationally, providing a supposedly secure environment for politically affluent individuals to "party" without restraint. The only business conducted there pertained to implementing the New World Order, through the proliferation of mind-control atrocities, giving the place an air of "Masonic Secrecy". The only room where business discussions were permitted was the small, dark lounge affectionately and appropriately referred to as the Underground.²

Sex slaves were not routinely permitted in the Underground for security reasons, leaving the lounge's small stage as the only source of "entertainment". This entertainment ranged from would-be talents such as Lee Atwater, Bill Clinton, and George Bush to CIA Operative entertainers such as Boxcar Willie and Lee Greenwood. On one occasion I was instructed to meet with former President Gerald Ford in the Underground where Lee Atwater was picking and singing. As I waited through the smoke-filled room to Ford's table, Atwater interrupted his song to cryptically acknowledge my unwelcome presence by singing choruses of "Over the Rainbow" and Byrd's song for me "Country Roads" while emphasizing the lines of "Almost heaven,

West Virginia".

My purpose at the Grove was sexual in nature, and therefore my perceptions were limited to a sex slave's viewpoint. As an effective means of control to ensure undetected proliferation of their perverse indulgences, slaves such as myself were subjected to ritualistic trauma. I knew each breath I took could be my last, as the threat of death lurked in every shadow. Slaves of advancing age or with failing programming were sacrificially murdered "at random" in the wooded grounds of Bohemian Grove, and I felt it was "simply a matter of time until it would be me". Rituals were held at a giant, concrete owl monument on the banks of, ironically enough, the Russian (rushin') River. These occultish sex rituals stemmed from the scientific belief that mind-controlled slaves required severe trauma to ensure compartmentalization of the memory, and not from any spiritual motivation.

My own threat of death was instilled when I witnessed the sacrificial death of a young, dark-haired victim at which time I was instructed to perform sexually "as though my life depended upon it". I was told, "...the next sacrifice victim could be you. Anytime when you least expect it, the owl will consume you. Prepare yourself, and stay prepared." Being "prepared" equated to being totally suggestible, i.e., "on my toes" awaiting their command.

After returning to Tennessee, Houston attempted to distort my Bohemian Grove experience by instructing me to "prepare myself for imminent death".

He ordered me into a bathtub of cold water, placed ice cubes in my vagina, then transferred me to his bed. There he tied a coroner's type tag on my toe, and hypnotically deepened my trance to the point where my heart and breathing were nearly stopped. Then he gratified himself on my cold, still body through faux necrophilia—reportedly one of his favorite perversions. Houston had "perfected" his perversion to the extent that he handed the keys to my deathstate programming to Lt. Col. Michael Aquino for use in Reagan's Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstrations. My death-state also further equipped me in my role of "anything, anytime, anywhere with anyone" to be accessed at Bohemian Grove.

The club offered a "Necrophilia" theme room to its members. I was so heavily drugged and programmed when used in the "necrophilia" room, that the threat of actually "slipping through death's door" and being sacrificed "before I knew it" did not affect me. My whole existence was balanced precariously on the edge of death as a matter of routine anyway. My robotic state did not permit me the "luxury" of self-preservation, and I could only do exactly what I was told to do. My necrophilia room experience was only for the purpose of providing Dante a compromising film of a targeted member anyway.

Other perversion theme rooms at the Bohemian Club included what I heard Ford refer to as the "Dark Room". When he not so cleverly said, "Let's go to the Dark Room and see what develops," I understood from experience that he was interested in indulging in his perverse obsession for pornography. In the Dark Room, members had sex with the

same mind-controlled slave they were viewing in porn on a big screen television.

There was a triangular glass display centered in a main through way where I was locked in with various trained animals, including snakes. Members walking by watched elicit sex acts of bestiality, women with women, mothers with daughters, kids with kids, or any other unlimited perverse visual display.

I was once brutally assaulted by Dick Cheney in the Leather Room, which was designed like a dark, black leather-lined train berth. As I crawled through the leather flaps covering the narrow entrance, I heard Cheney play on the word "berth/birth" as the soft blackness engulfed me. With the small opening covered, the blinding darkness enhanced the sense of touch and provided an option of anonymity. Cheney jokingly claimed that I "blew his cover" when I recognized his all-too-familiar voice and abnormally large penis size.

There was a room of shackles and tortures, black lights and strobes, an opium den, ritualistic sex altars, a chapel, group orgy rooms including poster beds, water beds, and "kitten" houses. I was used as a "rag doll" in the "toy store," and as a urinal in the "golden arches" room.

From the owl's roost to the necrophilia room, no memory of sexual abuse is as horrifying as the conversations overheard in the Underground pertaining to implementing the New World Order. I learned that perpetrators believed that controlling the masses through propaganda mind manipulation did not guarantee there would be a world left to dominate due to environmental and overpopulation problems. The solution being debated was not pollution/population control, but mass genocide of "selected undesirables."

1. Moore often operated under the cloak of World Vision.
2. The wooden sign was carved to read: U.N.DERGROUNd

CHAPTER 19: E.T. PHONE HOME

Anyone attending the Bohemian Grove on a regular basis was referred to by those in the know as a "Grover". One such Grover was Ronald Reagan's then-Secretary of Education, Bill Bennett, who later became "Drug Czar" during the Bush Administration, wrote the so-called Book of Virtues and was/is? vying for the office of President. Bennett is apparently very close to his brother and fellow Grover, Bob Bennett. Although Bob Bennett holds the position of Legal Counsel to President Clinton, it is apparent that the brothers recognize no party lines.

It was clear to me that there were no partisan differences amongst those ushering in the New World Order, any more than there was loyalty to our Constitution. The close relationship I witnessed between the Bennett brothers, like the marriage between Clinton's and Bush's 1992 campaign managers James Carville and Mary Matlin, should

raise questions as to their agenda, When Bill and Bob Bennett together sexually assaulted my daughter, Kelly, and me at the Bohemian Grove in 1986, I had already known Bill Bennett as a mind-control programmer for some time. Bennett anchored his Jesuit/Vatican based programming of me in my Catholic conditioning initially instilled via the Rite to Remain Silent. Through further manipulation of my "innerdimensional" perceptions, Bennett believed he had forever compartmentalized his personal secrets of perverse sex with his brother, Bob, and my then six-year old daughter. Bennett also had manipulated my mind in accordance with Vatican "Orders" via Byrd's Jesuit College programming center in West Virginia.

He used his role as Jesuit programmer for the purposes of carrying out his efforts as Education Secretary to implement Education 2000.¹

In order to program my mind for my role in bringing Education 2000 into the "Volunteer State" of Tennessee's school system, Bennett used sophisticated mind manipulation to set the stage—the same kind of mind manipulation propaganda executed on national and international scale, Bennett's penchant for manipulating minds is apparently rooted in his knowledge of Catholic/Jesuit mind-control techniques.

When I met Bennett at a White House cocktail party in 1984, I was wearing the rosy cross necklace that Guy VanderJagt and Father Don had presented to me during my first communion, to signify the mode of program I was operating under at the time. Byrd had ordered that I wear it for the occasion.

Byrd was already talking with Bennett when a White House butler led me in to see Byrd.² Byrd was saying, "I was just talking about you with my friend, Secretary of Education³ William Bennett."

"Bill," Bennett corrected, sweeping his lecherous gaze over me as though I were merchandise. "How do you do?"

"As I am told, thank you," I said as I extended my hand as trained.

Bennett clumsily fingered the rosy cross necklace, blowing his alcoholic breath in my face as he said, "Your necklace is as beautiful as you are, and no doubt, as significant in purpose. Where did this come from and what does it mean to you?"

"From my first communion," I responded. "Guy (Byrd interrupted to clarify 'VanderJagt') gave it to me to consummate my holy communion."

Byrd corrected me, "Commemorate your holy communion."

"She doesn't need a translator, Bobby," Bennett laughed, "I'm hearing her loud and clear."

Byrd left me with Bennett, who went into a long winded recitation on an interpretation of

the Bible deliberately intended to further distort my Catholic instilled perceptions. "Christ was an alien in this land," he was saying in accordance with his learned Jesuit mind manipulation techniques. "Once he landed in Earth's plane, it was plain to see he was a leader in interdimensional travel, We (Jesuits/aliens) followed his lead since he was the first to slip into Earth's dimension. In Christ's transformation from porpoise⁴ to purpose, he lost his will to Earth's demands. He lost his porpoise, so to speak." Totally "trance-fixed," I listened as Bennett rallied on and on. "When Christ emerged from the deep to inhale of Earth's atmosphere, time began ticking. It was not recognized or acknowledged until Christ's passing, however. We began marking time with his death. BC-AD-or is that AC-DC?" Referring to high voltage used to compartmentalize memory, he continued, 'No, AC in DC stops time. At any rate, we followed his lead, He referred to you as sheep. He knew you needed to be led. He led us. He led you. He led us to you. We're here to lead you. The transformation is perfected now, updated with the latest in alien technologies whereby we no longer have to follow Christ's course to the grave. We can transcend dimensions free of the confines of Earth's gravitational pull. The time is now, and we are here to lead you. We know your mind. That's how we make you mind. Make you mine. Make you a mind. Make you mine. Journey with me now..."

Bennett manipulated my perceptions until, at last, he informed me, "You and I will be working closely together on a global education project." Sweeping his hand around the crowded room, he continued, "This atmosphere is not conducive to the kind of work we need to be doing. Something else just came up that demands immediate attention. Let's complete tonight's business with pleasure, beat it out of this dimension, suspend your suspended animation, and get with the program."

In one of many White House bedrooms available for such purposes, Bennett led me into bed. I told you we were going to beat it out of this dimension, and that's exactly what I intend to do. A little Byrd told me you like a whip. Since I am not the Senate kind, I'll just represent the majority by giving you what you need most."

Bennett apparently found perverse pleasure in whipping me. With my wrists bruised and my body slinging with pain, Bennett lit up a cigarette and cryptically asked, "Was that your first cum-union with an alien?"

He threw me my clothes, and ordered, "Make yourself presentable. Make sure your wrists are covered. I'm not waiting around for you, I'll see you in THE morning."

Bennett left. After awhile I was escorted back to Byrd, with whom I spent a brutal, short night. On the way to his room, Byrd told me, "You've got work to do come morning with Mr. Bennett. Working for him is like working for me. We are working in conjunction with the state Governors in an effort to implement the global 2000 education formula for the future. I am excited at the prospect of meddling in the future through what I accomplish today. Since I hold this country's purse strings, it is up to me to delegate as much funding as is necessary to implement the educational program. I've withheld funding and withheld funding to the point where the individual states must rely on federal funding to get them out of hot water financially. I am ready to do just that so long as they

follow my guidelines. Mr. Bennett is working out the details of this plan, and will be sharing much of that with you. I need you to do what you do best by enlisting the full cooperation of state government at the upcoming Governor's Convention. I have never demanded Conventional sex of you before, but this time is different. Persuade these Governors at their weakest momentóbring them to their knees while you are on yours, and convince them that global education is the gateway to the future if there is to be any future at all."

Early the next morning, deep underground in the NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center mind-control lab near D.C., Bill Bennett began preparing me for the program. NASA uses various "CIA designer drugs" to chemically alter the brain and create exactly the mind set required at the time, Huntsville, Alabama's NASA drug of choice, "Train-quility," created a feeling of absolute, peaceful compliance and a sensation of walking on air. The drug administered this time was sufficiently similar to Tranquility to create total compliance. The bearing I had endured the night before had rendered me helpless, anyway, and I could barely crawl up onto the cold, metal lab table as the drug took effect.

In the darkness surrounding me, I could hear Bill Bennett talking, "This is my brother, Bob. He and I work as one unit. We are alien to this dimension, two beings from another plane."

The high-tech light display swirling around me convinced me I was transforming dimensions with them, A laser of light hit the black wall in front of me, which seemed to explode into a panoramic view of a White House cocktail party-as though I had transformed dimensions and stood amongst them. Not recognizing anyone, I frantically asked, "Who are these people?" .

"They're not people, and this isn't a spaceship/ Bennett said. As he spoke, the holographic scene changed ever so slightly until the people appeared to be lizard-like aliens. "Welcome to the second level of the underground. This level is a mere/(mirror) reflection of the first, an alien dimension. We are from a transdimensional plane that spans and encompasses all dimensions."

"Infinite dimensions," Bob injected, "Infinite dimensions spanned simultaneously-"Bill said, "No limitations".

Bob softly sang, "Let freedom ring".

"There truly is no where to run and no where to hide from us. We're who is looking from behind the Eye in the Sky," Bill continued, "We're watching you," Bob said. He sang a line from the popular rock song "I'll Be Watching You".

"I have taken you through my dimension as a means of establishing stronger holds on your mind than the Earth's plane permits," Bill Bennett was saying.

"Being alien, I simply make my thoughts your thoughts by projecting them into your mind. My thoughts are your thoughts."5

The brief message Bennett programmed me with pertaining to Education 2000 was to be directed to state Governors at the upcoming convention while delivering a packet of information:

The children. We must consider the children. Think for a moment beyond tomorrow. Our children are the future. Their future lies in education. We can control the future today by regulating education. Our thoughts and plans for the future-put in their text. A text they can understand. Children's textbooks. The highest levels of government, the most brilliant minds on the face of this m - Earth would like input into the future by way of the children. You, as Governor, are in a position to provide that link. Global Education 2000 is ready for implementation. Look into it. Look into it and see the future."

1. Education 2000 was designed to increase our children's learning capacity while destroying their ability to critically think for themselves. You can learn more about Education 2000, also referred to as America 2000 and Global 2000, through reading: Educating for the New World Order by B.K. Eakman, published by Halcyon House ISBN # 0-89420-278-2-3441000, and A Critique of America 2000: An Educational Strategy by Kathi Simonds, published by Citizens for Excellence in Education,

2. Anytime I was taken to "see Byrd," I was deliberately reminded of his name, (Robert) C. Byrd and "its alien mirror reversal," Sea-Byrd as a triple bind lock in.

3. Bill Bennett, who was still acting as Chairman of the National Endowment of the Humanities in 1984, was designated (tapped) to become U.S. Secretary of Education through his allegiances to George Bush and the New World Order. In 1985, Reagan (Bush) officially appointed Bennett as Secretary of Education. Apparently Byrd considered my "Need to Know* Bennett as Secretary of Education pertinent to my role in the Global Education project.

4. Jesuit/NASA based whale and dolphin programming suggests that water is a mirror to other dimensions and is the means by which aliens have mixed with our population.

5. If this were so, why did he have to audibly tell me?

CHAPTER 20: NEW WORLD ORDER OF THE ROSE

Still feeling drugged from the programming session instilled in me by Bill Bennett at the nearby Goddard Space Flight Center, I attended a White House cocktail party later that night as instructed.

Dressed "to Order," I wore a slinky, black dress that gathered at one hip decorated in rubies, with a red rose barrette in my hair. "The Chief called for her," my Secret Service escort told the butler as he left me at the door. The lights were dim and the air was

formal as the butler led me through the unusually large crowd of people. He released my elbow, aiming me in the direction of then President Ronald Reagan, As I walked through the crowd toward Reagan, I saw familiar faces associated with the "Order of the Rose.¹" Across the room, Bill and Bob Bennett were laughing with Dick Cheney. Then-Governor of Pennsylvania Dick Thornburgh was engaged in conversation with Senator Arlen Specter.

Within the farthest reaches of my expanded peripheral vision, I saw George Bush talking with his U.N. confidant Madeleine Albright², Knowing I could see him as though I had eyes in the back of my head, Bush subtly signaled me to join them.

"You know Madeleine Albright," Bush began, Expertly using terminology from previously instilled Catholic Jesuit beliefs, he continued, "She's the reverend mother of all sisters (slaves). She's so close to God that an order from her is an order from Him." Albright snickered, apparently impressed with Bush's "witty" manipulation of program verbiage. "She rose in the U.N. through me to implement the New World peace process."

Albright said to me, "I hear you're a world (whirled?) piece".

"Who told you that?" Bush demanded.

"Larry Flynt, for her stint in Jamaica³," she quickly explained.

Bush threw up his hand in apparent disgust at the idea of sex relating to someone with two digits in their age. "Spare me," he said.

"That's my job," Albright said matter-of-factly with a smile of pride. She shooed me away while condescendingly saying, I'll see you tomorrow at the OAS (Organization of American States) office. Now, you run along and go play." Noting that her nonspecific orders left me unable to determine which way to turn, literally, she aimed me back in the direction of Reagan.

Reagan was dressed in a dark, navy blue suit and red silk tie. His red rosebud⁴ boutonniere instantly triggered me into a Jesuit "Order of the Rose" sex slave mode. "Well, hello, Kitten," Reagan said, blowing his cognac breath in my face as he bent over to kiss my hand.

"Uncle Ronnie..." I said, sexually responding as conditioned. Reagan turned to the man beside him and said, "Brian, this is one more of those benefits of the New World Order I was telling you about. Kitten, this is Brian Mulroney, Prime Minister of Canada."

The connotations of my childhood experience with the former Prime Minister" of Canada, Pierre Trudeau, suggested that Mulroney was Jesuit⁵as did the mode I was operating in. He, too, was wearing a red rose boutonniere signifying his involvement and commitment to the Order of the Rose.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Sir," I said as I extended my hand.

"The pleasure is mine," Mulroney said as he kissed my hand, "Please, call me Brian."

"Yes, Sir, Brian," I responded, my brain still whirling with the NASA designer drugs.

Chuckling but insistent, Mulroney reiterated, "I am not a Sir".

Reagan jumped in, "He is a Prime Minister, which means he is more important than your average Minister, and certainly more important than any Sir. Brian is my friend."

"Oh, Brian," I said, finally understanding,

"O'Brien is her father's name," Reagan told Mulroney, "She is of Irish descent and hails from Michigan."

Brian turned to me, "I've been in your neck of the woods here recently-in one of my favorite get-aways-on Mackinac Island." "Mackinac Island was her launch point into the project," Reagan explained in terms used by those familiar with mind-control operations. Mulroney apparently was aware of my mind-controlled state and leered at me as though I were merchandise, Reagan noticed his interest and proceeded to function in the capacity of a pimp. "I highly recommend you take her along with the rest. She is an excellent game piece for you to use in any position. And there's security.

Her head is in the ethers and come tomorrow, she wouldn't know you from the man in the moon. I'll give you the keys later."

Expertly using Order of the Rose signals and triggers, Mulroney said, "Just give me the key to her heart, and she's mine." "You are wise in the ways of the world," Reagan commented.

"I have to be on top of things. It's a New World Order," Mulroney said matter-of-factly.

As a guard led me away, I heard Reagan tell Mulroney, "You will be on top of the world soon".

I was searched by uniformed Canadian bodyguards and pointed in the direction of one of the White House's many bedroom suites. When I opened the door, I saw three blonde sex slaves undressing and preparing the bed of one of whom was my close friend and Senator Arlen Specter's slave.

I excitedly called my friend's name. "What are you doing here?" I asked as we hugged each other.

"Small world," she said, as she always did when we were thrust together in various places for prostitution and/or pornography. This universal term was often used among

those familiar with the Small, Small World Disney-developed mind-control program.

I hugged my friend again, "Wow, it is a small world. I'm so glad you're here." I had no comprehension of our predicament and could not see beyond the moment "Hell girls! It is a small world!" Mulroney entered and strode across the room, tossing his coat on a chair and loosening his tie. "Watch it get smaller and smaller as we rocket further and further away." He slipped out of his shoes, suspenders, and pants while he continued his hypnotic metaphors.

"Soaring through the sea of black space. As the world gets smaller and smaller and smaller, then sinks into the black sea of space." Removing his boxer shorts, he announced, "I brought you here for a purpose..." and proceeded to access our sex programming.

In retrospect I know it was no coincidence that my friend and I were brought together to satisfy Brian Mulroney's perversion for mind-controlled slaves. Identically mirror programmed, we operated in unison. The delicate red rose tatoo on my friend's left wrist signified her enslavement to the (New World) Order of the Rose to which Mulroney belonged.

My friend and her young daughter reportedly were often transported across the U.S.-Canadian border at Niagara Falls for prostitution to Mulroney. The sexual abuse of her precious child was used as a trauma base to maintain control of her mind just as Kelly's abuse traumatized me, Mulroney had previously accessed sex programming at Niagara Falls in my friend and me-along with our daughters-to satisfy his sanctioned perversions as though it were "business as usual". Had I been capable of connecting events, I would have felt enormous relief that our daughters were not forced to participate in his sexual assault this time.

"Mission" complete, I slipped on my dress and prepared to leave, Mulroney pointed to me and cryptically said, "I'll be seeing you around. Maybe I'll see you in Mackinac. May be. somewhere in time." In three lines, Mulroney expertly tied the immediate moment to childhood cues and current Mexican NAFTA operations, as well as prepared me for my next encounter with him on Mackinac Island,

1. "The Order of the Rose" was an emblem of those ushering in the New World Order. "Orders from the Rose" were orders From George Bush.

2. Reagan first introduced me to U.N. Ambassador Madeleine Albright as "my mentor" in Jesuit operations in the Caribbean "Madeleine Albright is a Saint," Reagan told me, forming my perception of her "The Mother Teresa of the Caribbean.'

3. While I was in Jamaica under Albright's (via Bush's) instruction, Larry Flynt photographers took advantage of my being there to use the picturesque Dunn's River Falls as a backdrop for pornographic photos to be used in Hustler.

4. Reagan's red rose triggered a sexual mode usually used to compromise/blackmail dignitaries and lock them into loyalty to the Order of the Rose.

CHAPTER 21: GLOBAL EDUCATION 2000

My programmed role toward implementing Education 2000 according to the plans of those ushering in the New World Order brought me back in contact with former Governor of Tennessee, Lamar Alexander, and eventually Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, I had met Lamar Alexander in 1973, at a satanic ritual I was subjected to in an affluent neighborhood of Nashville, Tennessee. Lamar Alexander presided over this sex-oriented occult ritual with full understanding of my Project Monarch Mind-Control victimization and the impact his actions were having on my mind. It was my experience then, and intermittently throughout the years, that Lamar Alexander's sexual perversion was to bring his victim to the point of death through oral suffocation.

During the course of publicly exposing Tennessee's need for education reform as instructed, I was in contact with Commissioners, Superintendents, Mayors, and Lamar Alexander. Lamar Alexander, who followed Bennett as Bush's Secretary of Education, worked in close association with Bill Bennett to manipulate the minds of the masses to accept Education 2000 as the ONLY means of education reform. When Ned McWherter was moved into the office of Governor to rubber stamp federal projects, Lamar Alexander maintained influence over state politics. At the same time, he maintained influence over national politics through his role as chairman of the National Governor's Association in 1986.

As the J984 Governor's Convention drew near, I met with Lamar Alexander at the Stockyard nightclub where he was drinking with his long time associate and partner-in-crime, Nashville's Mayor Richard Fulton. In the basement bar of this old, converted stockyard was a modified antique "Shoe Shine" booth, where the term took on new meaning. A key to a private shoeshine booth could be obtained by those in the know through Stockyard owner, Buddy Killen. This closet-sized booth was lined in mirrors and had a small bench where Lamar Alexander sat after our business was concluded. I knelt at his feet as ordered to perform oral sex. Programmed sex slaves such as myself were trained to go long periods of time without drawing a breath, and users such as Alexander stretched this time to the maximum.¹

On this occasion, Alexander apparently exceeded the maximum. I do not recall completion of my programmed task. It was afterhours when my mindcontrol handler, Alex Houston, dragged my limp body from the booth, roused me, and ordered me out of the building. Buddy Killen opened a back door that once was a cattle run, and Houston half-dragged me out the back exit unseen.

The night of the Convention, Alex Houston's youngest daughter, Bonnie,² was to join me. Bonnie and E were close to the same age, and together we dressed for the occasion. As a prostitute, Bonnie was familiar with Lamar Alexander and his perversions but nevertheless was excited at the prospect of seeing "old friends" at the

Convention via Louise Mandrell,³ who would be entertaining there. The comradery between Alex Houston and Mandrell that developed during Bob Hope's U.S.O. tours in the 1960s lasted for decades due to their shared involvement in running mind-controlled slaves for Byrd.

Bonnie shared in this friendship with the Mandrells and was looking forward to seeing her "friends" in the band.

I, too, was looking forward to talking with Louise Mandrell, but for a very different reason. Barbara had just endured her near-fatal car crash, and I was deeply concerned for her welfare. Throughout the 1980s while traveling under the guise of the Country Music Industry, Alex Houston toured with Barbara and/or Louise Mandrell on a regular basis. Occasionally Barbara and I saw each other in "church," the Hendersonville Lord's Chapel. This church was an offshoot of Billy Roy Moore's Lord's Chapel, and was pastored by his mindcontrolled slave, Mike Nelson, who became close friends with Barbara.⁴ Alex Houston and I were present when Mike Nelson broke program, and attempted to flee for his Life with Barbara Mandrell. The pastor was subdued with a stun gun and immediately relieved of his position, while Barbara frantically sought answers to the questions the two of them had managed to raise.

Alex Houston was touring with Louise Mandrel in 1984 when Louise had a "premonition" of Barbara's imminent demiseómuch the same way Loretta Lynn "psychically predicted" her son's murder. Like the murders of Loretta's son and Country Music entertainer Keith Whitley, I was aware of Barbara's planned accident before it occurred due to Alex Houston's direct involvement. These traumas were also used as a means of locking in my mind-controlled belief that I had "no where to run and no where to hide". Worst of all, I could not think to speak of what I knew due to my own absolute mind control. While Barbara physically survived her ordeal, her voice was silenced as planned.

When Bonnie and I arrived at Opryland Hotel, we hurried to the ballroom where Louise Mandrell would be performing. My concern for Barbara detracted me from my appointment with Lamar Alexander until one of Louise's dancers who knew of my role put me "back on track".

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "You're supposed to be at Rhett Butler's restaurant NOW."

I hurried to the restaurant where Lamar Alexander was having dinner with Senator Byrd and several governors. Byrd was participating in the function for reasons unknown to me, but I was aware that he had fiddled at the Opry. Byrd stopped eating just long enough to acknowledge my presence, "Where have you been?"

"I was checking on Barbara over at the show," I replied as Lamar Alexander excused himself and walked over.

Putting an arm around me and turning me away from the table, he whispered, "You

could wind up just like her if you don't get with the program.

You've got programs to hand out. But right now, you're interrupting my dinner. Have you had anything to drink?"

"No, Sir," I replied, traumatized at the magnitude of his threat.

Lamar Alexander instructed me to leave immediately, order a grasshopper from the conservatory bar, and wait for further instructions.

It was a matter of routine for me to order a "grasshopper" from Opryland Hotel's conservatory. The ice cream "drink" was specially madeóalways with a hypnotic drug in it. As sometimes happened, the waitress was unfamiliar with the process, and conservatory harp player and CIA operative Lloyd Lindroth interceded. The drug had the same effect as that administered at the D.C.

NASA programming center by Bennett, and my mode was robotic compliance.

After the drug kicked in, Lloyd Lindroth instructed me to proceed to the main ballroom of the Hotel, where Lamar Alexander would be meeting me.

The outer lobby of the ballroom was decorated in wall-size murals that extended to the top of the gothic ceiling. A life-size steam engine depicted on the far wall appeared to be racing toward the grand staircase. I had seen the murals numerous times before, but never had they seemed so real as they did to me that night on the NASA drug. The heavy double doors leading to the ballroom caused me to feel very small as I pulled with all my strength to open it. Inside, the room was a sea of black suits and ties, and I was relieved when Lamar Alexander ushered me back out into the lobby.

Alexander positioned me near the train mural as a cryptic indicator to those in the know that I was a "trained" mind-controlled slave. I was provided a box of brown envelopes packed with the Education 2000 information I was to hand out to the governors.

Alexander instructed me on exactly what I was to say in conjunction with the message Bennett had programmed me with in D.C. Then he returned to the ballroom, where he apparently acted in the capacity of a pimp.

"Are you waiting on the train?" a paunchy governor asked, "No, Sir," I answered. Then, as instructed, I said, "But I do have a packet of information with your name on it. Shall I take it to your room for you?"

"Oh? And what is my name?" he asked.

"Governor," I responded. There actually were no names on the envelopes.

"Astute," he responded. "And what is it you have for me?"

"This packet," I answered, handing it to him. "And anything else you want compliments of Lamar Alexander and (tapped) Secretary of Education, Bill Bennett."

According to some of the men, Alexander had cued them as to my position.

Others, such as then Governor of Pennsylvania, Dick Thornburgh and Ohio Governor Dick Celeste already knew me, "I've got a packet of information with your name on it.. " I was saying as I bent over to lift one from the box.

"I don't think so," Governor Blanchard of Michigan interrupted. "Bill (Bennett) wouldn't stoop so low as to insult me that way. I'm doing the same thing here you are, but from a very different approach. The figures I offer reflect the success of Education 2000 in the Michigan school system."

I recognized Governor Blanchard, and was well aware of Michigan's ranking first in the nation in education. "Speaking of which," he continued, "I believe I see your mother more often than you do these days since she is working in the schools. That little sister of yours (Kimmy) is a prime example of what proper instruction can produce. Your little sister is coming to Mackinac to further her skills. Your whole family is a prime example of how good Education 2000 works."

I finally met up with Bonnie again in Lamar Alexander's room as the night came to a close. "Bonnie, how's that snake of yours?" he asked. Bonnie, who had been filmed pornographically by CIA commercial photographer Jimmy Walker with Dick Flood's snakes, had a pet boa constrictor.

"Great!" Bonnie laughed. "How's yours?"

" Constricted," he replied,

Bonnie unzipped his pants as she admittedly had done numerous times in the past, playfully saying "Let it loose!"

Lamar Alexander began removing his pants. Referring to me in Project Monarch terms he said, "When I first saw you, you were a worm with no hint of being a butterfly."

"Daddy (Alex Houston) said she was a diamond in the rough," Bonnie volunteered,

"She shines now". Turning to me he said, "I know you are a shoe shiner, and mine need a shine."

Bonnie, also familiar with the Stockyard booth and Lamar Alexander's meaning, laughed when he said, "Why don't you both take a foot."

Task complete, I went to Byrd's nearby room as instructed. He was in the bathroom preparing himself for bed, "Louise had her feathers fuffed over Barbara's collision with

destiny and I had to smooth them down a bit," Drying his dough grey hands on a towel, he turned to me and said, "Looks like you've had your wings spread a bit tonight."

"I wore a path up and down the stairs," I stated.

Much to my relief he said, "I'm not going to fiddle with you farther. I just wanted to give you something to remember me by--Bye." He compartmentalized my memory with his stun gun.

Soon thereafter, Kelly and I were transported to Mackinac Island. Michigan to meet with Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney at then-Governor James Blanchard's mansion.

Houston led Kelly and me to a horse drawn carriage as quickly as we stepped off the ferryboat onto the timeless, antiquated island, I noticed that the Canadian flags were again flying at the Grand Hotel, but was of no mind to question, Kelly sat quietly beside me, apparently drugged as our carriage took us through the woods to the Governor's mansion.

The guests in the mansion were reminiscent of the recent Tennessee Governor's convention: Michigan Governor Blanchard, Ohio Governor Dick Celeste, and Pennsylvania Governor Dick Thornburgh. Guy VanderJagt and Jerry Ford were also present. Mulroney appeared to be the guest of "honor".

He reached out his hands and greeted me, "I told you I would see you somewhere in time! I slipped time, space, and distance to be here this evening.

You and I have some ground to cover."

"Yes, Sir. President Reagan's Global Education Secretary Bill Bennett has sent me to deliver this education packet directly to you." I was to deliver a large, brown envelope of documents similar to those handed out at the Governor's Convention.

Blanchard excused himself. "I've already heard the schpiel," he said as he turned to his other guests, leaving Mulroney and me alone.

"Global Education is the wave of the future," I recited as programmed. As the world gets smaller and smaller due to higher technology spanning the globe, our children must be educated in the ways of the world. Education as it is, barely equips them for life in their own backyard. We need to become involved in our children's education for the sake of their future and our legacy. Global education is the way. The only way, Look into it..." I handed him the envelope. "...Peer into the future."

Mulroney uncrossed his arms long enough to accept the envelope, which he casually tossed on a chair. "I am interested in the children, the legacy we leave them, and how we shape their future by the way we record our history in their test." Using Order of the Rose cues, he signalled me to photographically record his words for future delivery.

"Tell Mr. Bennett(sss)," he hissed, cryptically revealing his knowledge that Bill and Bob Bennett worked together using reptilian-alien themes, "implementation is high. I'm already sold on Global 2000 and have additional points I would like for them to consider. Headsets at every computer station for openers. Double the impact with dual learning.

We're being thrust forward at warp speed, and the generations of the future may need an added booster to bring them up to speed. A united global effort using your education package as a basis is destined to bring the future into a clear and present reality."

Business complete, Mulroney triggered my sex programming and led me upstairs to the bedrooms where Kelly was robotically waiting, entranced under Orders of the Rose,

1. I have witnessed girls die of suffocation from this practice even though 3 to 5 minutes without breathing is common.

2. While Bonnie was not raised in Project Monarch, Houston's pedophilia and stage hypnosis techniques rendered Bonnie unable to control her own actions. Bonnie is a multiple with a record of prostitution in need of therapy and care.

3. Irby Mandrell openly discussed Senator Byrd's direct involvement in the Project Monarch government mind-controlled victimizations of his incestuously abused daughters with Houston. "Having babies can be a lucrative way to feather your nest-that's what the Byrd taught me." Mandrel continued, "Louise was a little withdrawn, and she needed to come out of her cocoon and spread her wings. I ran the idea by Byrd, and he said 'If she doesn't have a talent, let's make her one. What is a band without a fiddle?' And viola, there she is. Another star on the rise launched from NASA City, USA (Huntsville, Alabama)."

4. Friendships between mind-controlled slaves are usually forbidden, and conversations are kept to a minimum lest cross-programming triggering occurs. Throughout the years, my own relationship with the Mandrells was limited to a superficial basis, whereas Irby Mandrell employed Houston's hypnotic abilities to maintain mind control over his daughters while touring.

CHAPTER 22: MY CONTRA-BUTION

U.S. and Mexican relations were flourishing in the successes of NAFTA's groundwork, while political differences pertaining to Nicaragua remained a minor point of contention. Since the Catholic Vatican's Intelligence arm of Jesuits were working closely with U.S. Intelligence to usher in the New World Order, they used their established influence in Mexico and Nicaragua to provide a common ground for "diplomatic relations". My dual mind-control victimization by the CIA and the Jesuits since childhood, and my previous "diplomatic relations" in Mexico thrust me into the role of messenger and prostitute to Nicaragua's Daniel Oriega.

Were President Reagan's Nicaraguan Freedom Fighters fighters OF freedom or FOR

freedom? My mind-controlled existence rendered me incapable of pondering such questions. Nevertheless, I had a programmed "passion burning in my bosom" for the Contras as was patriotically instilled through torture, when I embarked on my "peacekeeping mission" to Nicaragua for Reagan tale in the summer of 1985, I boarded NCL as usual to reach my appointed destination. Since Nicaragua was not a port of call for NCL, I flew from the Yukatan of Mexico to a remote military airstrip in Managua. It was in this small mountain top clearing that I met with Commandant Daniel Ortega, as had been arranged through the Vatican.

I was dressed seasonably in shorts, with my long blond hair lucked back in a French braid. Ortega's attire, too, was reflective of the casual air to meeting.

His tan, military uniform had worn thin, and was free of any protocol insignias.

The dark, rose-colored sunglasses he peered through apparently had not changes his somber view of the "noble cause" he claimed to represent. A man of few words, he greeted me with an order, "Come with me." I rode with him in silence as he drove a jeep the short distance across the airstrip to a small, near, two story, white, frame house.

As we came to a stop in front of the house, Ortega said In a sad, slow voice.

"I have needs like any man. But I feel like a whore myself for accepting your President's offer."

His bedroom was clean and functional, with numerous assault weapons scattered around, I did not see any modern conveniences or personal effects, but Ortega seemed to be at home in his surroundings.

Ortega's demeanor was that of a man who had abstained from sex longer than most in his political position. As he slowly unbuttoned his shirt, I noticed a Catholic medallion with the secret Jesuit ascension/descension symbol on it, a common accessory among Jesuit spooks. He sat in wicker chair as I followed his silent lead in gratifying him orally.

While he chain smoked cigarettes, I sat in front of him on the floor, and relayed Reagan's message to him as programmed. I began. "President Reagan has sent me as a messenger of peace."

He casually interrupted. slowly looking me up and down. "I'd like to have a piece in a few more minutes."

I continued, "Your people have endured many hardships Throughout their existence. He (Reagan) only wants to help. The American people want to see peace and freedom in your land. Mexican and U.S. relations are growing stronger by the day, and it is imperative that we resolve your conflict in order to resolve our own with the Mexican government We have come to the agreement with Mexico that the Nicaraguan conflict must be resolved for the sake of your people as well as our own, I am here on a

peacekeeping mission representative of Vatican-based common ground shared by both Mexican and American governments, to enlighten you to our peaceful intentions. The unified effort of Mexican-American Catholic missions is to promote peace in your region, while only enhancing your culture. The world is rapidly turning toward world peace, and Nicaragua is way behind the timesófrom technology and education to government ideals and religious convictions. Pope John Paul is praying diligently for peace in your region, and has joined forces with President Reagan, Mexico, and even the Soviet Union to ensure that peace. He (the Pope) knows your goals, he knows your motives (I leaned forward, almost whispering from my own instilled belief), he knows your soul. We can all work in tandem to achieve that peace. Nicaragua, small though it may be in relation to the rest of the world, is a significant stepping stone toward unifying world powers. It can no longer be a source of contention and disagreement.

Your people must be free. Free to worship God through your holy Catholic church. That is first and foremost on President Reagan's agenda, as well as the Pope's and President de la Madrid's. A New World Order is coming into being with or without you; it is an inevitable process that cannot be stopped. A whole new world of peace awaits us all. I can see you are a peace-loving man. It emanates from your being. Blood has flowed across your land so heavily that your people are drowning in it. Together we can cauterize that wound.

Replace blood flow with cash flow. Americanization can upgrade your technology at a rapid rate. Your people could compete in world markets by the turn of the century. Your future global position has already been determined by geography alone. Flow with it. Lead your people out of poverty. Educate them in a manner conducive to their destined position in world markets. Free them from their struggles that have held them captive for so long. Allow the church bells to ring with good news of peace, prosperity and freedom. You can achieve all of your goals for your country's advancement with our help."

Ortega thoughtfully finished smoking a cigarette, and lit up another as he confidently replied, "Tell your President that I have seen his freedom, and listened to" his words projected through yet another example of it. He paints a beautiful picture suspended within his framework. A picture can appear serene to its beholder while it is being gazed upon. I cannot worship a graven image, and the picture he paints is just that. We have fought too hard and too long, spilling sweat and blood across this land in our determined effort to maintain human values instilled in us by our forefathers, who gained their profound wisdom from the original Catholic missionaries. These values are the same as those portrayed in President Reagan's painted picture-only ours are real. His have only surface value, like any other painting. If I were to concede, I would only be framed within me picture he paints, hung on his wall like a trophy. I will not mislead my people, in spite of his offers of wealth and position, I am true to my convictions, and when he is true to his, then we will meet on common ground and have something of substance to discuss. For now, words are only a waste of our time."

Ortega put out his cigarette, and pulled back the covers on his bed. "I'll take you somewhere pleasant." He took a well-used opium pipe/bong off his dresser and handed

me a nozzle, I had been trained to accept any drug given to me with the only exception being the strictly forbidden marijuana. I hesitated until Ortega assured me it was opium. As the drug took affect he said, "This could be the way to world peace." Sex with Ortega was at very least free of pain and perversion. Unlike most I was forced to have "diplomatic relations" with for the Reagan Administration, he fell asleep when he was through due to the difference between opium and cocaine.

The honk of a jeep's horn outside awoke him. As I prepared to leave, he said, "Wait". He took a small, 1/4 inch or so ball of black opium from his personal stash, wrapped it in the cellophane from his cigarette package wrapper, and said, "Give this to your President and tell him that you and I found more peace with this substance than he'll ever impart on the surface of his painted globe," As he closed the door quietly behind me he said, "Come back and see me when you have more to offer. "

I was immediately returned by plane to Washington, D.C. where my "mission" had originated. This time I was taken directly to Bush's office, where I delivered Ortega's message verbatim. Eliminating most of the dialogue, Bush instructed me to deliver a partial message to Reagan. Unable to perceive message content and people beyond my "Need to Know" mindcontrolled limited view, I had no concept that Ortega's message would have a negative impact. It never occurred to me that Ortega had proven himself to be as much a hypocrite as he purported Reagan to be by using me as a prostitute and messenger of bad news knowing full well that I had no free will with which to make the message more palatable. Bush's revision of Ortega's message added fuel to a proverbial fire that I didn't even know was burning when I delivered the message to Reagan.

Bush was with Reagan and me in Reagan's secondary office (to the Oval office) of the White House as I relayed the message as instructed, "Daniel Ortega is a peace loving man, who seeks the same resolutions that we do. But he told me to tell you-(I dug in my purse for the opium) that he and I found more peace in this substance-(I handed the opium to Reagan) than you'll ever impart on the surface of your painted globe."

Bush smiled as Reagan's face instantly turned beet red with rage. Bush then reacted and spun up out of his chair, took the opium for himself, and told Reagan, "Settle down. There's more. It seems the only peace she spread was between her legs." He headed for the door, saying, "I would reconsider my position if I were in your shoesóconsidering what's filling hers." Bush dropped his gaze down the back of my legs to my shoes as he continued, "It's running down both sides of her legs."

Obviously I wouldn't be subjected to sex with Reagan that day. I was quickly excused and flown back to Mexico, where I resumed my NCL cruise. With my memory of the event compartmentalized through high voltage, I believed at the time that I had never been gone at all.

CHAPTER 23: WHIRLED VISION

In the fall of 1985, the same part of me that met with Ortega was walking with (Reagan appointed) CIA Director William "Bill" Casey through the arbour'd rose garden of his Long Island estate. Casey began by manipulating my Jesuit/Vatican programming base personality with the expertise indicative of the current union between Catholic and CIA operations. Casey, whom Reagan referred to as a "man of Vision," was forming my Jesuit mind-control programmed "understanding". "I have a World Vision,¹ one of peace. By removing the more violent factions of societies world wide and replacing them with faithful leaders of one world government, and the one world church, global unification is eminent. It is a beautiful vision, and it came to me in my dreams.

God has moved me to move men. I've moved them here and I've moved them there now it's time to remove them. My World Vision encompasses the globe and puts to rest any and all tensions, strife, overpopulation, and starvation. My vision is a World Vision, and the churches see it my way as evidenced by their support of the cause."²

Referring to my mind-controlled involvement in Haitian operations via NCL, Casey further defined 'the cause,' "Your heartfelt mission in Haiti has helped in my World Vision quest for her people to abandon hedonistic voodoo and turn their eyes to God and Godly ways. By their own design, they have created an atmosphere of evil whereby a plague will be visited on their land.

The Lord has so moved me to move men who share our goals into place, and re-move those who stand in the way of peace. It is for this reason that your mission in Haiti must be brought to a close. Baby Doc, in his tireless devotion to saving the demonically possessed cannot bear the burden of watching his people die the wretched death unleashed upon those doomed for hell. We are left with no alternative but to heed the word of God and spare him from annihilation. For this reason, we will send in the missionaries (Jesuit Mercenaries) to inoculate the population with a vaccine that will spare only the good of heart by virtue of its design. All attempts to maintain Haiti within the loop of financial gain will cease. Tourism must be stopped for the sake of the innocents visiting a plagued land. Despite our differences, Baby Doc has complied with the Vatican's orders to the best of his abilities in his demon infested land, and must resign his post. We owe it to him to transport him to safety. It is our duty as Americans and followers of God to obey the commands of our Lord and Master and enforce the World Vision. It is your duty as an American and follower of God to instill the understanding that God has spoken, and a plague is imminent. Baby Doc is being prepared for transition and awaits word of direction. You will provide him with that word."

With my perceptions distorted and Catholic Jesuit programmed "understanding" instilled, I was prepared to "religiously accept" any and all I was told. I believed that the revolution in Haiti was a holy war, never capable of realizing it was a test run battle for the minds in this 4th world country.

The devotion I felt toward the Haitian people was more than a religious understanding of these alternately Catholic-Santeria³ voodoo worshippers. I was actually subconsciously recognizing other tortured mind-controlled slaves in this human created hell called Haiti.

Consciously, I now know it was due in part to the visible stun gun/prod marks, plastic ever-present smiles that never quite reach their dead appearing eyes. The children clung to their wide-eyed mothers, as they performed their tasks in robotic servitude. I had recognized these characteristics in other slaves throughout the years, but never had I seen a whole country entranced. My compassion for the Haitian people penetrated into the realm of the spiritual, into a part of me that mind control and manipulation of religion could never touch, Casey and I had been walking through the garden, guarded by more armed men than the President, It wasn't that I was a threat, I couldn't even think to save myself. It was that Casey and his World Vision were a threat to humanity that so many guards were needed. The men appeared to be U.S. Secret Service officers according to their attire, weapons, and earphone headsets. One guard conspicuously placed his hand to his headset, listening as though it were remote control. He walked briskly over to Casey, who signalled me to leave with an escort who instantly arrived at my side awaiting instruction.

"Take her to my chambers," Casey told him, "Clear her mind. I have something I need to instill," Robotically I followed my escort into Casey's office library. The room was barren, dark, and hot-just as described in a book I had been given to read in keeping with You Are What You Read programming. It produced a sensation of having somehow stepped into the novel Chameleon by insider William Diehl. The mind scramble of the book and reality instantly commenced, "It's warm in here," the agent said, unbuttoning my white eyelet blouse.

"Bill (Casey) likes to keep it this way in case-he (Casey) gets a chill and his blood runs cold. Chameleons⁴ are naturally cold blooded. Make yourself comfortable while I turn up the heat. Mr, Casey doesn't want to hear a peep out of you, so I'll warn you now-be Silent." He deliberately triggered and activated the Jesuit programmed part of me that believed in my Vow of Silence.⁵

The walls have ears and the plants have eyes, so your silence is tantamount to success. I'm going to leave you to reflect in Silence, Bill will be along any minute."

Had I been capable of "reflecting," I would have questioned the validity of Casey's dramatic position of "religious overtones" on Haitian policy. Like Reagan's, Casey's sincerity did not ring true considering the fruits of his labor. But then, I could not consider any more than I could reflect, and I sat in a state of what felt like suspended animation awaiting my instructions. I could not anticipate nor dread what was about to happen as futuristic thinking was left in the hands of my controllers. Had I realized the scramble of reality with William Diehl's book, I could have "psychicly" predicted what happened when Bill Casey strolled in.

Casey walked over to his highly polished, dark wood desk and opened the top drawer. Casey's desk was one of the few furnishings in the large, airy room. The dark, polished, reddish-wood paneling seemed even darker with the midnight blue carpeting curving slightly up the wall. Heavy, gothic maroon velvet drapes blacked out the sun from the windows behind his desk, "I can see quite clearly that you have taken a Vow of Silence,

Maintain it.

Maintain it and Lisssten," Casey hissed, using preset triggers. He reached into the drawer and took out a foot-long, maroon box with a diamond embossed on the top.

"I received a box, quite anonymously as I do from time to time," Casey said in keeping with the book scramble. "The box has your name on it. I expected to open it and find the usual pierced chameleon and found, instead, a weapon intended for one."

He opened the box in front of me. Inside, laying on a bed of cotton, was an elaborate dagger with a handle of the same rose crystal from which the crucifix Byrd had presented me on "our wedding night" was made. My first personal meeting with Casey promised to be torturous as I recognized Byrd's participation in the grisly ordeal.

I listened, deeply tranced, as Casey said, "Is it a knife or a crucifix? I can't tell. Both symbolize martyrdom as far as I'm concerned. Note the rose pattern cut into the crystal. Now, I wonder who would have sent me this to give to you."

Even under mind control I knew, as I was supposed to, that Byrd had provided him with the knife. My worst fears were confirmed when Casey began using Byrd's hypnotic induction, "In like a knife, sharp and clean, I'll carve out what I want." Casey sliced through the front of my bra, exposing the area between my breasts where Byrd routinely cut me with his pocketknife. He pierced into my breastbone deeply so that I believed I would split, and indeed did split off a personality fragment compartmentalizing this event. Using standard Jesuit-based infinity program, Casey instructed me and programmed me with messages that I would deliver as though my life depended on it.

"You must go to the Citadel and warn our Dominican brothers of impending doom to their neighbors in Haiti. From the Dominican side (of the Haitian island) you will be flown to Port Au Prince where you will meet with Baby Doc (Duvalier) at his Palace. He is already receptive to your word, and knows that my words are your words and your word is Silence. You must tell General Cedras his Order is from The Rose." Casey touched the white rose in his lapel, signaling me to photographically record his words verbatim.

When he was through programming me with his message, Casey told me, "As quickly as you complete this mission, you must depart Haiti, never to return again." Casey used excessive high voltage to compartmentalize my memory. I recall being nauseated and ill from his stun gun as I departed his Long Island compound/home via ferry programmed with messages to Cedras and Baby Doc.

Haiti had recently been dropped from the NCL itinerary as a Port of Call, but the Dominican Republic side of the island remained open to tourism. When Houston and I debarked the NCL ship in Puerto Plata, we walked past a World Vision cargo ship that was being unloaded at the dock. I recall that a soft ocean breeze gently lifted the hem of my white, gauzy dress as I weaved my way through the dockload of World Vision freight to a waiting automobile.

Religion and politics apparently mix in the Dominican Republic as evidenced by the inseparable mixture of Catholic Missions, old forts, statues of Christopher Columbus, and Catholic Shrines. As we drove past the mountain tramway that takes tourists up and down to the rustic Citadel and Catholic Shrine at the top, Houston perpetuated the "Chameleon" book scramble. Dually referring to Cedras and the short donkey ride from the tram to the Citadel depicted in Diehl's book, Houston threatened to put me on the rickety tram saying, "Some Jackass will see you at the top."

In an area reserved for covert activities, out of view of tourists, I met with General Cedras in his Citadel office. Dressed in the eerie, Jesuit, dark, hooded robe, Cedras completed Casey's "Chameleon" book scramble scenario as we walked through the ancient structure to his office. Cedras' demeanor made him appear more as a militant than a "spook," despite the corny monk's attire. With his hood down his back, Cedras' sharp, craggy features and darting steel blue eyes kept my full attention. I had seen him at a monastery in Santo Domingo as ordered before,⁶ when Haiti was still being used by the CIA for Operation Watchtower to transport cocaine and Contra weapons from Cuba.

Alone with Cedras and properly signaled, I began photographically reciting Casey's message, "I have word of warning from the Vatican by way of the honorable and faithful William Casey. He sends word of impending doom that is to befall your neighbors on the darkside in Haiti. Voodoo manifest itself in mysterious ways while the way of the Lord is clear. Evil must be stopped at all costs. The cost shall be in terms of human casualty, as a plague is being visited upon the land. Those who fornicate with devils shall be infested with the plague. Woo unto them who have stood in the path of World Peace. By God's design the New World Order shall come into being with or without the Haitians.

All American operations in Haiti are now destined for your ports. Your people (the CIA-UN operated Dominicans) will flourish in peace and prosperity while the dark side (Haitians) drown in the blood of this holy war that they have brought upon themselves. Close your borders swiftly and maintain guardians at the gate lest the Haitians infest your land with their evil plague. Inoculation of the masses shall be masked in the body and the blood shall carry the doom. As more and more Haitians turn to God in their final hour, the communion they partake will be Satan's own. With their God as the scapegoat, your Island in the Son (sun) will be freed of the vile and wicked. I have seen a vision, a World Vision, and it is through communion with the ancients that we have been granted the Keys to the Kingdom⁷ to unlock the gates of hell. The holy water sent herein has the blessings of the Vatican and must be sprinkled like rain upon the Haitians. Our God reigns, and he rains rivers of blood upon the Haitian masses, and he reigns supreme upon your mission. Your mission is clear. You serve communion and let God son them out. Those who serve the body of Christ are covered by the Vatican, those who serve voodoo evil shall be covered in the blood of their own. It is clear our God reigns. Lei the games begin."

Combining the cryptic language of Cedras' CIA and Jesuit operations, Casey had weaved numerous cryptic commands into his message. Had I been inadvertently accessed, the instructions would make little sense to those not cued to the language. Cedras was listening religiously, fully grasping the magnitude of Casey's instructions. I concluded the message, "The holy water with the Vatican's blessings will arrive at 1 PM today by way of World Vision. The blood shall host the plague."8

I was relieved to depart Cedras' presence without being subjected to his usual perverse sexual brutality. This would be someone else's job this time, as my programmed trance was maintained until I delivered Casey's message to Baby Doc Duvalier on the "dark side" of the "Island in the Sun".

Houston took me to the small CIA-operated airport at the foot of the mountain where I boarded a small, white airplane destined for Port Au Prince, Haiti. When we landed, the pilot walked me over to Baby Doc's Tonton guards, and ordered that I be taken to the Palace. He spoke in rapid Haitian French, and lifted my symbolic, rosy cross necklace for emphasis to the guards.

Reinforcing my instilled belief that the Catholic emblem would protect me, the guards treated me with the respect that apparently was reserved for identified Jesuit spooks. I was driven by white Mercedes to the Haitian Presidential Palace. Looking even more conspicuously out of place in contrast to stark poverty than his fleet of Mercedes, Baby Doc's Palace was decadent. I stood reverently in the foyer waiting for my arranged meeting to begin, unable to question Baby Doc's luxurious surroundings in view of the despair and starvation around him.

I had met with Baby Doc throughout the early '80s in the capacity of a Project Monarch prostitute. All Haitian-based U.S. covert operations were run by a bed-ridden old man referred to as "Ol' Charlie," who resided at the El Presidente Hotel until his death in the mid '80s. During my tenure as a mindcontrolled messenger and prostitute in Haiti, I had been forced to attend a voodoo ceremony for my (and others') traumatization purposes. I was ordered to perform oral sex on Baby Doc as his dark-windowed Mercedes slowly proceeded through the crowds of Haitians on their way to the ritual. With my Haitian missions previously established with Ol' Charlie for business and Baby Doc for prostitution, my meeting Baby Doc for business was unprecedented.

"What brings you here?" Baby Doc spit the words at me in English. I had been led into his library by three armed guards, "I have no need of a Catholic whore," Baby Doc's applicable knowledge of the English language was limited by his intellect whereby an aide filled the need for an interpreter as I delivered Casey's message.

"I come in the name of peace. I have a message for you from William Casey, sanctioned by the Vatican, The Pope is in agreement with U.S. policy in Haiti. He has seen a vision, a sign from God. The vision is a World Vision, whose people are reaching out to yours with charity in abundance. The goods and services provided require only that the people of Haiti anoint the sick, feed the hungry, and clothe the poor through his

servants of World Vision. Their mission will separate good seed from bad and restore peace in your region. The peace that shall be visited upon your land amongst your people is imminent, but not before the rivers run red with the blood of the wicked. The vision is plague, and your people will fall in the streets pleading for mercy, and you will not be here to hear it. The time has come for you to leave. It is God's will that you escape the plague with blessings from the Vatican, never to return to your homeland. Prepare for your exodus today for tomorrow holds a promise of doom. Using your prophetic wisdom, warn the masses of impending doom and arm them with World Vision. The vision is one of peace' for those who flock to the tents and churches for salvation. Your destiny is clear, and the Vatican has cleared the way for your departure."

With Casey's message delivered, Baby Doc's Tontons returned me to the same airplane I had left a short time before. I flew in silence, unable to think to comprehend the magnitude of what had just transpired. Events to a mindcontrolled slave are all perceived as first and last times. Therefore, Casey's instructions that I would "depart Haiti, never to return again" seemed business as usual to me. Flying over the mountains that separate Haiti from the Dominican Republic, I noticed the gentle people below bathing in the waterfalls, tirelessly washing their bright clothes on the rocks, and primitively hauling goods in the baskets balanced on their heads. An occasional goat ran across the barren land, and the children, bellies swollen from starvation, played with slicks and vines. With my mind-controlled and spinning with misperceptions, my whirled vision, like Ortega's rose colored glasses, prevented me from seeing the reality of New World Orders.

1. World Vision was/is a Jesuit controlled organization that led churches to give them money under the guise of spreading world peace. What they were not saying was what the money was actually funding-a world peace plan under mind control.
2. Perceptual distortions of the virtues that good people hold most dear is one reason for the proliferation of criminal activity within such organizations as World Vision. There are those within affected factions of such organizations, the Catholic church, and even the U.S. Government that operate under distorted perceptions referred to by the CIA as a "Need to Know" basis--and they "Need to Know" that their minds, religion, and/or perceptions are being deliberately manipulated.
3. Since the Catholics had joined forces with the United Nations to overtake the world through mass mind control, the Jesuit influence on Haiti was complete. By maintaining much of the ceremony, placing literal interpretation on "eating the body and drinking the blood," and providing a mirror reversal of good and evil, Catholicism and voodoo, like Catholicism and the United nations, became one in the same.
4. The term "Chameleon" is a term used to describe spies who are expertly trained to blend into any environment at any time unnoticed-just as an MPD mirrors the one they're with.

5. The Jesuit Vow of Silence was installed through the Rite to Remain Silent of my childhood. Now I know, like so many others in Intelligence, that "Silence Equals Death". Knowledge is our ONLY defense against mind control.

6. Byrd had told me that Cedras was "a strategically placed chess piece that the CIA, Jesuits and U.N. moved around" to usher in their New World Order.

7. "Keys to the Kingdom" was defined by Bill Bennett in accordance with Jesuit programming as follows: "At the onset of Christianity, the Apostles compiled all the information that they had obtained from Christ and built the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church. Christ intended it to be the one world church then the truth, the light, and the way. The secrets were kept in the ark of the covenant, and passed down generation after generation. And generation after generation Christ caused for more to be written-the fruits of his labors expounding on the truth. Now the ark has become archives a wealth of information. This information is accessible to very few the very few who hold the Keys to the Kingdom".

8. Interpretation of the final message is left to the minds of the masses who can still discern truth. My conclusions are "clear", based on conversations overheard and my experience as a White House sex slave. Although Byrd and Reagan, among others, had prostituted me to officials in AIDS-infected countries, they used no protection against "the plague" when having sex with me.

9. There can be no world peace without peace-of-mind, and there is no peace-of-mind under mind control. Haiti, once a prototype of New World Order controls has now been used up and discarded by the CIA and Jesuits. U.N. "peacekeeping forces" have created a smoke and mirrors illusion of "peace" by keeping it FROM the Haitian people.

CHAPTER 24: A-HUNTING WE WILL GO

On December 4, 1986, I turned 29 years old. Usually mind-controlled slaves were discarded, "thrown from the Freedom train," at 30; but I argued with Houston when he told me my government abusers only had one year left to "use me up". I had had no conscious awareness of the passing of time, and believed I was still only 24. Regardless of what I believed, my abusers did their best to "use me up" physically and psychologically before even a month had passed.

I was in Washington, D.C. on a routine trip, which included being prostituted to President Reagan. "Uncle Ronnie's" cheeks were flushed from excitement and cognac as he told me, "I always take two weeks off for Christmas to go back to California." Reagan interrupted himself to break into an old Hollywood style song and dance, "California here I come..." The White House, he claimed, had always been confining to him, and he appeared genuinely excited about his upcoming trip. "I look forward to this trip every year because I get to see old friends. Oh, I still work while I'm there-the President's work is never done-but at least I'm there. It's about time you see where I call home." Then, quoting the Wizard of Oz, he said, "'There's no place like home.' And

you're about to see why. Say it with me, "There's no place like home. There's no place like home'." Then he instructed me in Oz cryptic, "Click your heels. There's no place like home."

Blue-white light seemingly exploded in my brain, like being hit with deadly low voltage AC electrical current. Reagan was "setting the stage" for an attempted mind scrambling time slip, to be reactivated at an upcoming meeting I would have with him in Bel Air, California.

The motor home was packed to the walls, and the walls were packed with cocaine as Houston, Kelly, and I departed on our long drive to California.

Houston had planned several "tourist stops" along the way that proved as nightmarish as the California ordeal itself.

In Las Vegas, Nevada, Houston kept Kelly and me busy prostituting us to everyone he knew "in the know" and in attendance at the Country Music Association's annual convention. Weary of being sent from room to room, I was back in the lobby literally trying to catch my breath when I saw Michael Dante. He was dressed in an expensive, light grey silk suit and dark glasses, looking more like a Fed than a mobster, leaning on a post, waiting for me. "Our love" he professed over the phone for mind conditioning purposes was certainly not apparent now. "You're late," he growled as he looked at his watch. He ordered me into the Ladies' Room to activate programming by having me "lose myself in the infinity mirrors that lined the walls. With my mind set like he wanted, he then used and directed me in commercial pornography. Later, he did the same with Kelly.

At the Grand Canyon, Houston traumatized Kelly and me in preparation for the upcoming events in California. While hiking down the canyon, Houston attempted to anchor hypnotically all of the trip's events behind the death and insanity programming to which he was subjecting us. When we stopped for a late afternoon lunch in the Canyon, Kelly collapsed in a state of shock, unable to eat. Houston was pleased because he "got to eat it all himself". I was, as usual, undergoing the food and water deprivation. I was so thirsty, I could not think to eat. Kelly's condition magnified my own terrified state, and I did all I could to keep Houston from supposedly pushing her over the edge. I carried her for hours all the way out of the canyon, without pausing to rest. In my own mind I wanted to believe I was actually able to protect her. The fact was, Houston was wearing me down physically to ensure that I could not protect her at our next destination: Lake/Mount Shasta, California.

George Bush was highly active in both the Lampe, Missouri and Shasta, California retreat compounds. Just like Lampe, Shasta's cover was country music. According to everyone I knew, singer and songwriter Merle Haggard supposedly ran the show at Lake Shasta, diverting any and all attention from the nearby Mount Shasta compound. Shasta was the largest, covert mind-control slave camp of which I am aware. Hidden in the wooded hills, military fencing corrals an enormous fleet of unmarked, black

helicopters and more mindcontrolled, military robots than I saw in all of Haiti. This covert military operation served its own agenda, not America's. I was told and overheard that it was a base for the future Multi-Jurisdictional Police Force; for enforcing order and law in the New World Order. In the center of the high security compound, was another well-guarded military-fenced area that was regarded as a "Camp David" of sorts for those running our country. George Bush and Dick Cheney shared an office there, and claimed the outer perimeter woods as their own hunting ground where they played "A Most Dangerous Game". Predicated on conversations I overheard between the two, it was this world police military background that earned Dick Cheney his cabinet appointment as Secretary of Defense¹ with the Bush Administration.

Houston stayed at Haggard's Lake Shasta resort while Kelly and I were helicoptered to Mount Shasta for our scheduled meeting with Bush and Cheney.

The helicopter pilot directed our attention to the military fencing surrounding the outer perimeter of the compound. Rarely did pilots ever speak to either of us, but this one smiled wickedly as he told us we would need to know the outer limits for A Most Dangerous Game.

As soon as we arrived at Bush and Cheney's inner sanctum, I noticed George Bush, Jr. was with them. It was my experience that Jr. stood by his father and covered his backside whenever Bush would become incapacitated from drugs or required criminal backup. It appeared that Jr. was there to serve both purposes while his father and Cheney enjoyed their work-vacation. Hyper from drugs, Cheney and Bush were eager to hunt their human prey in "A Most Dangerous Game". They greeted me with the rules of the game, ordered me to strip naked despite the cold December winds, and told me in Oz cryptic to "beware of the lions and tigers and bears". Kelly's life became the stakes, as usual, which resurrected my natural and exaggerated programmed maternal instincts. Tears silently ran down my cheeks as Bush told me, "If we catch you, Kelly's mine. So run, run as fast as you can. I'll get you and your little girl, too, because I can, I can, I can. And I will."

Cheney, daring me to respond, asked, "Any questions?"

I said, "There's no place to run because there's a fenceóthe kind I can't get over. I saw it"

Rather than physically assault me. Cheney laughed at my sense of "no where to run, no where to hide and explained that a bear had torn a hole in the fence somewhere, and all I had to do is find it. He lowered his rifle to my head and said, "Let the games begin. Go."

Wearing only my tennis shoes, I ran through the trees as fast and as far as I could, which wasn't very far at all. Bush was using his bird dog to track me, the same one that had recently been used with me in bestiality filming as a "Byrd-dog" joke on my owner, Robert C. Byrd. When caught, Cheney held his gun to my head again as he stood over

me, looking warm in his sheepskin coat. Bush ordered me to take his dog sexually while they watched, then he and Cheney ushered me back to their cabin.

I pulled on my clothes and sat in the office part of the cabin awaiting instructions. I had no idea where Kelly was, nor do I in retrospect. Bush and Cheney were still in their hunting clothes when the programming session began.

Bush said, "You and I are about to embark on A Most Dangerous Game of diplomatic relations. This is my game. You will follow my rules. I will have the distinct advantage of hunting you with my Eye in the Sky (satellite). I'll watch every move you make. As long as you play the game by my rules and make no mistakes, you live. One mistake and I'll get you, my pretty, and your little girl, too. You die, and Kelly will have to play with me. I prefer it that way. Then it will be her Most Dangerous Game. The cards are stacked in my favor because, well, it is my game! Are you game?"

There was no choice. I responded as conditioned, "Yes, Sir! I'm game."

The parallels to The Most Dangerous Game that had just occurred in the woods were deliberate and intended to make retrieval of memory "impossible" due to cryptoamnesia scrambling.

"Good. Then let the games begin. Listen carefully to your instructions.

You have no room for error." Cheney flipped his "game timer"óan hourglass.

Bush continued, "This game is called the King and Eye, and here's the deal.

You will be establishing stronger diplomatic relations according to order between Mexico, the U.S., and the Middle East. Your role will require a change of face at each new place. I'll chart your course, define your role, and pull your strings. You'll speak my words when I pull your strings. There is no room for error,"

Cheney was half lying across the plain, military issue style desk in an apparent drug stupor as Bush talked. Still wearing his hunting coat and hat, Cheney aimed his rifle at me from the desk and threatened, "Or a-hunting we will go." Bush finished Cheney's threat by singing, "We'll catch a fox and put her in a box and lower her in a hole."

Bush looked at Cheney and burst out laughing. The sight of him dressed in his hunting clothes with a huge bore, double-barrelled shotgun to his shoulder inspired Bush to tell him he "looked tike Elmer Fudd".

Cheney, imitating the cartoon character, said, "Where is that waskily wabbit?"

Operation The King and Eye would involve Reagan's #1 envoy Philip Habib (who cryptically played the Alice In Wonderland role of the White Rabbit with slaves such as myself) and Saudi Arabian King Fahd. So when Bush referred to the two as "Elmer

Fahd and the Waskily Wabbit," he and Cheney laughed until they cried. Since both were already high from drugs anyway, they had a great deal of difficulty maintaining composure long enough to complete my programming.

1. Dick Cheney has no official U.S. military history to justify his position as our nation's former Defense Secretary under President George Bush.

CHAPTER 25: BUSH BABY

It was late evening when Bush and Cheney finished programming me with numerous messages pertaining to the immediate opening of the Juarez, Mexican border to free (drug and slave) trade. They then took me downstairs to the living quarters of the western cedar and redwood structure where Kelly soon joined us. George Bush, Jr. deposited my obviously traumatized and withdrawn child at the door. Referring to The Most Dangerous Game she told me in a quiet, defeated and sad voice, "I was caught same as you".

In retrospect, I do not know if she was actually hunted (I can only hope she was not). Regardless, this reinforced the fact that I had been caught and therefore was "responsible" (when in fact I was not) for everything that happened to Kelly from that point on.

The decor of the residence area reflected Cheney's primitive, rustic, western preference. Like his "ultra secret" Pentagon Bunkhouse, use of leather was in abundance. The main room was small, but appeared larger due to an infinity mirror on one wall. The room was decorated in mirror fashion with one side looking like the other. Centered between two facing black leather sofas was a coffee table littered with drugs and paraphernalia. Bush and Cheney were sitting in matching black leather recliners angled towards the large stone fireplace where a fire was blazing, illuminating and heating the room.

Heroin, Bush's drug of choice, was in abundance and Cheney joined him in using it. The smorgasbord of drugs laid out supposedly included opium, cocaine, and Wonderland Wafers (MDMHA-XTC aka ecstasy), which indicated to me they intended to celebrate their vacation with abandon. I had seen Cheney stumbling drunk before, but this was the only time I saw him use heroin and give it to me. Kelly, too, was subjected to the drugs.

Bush attempted to sell Cheney on the idea of pedophilia through graphic descriptions of having sex with Kelly. Both were already sexually aroused from drugs and anticipation. Cheney demonstrated to Bush why he did not have sex with kids by exposing himself to Kelly and saying, "Come here". Upon seeing Cheney's unusually large penis, Kelly reeled back in horror and cried, "No!" which made them both laugh. Bush asked Cheney for his liquid cocaine atomizer as he got up to take Kelly to the bedroom. When Cheney remarked how benevolent it was of Bush to numb her with it before sex, Bush replied, "The hell it is. It's for me." He described his excited state in typical vulgar terms and

explained that he wanted it to spray cocaine on his penis to last longer.

Cheney said, "I thought it was for the kid."

Bush explained, "Half the fun is having them squirm." He took Kelly's hand and led her off to the bedroom.

Cheney told me that since I was "responsible" for Bush's assault on my daughter by being caught in A Most Dangerous Game, I would "burn" (in hell). He burned my inner thigh with the fireplace poker, and threatened to throw Kelly in the fire. He hypnotically enhanced his description of her burning to traumatize me deeply. As he sexually brutalized me, I heard Kelly's whimpers coming from the bedroom. As her cries grew louder, Cheney turned on classical music to drown out her cries for help.

At 4:00 am, as ordered, Bush Jr. (and his helicopter pilot) came to retrieve Kelly and me. We were flown (by helicopter) back to the Lake Shasta area where Houston and the motor home awaited us. Bush's assault of Kelly proved to be a mind shattering experience for me, and physically devastating to Kelly.

She was in dire need of medical attention and was unable even to move.

Houston threatened to stop the motor home in the Yosemite area and throw me from a steep cliff if I didn't settle down. His threats and commands could not control my hysteria, as much of his control programming had inadvertently shattered. Fearful he would lose both his "money-makers," Houston permitted me to telephone Kelly's doctor and begin administering medicines. As for me, he arranged for assistance in picking up the pieces in order that I complete my primary purpose in traveling to California, i.e., meet with Mexican President Miguel de Ja Madrid and finalize plans Co open the Juarez border.

CHAPTER 26: NEW WORLD ORDERS

There was "no time to lose" in bringing me back around to a functioning level. I knew I had work to do. Although I was to be "used up" by my 30th birthday, I do not believe it was Bush and Cheney's intention to expedite the process so quickly. Apparently it was their incompetence due to overindulgence of drugs and subsequent abuse of Kelly in my presence that destroyed parts of my maternal-based programming. Regardless of their "excuse," Houston drove us to San Francisco, California where Temple of Set (Satan) founder U.S. Army Lt. Col. Aquino made some emergency "repairs".

I was not taken to a hospital or a mental institution, but to a brain/mind research and development lab on the U.S. Army Reservation at Presidio. There are many facilities such as this one across the country at various CIA, military, and NASA compounds where hyper-advanced government knowledge is put to the test, developed and modified. Those I met who had expertly learned the scientific mechanics of the brain in conjunction with the ins and outs of the mind used their gained secret knowledge to

manipulate and/or control others.

The only thing Mark Phillips, Byrd, and Aquino had in common was the belief that "secret knowledge equals power".¹ Byrd explained to me that New World Order "powers were strengthened" by allowing the mental health community only partial and/or deliberate misinformation through their organization lobby, The American Psychiatric Association (APA), concerning treatment modalities for severe dissociative disorders being created through mind control! Perpetrators believed that withholding knowledge and the proliferation of deliberate misinformation allowed them control over their secrets, and subsequently over humanity. They may be correct if no one can or will react to the information presented in this book.

Intended or not, I overheard a conversation pertaining to death and the mind between Aquino and a lab assistant as I lay on a cold, metal table in a deep hypnotic state, Aquino was saying that I had come close to death numerous times which "increased my ability to enter other (mind) dimensions en route to death". I had listened to Aquino talk at length about such concepts before, as though he were trying to convince himself of some interdimensional time travel theory. "Whether in principle or in theory, the results are the same," he claimed. "The concept of time is abstract in itself." Hypnotic talk of past-present-future set my mind in a spin that, when combined with Alice In Wonderland/NASA mirror world concepts, created an illusion of timeless dimensions. I now know that the only "dimensions" I experienced were elaborate memory compartmentalizations of real, earthly events by real, earthly criminals, and certainly not by aliens, Satan, or demons.

After moving me from the table to an elaborate box, Aquino then shifted my mind to another area of my brain, claiming to have taken me into another dimension by way of "death's door". This was accomplished while I was subjected to sensory deprivation combined with hypnotic and harmonic reprogramming.

The seemingly coffin-like structure was transformed in my mind to a crematorium, where I endured the sense of increasing heat while "I slowly burned" through hypnotic suggestion. Aquino then "pulled me through death's door" and into another dimension, "void of time". Parts of my programming were "recreated for the recreation of world leaders," i.e., U.S. President Reagan, Mexican President de la Madrid, and Saudi Arabian King Fahd.

In my next recollection of awareness, Houston, Kelly, and I were in Hollywood, where Houston claimed the motor home "broke down"óan over used attempted memory scramble. He sent me down the street to telephone Michael Dante, who lived nearby in Beverly Hills. Dante was expecting Kelly and me to join him in his Beverly Hills mansion for several days as had been previously arranged by our handler, Alex Houston. Kelly and I waited at the phone booth as instructed until Dante arrived to pick us up in his midnight blue Ferrari. As soon as I sat down, Dante said, "I got something for you, Baby, Give me your arm." Heroin was a common "vice" he shared with Bush, and he shot me up with the drug right in front of Kelly.

Later that evening at his house, Dante told me that he refused to "handle damaged goods," and that he would not be my next handler as previously planned. Not only was I "not fit to live with" him, but I was not "fit to live" at all. I am not certain what he meant to accomplish by these threats, but I know in retrospect that this was not his decision to make. Besides, I never perceived existence with him and his professed "love" as a "future" anyway- Instead, he said he would go along with the original plan long enough to acquire Kelly".

The next day, hours before I was to meet with de la Madrid, L.A, Dodgers baseball team manager Tommy LaSorda, George Bush, Jr., and star pitcher of Jr.'s Texas Rangers, Nolan Ryan (who was also a banker) were at Dante's house working out the details of money laundering and bank transactions for the imminent opening of the Juarez border cocaine, heroin, and white slavery route.

The common bond of covert criminal activity overrode any professional baseball conflicts between them. All three were in town to be in attendance at various gatherings and parties of Reagan's, who would be arriving in a matter of days.

And all three appeared to have an understanding of my function as Reagan's "Presidential Model" mind-control sex slave.

Dante was gathering the necessary clothes and props for the evening rendezvous with de la Madrid. LaSorda, Nolan Ryan, and Jr. were standing in the entrance way of Dante's house attempting to activate my "Baseball Mind Computer" programmed personality fragment that had inadvertently been shattered by Bush and Cheney's traumas at Shasta. Dante told them, "She knows more about baseball than you and Tommy (LaSorda) put together. Go ahead and ask her something. Anything."

Much to LaSorda's amusement, Nolan Ryan asked, "How many times does Fernando Valenzuela (Dodger pitcher) touch his hat if he's going to throw a screwy (screw ball)?" I could not respond, although I had once known more statistical data than would ever be in print, Jr. hollered, "Hey, Dante". What's with your baseball computer here, huh?

Are we supposed to say a magic word?"

"I don't know," Dante responded. "Could be drugs. Her sex is working fine, though. Give it a whirl."

Jr. declined, saying, "No thanks. The Baseball Computer sucks enough.

Listen, we'll see you later." Jr. had never shown any interest in me sexually.

Like his father, he had only shown sexual interest in Kelly, who had been away with him most of the day. As he turned to leave, he stroked me under the chin and cryptically said, "Have a Ball tonight".

LaSorda, who had not been on his Ultra Slim Fast-sponsored diet yet, said, "Speaking of balls, mine could use a little attention here." He unzipped his pants.

Dante told me, "We gotta get dressed. Three minutes." Three minutes was a trigger for me to perform a specific, oral sex act. I knelt on the floor and pushed up LaSorda's enormous belly, resting it on my head as I groped for his penis as ordered. Dante's two Great Danes came in as Jr. and Nolan Ryan left I had been forced to participate in a bestiality film with these sex-trained dogs earlier that day, and I had to fight them off as I sexually gratified LaSorda before getting ready for "the Ball".

1. Mark Phillips explained to me that, by revealing their "secrets" their power would diminish. "Good always prevails through positive application, whereas the bad guys are hindered and slowed in their criminal endeavors through having to cover-up their negative actions with lies to support lies. This inevitably allows the truth to emerge," Mark said.

CHAPTER 27: HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Dante threw me a short, red, slinky dress with rhinestone straps and a pair of "glass slippers" to wear to "Cinderella's Ball", The shoes, like Oz ruby, slippers and Philip Habib's "magic lightening boll" shoes, were to trance-form me into the personality fragment I had been pre-programmed for the event, Dante escorted me to the party/"Ball" where I was to meet with Mexican President de la Madrid. Dante had been bragging about his "second home in Malibu" ever since I first met him, and the place was opulence personified. I do not know who actually owned "his" second home in Malibu, California, but Reagan's influence was evident in the decor. From the front, the white stucco house gave the illusion of being two-story. The view overlooked a secluded Pacific bay, and revealed three levels built into a cliff. Through the smoked glass wall panels that spanned the back, the three stories, lavishly carpeted in red, white, and blue provided a patriotic view. All levels had a beige-white interior decorated in gold and crystal. An enormous chandelier hung from the "cathedral ceiling, illuminating all three levels at once from the greatroom which overlooked the bay.

I was told that Uncle Ronnie (Reagan) would be arriving the next day. It was my "patriotic duty" to attend de la Madrid's welcome party and "wear down any resistance he may have" in order that Reagan's business meeting with him would "go smoothly". This was not the first time I heard this excuse for being politically prostituted, nor would it be the last. In reality, I was to do the initial dirty work, delivering messages, and encourage de la Madrid to use drugs and party with abandon. The diplomatic relations between the U.S. and Mexico were already strong, but this phase of the operation required total commitment from de la Madrid.

Dante and I waited at the top of the staircase as de la Madrid, accompanied by two bodyguards, climbed to the red level of the house. I greeted de la Madrid, "Welcome to the U.S. and (seductively) welcome to the Hotel California." His deep-throated laugh

indicated he had been cued to the ramifications of my cryptic statement. "Hotel California," taken from a popular song by the Eagles, stated "you can check out anytime you like, but you can never leave." To de la Madrid this confirmed the permanency of his involvement in the criminal, covert operations in which he was conspiring.

Blackmail was openly initiated to ensure that each criminal participant understood that if one fell, they all fell. Maintaining "dirt" on each other through this Mafia-style method was seemingly the only way these criminals implementing the New World Order kept each other "honest."

De la Madrid and I went into a nearby bedroom, followed by Dante and the bodyguards. Dante then activated the programmed message instilled at the Shasta resort from Bush to de la Madrid. I recited, "If you please, Sir, I have a message to deliver to you from the Vice President of the United States. Welcome to our Neighborhood. As you know, Salinas and I have worked out the details towards implementing our plan to open the Juarez border tomorrow.

In preparation and celebration of this accomplishment, this little party tonight will bring you face to face with a trusted few who are integral parts of this endeavor, and give you the latitude to see firsthand the friendship and honor among the (government-involved Mafioso) family members, I regret that I could not be here in person to greet you, but Ron (Reagan) can show you the ins and outs of the organization better than I. The transaction numbers have been recorded, and are available to you for cross reference purposes and to uphold the integrity of the players involved on your end of the Juarez border.

Your commitment today ensures you of a higher economic standard of living for your people, increased relations with the U.S., an influx of American industry, and a position of high esteem in the New World Order, With your 'Seal of Approval' we can dissolve the Juarez border and make way for a future of prosperity for Mexico. For now, relax and enjoy your stay."

One of de la Madrid's guards was shuffling through some papers from a briefcase, and he told Dante he would like the bank transaction numbers. Dante switched me to "You Are What You Read" Passbook programming, and I delivered the numbers intended for the border guards to de la Madrid as ordered. A computer of sorts was used to calculate and confirm the numbers.

Aware that the meeting was being filmed by one of Dante's high tech "hidden" cameras, de la Madrid held up a paper-wrapped ball of Mexican heroin.

Speaking directly at the camera, he cleverly said, "A token of appreciation, Mr. Bush, Something for your private stock. The finest heroin available. Enjoy."

Dante strode across the room and said, "I'll take that and see to it that he gets it myself."

"I'm sure you will," de la Madrid laughed. He then put all but one paper back in the briefcase. I was instructed to present the elaborately embossed Mexican Presidential Seal (of Approval) to pre-appointed Juarez border guards as proof of de la Madrid's commitment, then deliver it directly to Bush for his file on the future NAFTA agreement.

Prepared to present a modified Hands-On Mind-Control Demonstration to de la Madrid, Dante said, "You've heard from a Carrier Pigeon (messenger).

You've seen her in a mode to accept program. And now I will demonstrate some of her sexual modes."

"That will not be necessary," de la Madrid told him. "I have been given a handful of keys that I would like to use on my own, including the one to destroy all memory. Not that it matters when we are monitored (he gestured toward the camera), but nevertheless I was instructed to do it." Dante did not seem to know this was not the first time I was sexually prostituted to the Mexican President.

"She rides a horse well," Dante said, referring to both the rare practice of heroin to supposedly block my memory of this event, and a Reagan-inspired sex act. Dante stuck a needle in my arm. "May I recommend a ride for you?"

"I am on one now that I would like to maintain," de la Madrid answered, referring to cocaine use and his running nose. Dante laid out several generous lines of the white drug on a black mirror. He stroked me under my chin triggering Reagan's sex Kitten personality, picked up Bush's heroin, and ushered the two guards out the door.

De la Madrid, fully aware of my pornography exposure, said, "You like cameras? Let's give them something to watch." He snorted two more lines of coke, undressed, and further activated my sex programming with the verbal and physical keys and triggers Reagan had previously provided him. At one point he enthusiastically commented that "if I have my way, the Free Trade Agreement will include a few top of the tine (he snorted another line of coke for emphasis) "models" (vaginally) carved and trained like you." De la Madrid had long been obsessively fascinated with my vaginal mutilation carving. He was perversely excited at the prospect of the Juarez border joint venture drug deal including protected "free trade" of mind-controlled slaves. He reiterated his desire the next day during a meeting with Reagan.

CHAPTER 28: "FREE TRADE" OF DRUGS AND SLAVES AT THE JUAREZ BORDER

The next day. Dante drove me to a Bel Aire mansion high on a hill where another party was underway. As I joined those who had gathered on the manicured lawn, I recognized many of the same Mafia people who had been at the Malibu retreat aka "Hotel California". This was a welcome party for President Reagan who had just arrived. He was walking across the yard toward me with his friend. Jack Valenti, who was the president of the powerful Motion Picture Association of America. Reagan looked his role amongst his mobster friends, his beige coat with fur collar draped over his shoulders

revealing a dark grey, pinstripe suit underneath. In retrospect I remember him as dressed like the one mobster I did not have to meet, John Gotti. As soon as my eyes met his, I was knocked to the ground by a familiar blue-white blast (high voltage) like the one I had recently experienced in D.C.

When I came back around and my eyes refocused, Dante was holding me up. Reagan said, "Well, hello Kitten".

"Uncle Ronnie, how'd you get here?" I asked in child-like innocence.

"The rainbow, Kitten, the rainbow," he answered in Oz cryptic, "I told you I was coming home. There's no place like home, and you said it with me. So, here we are. I keep a little piece of the rainbow in my pocket so I can get back over it (to D.C.) anytime I want to. I make a wish, and click my heels, and I'm gone."

For the moment, Reagan succeeded in confusing my mind with Oz cryptic metaphors, reconfirming to my child personality that he was indeed the powerful Wizard. As we went inside for a brief meeting, my personality was deliberately switched to the one that had dealt with de la Madrid the night before.

The grey-white stucco house was decorated in plush Presidential blue carpeting and deep, cherry wood tones. The "office" was small and further crowded by those of us present for the meeting. De la Madrid was comfortably seated, as was Jack Valenti. I was not privy to Valenti's exact role in opening the Juarez border, I only know that he was well educated to the particulars of this meeting. Dante and I remained standing since we would be leaving as quickly as I heard what Reagan, who was shuttling papers and pacing the room, had to say.

"Well, Kitten," Reagan said to me, "this is your death sentence: You'll go out in a blaze of glory." I was not surprised to receive confirmation of my imminent death by Reagan. I had heard about death by fire from seemingly everyone involved in establishing "free trade," through Mexico, of our nation's children for drugs. Reagan's use of patriotic metaphors and puns while matter-of-factly informing me he ordered my death was reflective of his often displayed lack of respect for human life. What reflected his character even more were the crimes he was involved in that prompted him to cover-up through "sentencing- me to death. I had witnessed the criminal foundations of NAFTA, which in turn could threaten the successful implementation of the New World Order should these secrets ever be revealed. Initial "Free Trade" including drugs and white slavery extended beyond the U.S./Mexican border. It routed U.S. traumatized, robotic, mind-controlled children into Saudi Arabia, while building up weapon stockpiles in Nicaragua and Iraq. Although I was considered to be no threat, predicated on the (erroneous) belief that I could not be deprogrammed to regain my memory of these events, my death would provide extra insurance to those involved. I was nearly "used up" anyway, and recording my death via "Snuff Film" was agreed upon as proof to De la Madrid and other leaders at risk, that I had indeed been silenced through death, I could not think to respond to Reagan's "death sentence". Dante wanted to make sure I

grasped the point as he graphically expounded, "The next time I ignite your (sexual) flame. Baby, it will consume you, body and soul. And you will burn, Baby, burn. And I'll take your ashes and scatter them to the wind. I 'm going to blow you away. On film."

Upon hearing something cryptic to which he could relate. Valenti laughed at Dante's twist of words. Referring to the old, porn, blue pencil editing term "Blue movies," he added, "Blue blazes".

Dante laughed with him. "We'll call it 'Who In Blue Blazes Was That?'

Or, how 'bout 'Cream-Ate'?"

De la Madrid noticed Reagan was not laughing and said, "That's like erasing a Mercedes to film a stunt," He leaned forward in his chair closer to Reagan, lowered his voice and said, "It is my desire to have seven just like her roll off the assembly Line and shipped to me prior to the agreement's completion."

Reagan agreed, responding, "Those (blonde-haired, blue-eyed) fine kids on the relay to Saudi Arabia are top of the line, but they don't have what she's got."

"Two faced Ones are hard to come by," de la Madrid quipped, referring to my vaginal mutilation and Presidential programming code. He cut his eyes over to me, touched himself and cryptically continued, "ófrom one perspective, anyway. And I like having 'One' I can 'count on."

Reagan chuckled while Dante shifted his feet and unfolded his arms long enough to cough-laugh. Valenti seemed to be bored of cliches or was missing many of the cryptic double meanings, but judging from the tone of the meeting, that was just as well. "I'll mention it to Bobby (Byrd) and delegate your order to him," Reagan told his Mexican counterpart. "It should be relatively simple to slip one in for you every few shipments or so once the Juarez border is open to such free trade activities as planned." Reagan spoke as though he were distracted and thinking of something else, even when he looked my direction.

"If you please, Sir," I began, "I have the Presidential Seal of Approval and am prepared to fulfill my role." Dante looked at his watch, aware that I was scheduled to be at the Juarez border by the "stroke of midnight". Reagan walked over to see the paper I had received from de la Madrid the night before.

"OK. Well, farewell. Kitten," Reagan said, as he kissed my cheek. He added in Oz cryptic, "I'll see you on the other side (of the rainbow in D.C.). Click your heels..."

My world spun black. Someone had hit me with a powerful stun gun and I was down, feeling as though Dante was half dragging me as he led me to his car, which was already idling in the circular drive. We soon pulled up to the motor home at the gas station on Hollywood Boulevard, where he had picked Kelly and me up several days

before, Kelly was already in the motor home, vomiting sick and horribly traumatized. She had been convinced by someone that I had been killed. Houston attempted to create a hypnotically induced "time slip," acting as though I had only been gone a few minutes. We drove quickly, stopping only for fuel in order that I be in Juarez at the appointed time.

There I robotically presented the Presidential Seal of Approval to the proper officials as programmed, officially opening the border to "Free Trade" of crimes against humanity. Houston and I had hurried across the Juarez border where we were met by the Mexican official in charge. The guard looked to be in his late 40s, with classic, rugged, Mexican features. He stood approximately 5'11", had black hair, an unkempt moustache, black beady eyes and a paunchy belly protruding over his short, squat legs. He spoke excitedly in Spanish, with a harsh, cold lilt to his voice as he spit out the necessary words in English, "Give me the Seal", He snapped his fingers, impatiently hurrying me. He took the Presidential seal and knocked me face down on top of a small, barren metal desk while he closely inspected the document. Even Houston was unusually quiet while this particular uniformed guard paced the small tower room, sweating profusely while he talked on his walkie talkie. Finally, he accessed and verified the bank transaction codes provided through whom he said was George Bush, Jr. He concluded the encounter by taking a stun gun from his belt and jolting me with it, supposedly to erase my memory.

I was nauseated and weak from high voltage and the ordeal as Houston and I made our way back across the border. My empty stomach rolled, prompting Houston to lie, "I told you not to drink the water". In reality, I had had nothing to drink since the champagne at the Hotel California, and I hadn't eaten in days. I was thoroughly exhausted when we reached the motor home in El Paso, but Houston was sexually aroused from cocaine and the criminal events that merged Mexico with the U.S. at the Juarez border.

CHAPTER 29: THE LIZARD OF AHS

After the opening of the Juarez border, I was kept actively busy according to the plan to "use me up" before my 30th birthday death sentence. I was subjected to a brutal (near death gang rape) "celebration benefit" at an identified Masonic Lodge in Warren, Ohio to "celebrate the free trade benefits" gained by involved East Coast politicians. Centers such as the nearby Youngstown "Charm School" went into mass production of slaves to mule drugs or be part of the mind-controlled sex slave "trance-sport operations". Mexico was not the only country reaping the economic benefits of criminal free trade.

After Kelly's ordeal in California, Dante and Houston were criminally exploiting her for literally "all she was worth". Subsequently, she missed an extraordinary amount of schooling. When she was in school, she was experiencing difficulty with her peers. These factors prompted plans to send her to a local Catholic school the next year, where her unusual behavior would be overlooked and covered up. Soon thereafter, Senator Byrd came to Nashville to fiddle at the Grand Ole Opry and, as my handler. Houston, remarked, "fiddle around with me" at the Opryland Hotel. Byrd explained that close association with me had become volatile due to my roles in Iran-Contra and

NAFTA, and therefore he would be distancing himself from me. He spent most of "our last night together" working on his memoirs for a voluminous book on the U.S. Constitution he was writing (now published at taxpayers' expense), which focuses on his long-winded Senate (filibuster) speeches.

Byrd attempted to strengthen my programmed "loyalty bond" to him to keep me quiet "until death do us part". He told me, "If it was up to me, I would let you live". He talked at length about how our time together had been infringed upon by both de la Madrid and Reagan, Bitterness over their stronger controls on me was evident as he mocked their self appointed roles as the Wizard and Lizard of Oz. De la Madrid's fascination with U.S. mind-controlled slaves reportedly inspired him to combine Bush's lizard-like alien themes and his reputed

Mayan roots/lizard man theories with Reagan's Oz themes to claim the role of Lizard of Ahs. From Byrd's ramblings, it appeared that his mockery of their roles was due to their having decided how "his" slave would die, and had nothing to do with caring that I would be killed. Byrd maintained his "bonding" programming charade all night. He played his fiddle and sang "to: me" in place of his usual torturous whipping and brutality. Sex was, for the first and last time, painless.

Byrd had not distanced himself too far from me, though, where government operations were concerned. When I was "over the rainbow" in D.C. during the summer of '87, it was business as usual with Byrd. I was escorted to Goddard Space Flight Center where Byrd was waiting for me in a sterile hallway near the brass-trimmed, mirrored elevators. He was loaded down with items, which he deposited on a small table as he greeted me. He picked up a NASA ID badge and clipped it on my nipple, the metal teeth biting me with their serrated edges.

When I (softly) cried out, he said, "Oh OK. I'll wear it," removed it, and clipped it on his white lab coat. He handed me a NASA lab coat like his and a white hard hat. His hard hat suggestively and "humorously" said HARD in bold red letters. My hat said NASA, in a mirror reversal of the standard bold red lettering. When I read it in a mirror, it appeared as though I were on the wrong side of the mirror and needed to step through (according to Alice In Wonderland/NASA programming). It also clearly indicated to those-in-the-know that I was under mind control. Byrd looked at his pocket watch prompting a wave of terror in me, and said in Wonderland cryptic, "We're late."

As the elevator drops down the rabbit hole, we'll reverse time in order to get there a few minutes early."

Byrd spun me around to face the elevator's mirrored doors saying, "Look deep into the mirror and be all that you can be by becoming infinitely lost in all that you see." Byrd timed his hypnotic induction so that when he ordered.

"Step through the mirror," the doors opened and we stepped through.

As the elevator supposedly went "down 99 (taken from Aquino's corny reversal of 66) levels to the depths of hell," Byrd told me the Earth "spins faster and faster at the core, causing us to spiral downward in a tornado effect." I dropped deeper in my hypnotic trance. The elevator doors opened to what appeared to me as an exact replica of the floor we just left. However, this floor's hallway led to a computer room and sanitized-looking lab area. Several of the scientists working there were amused by our hats, prompting Byrd to ham up his comedic act, Byrd ignored the fact that these NASA workers, like many others, may have deliberately stroked his entertainer's ego because they relied on his appropriations for funding, Byrd made me robotically announce to the workers, "He's taking me to your leader."

"I'm the Commander, here," the apparent director of the underground lab said. The workers again busied themselves as he stood, arms folded defensively across his chest, while his bespectacled intelligent eyes darted the room surveying the situation. The Commander had a few, grey strands salting his short, dark hair, yet his build was surprisingly youthful and trim for his age.

He and Byrd apparently knew each other quite well. Byrd strode over to him, dragging me along. "Tom," Byrd called to his 50ish 6'1" friend. "This is your specimen of the day that I promised I would deliver. I will be most interested to see what you can deliver since diplomatic relations with Mexico depends on it. Not that I want to increase any pressure you may feel, but we need seven more just like her to stuff in the mouth of his royal Lizardry (de la Madrid) to keep him from spilling his guts on the project."

"It's just as well, my friend," the Commander said, stroking his chin without uncrossing his arms. "That way he can't talk without implicating himself."

"That's the way the Chief feels about it," Byrd agreed. "He's already in deep anyway, but this order (for slaves) hits him closer to home since they'll be serving him personally."

We walked to a clinical, sanitized area that had a maze of small rooms where I was undressed and prepped for the lab. A nurse of sorts injected me with the NASA "Tranquility" drug and instructed me to put my lab coat back on. "Walk this way," she ordered as she led me down the hall, swinging her hips in an exaggerated manner. I immediately complied. The Tranquility drug had no recreational affects, but produced an attitude of peaceful compliance to all orders given. As we approached the theater-type lab, a small group of men who would be in attendance were talking with Byrd and the so-called Commander. They looked at us and laughed at my literal compliance to walk like the nurse.

I was then led by the Commander to a "backstage" entrance which was actually a glass-encased lab surrounded by seats in ascending rows. Scientists in NASA lab coats looked down on the lab table where I lay as the Commander wired me up to a computerized machine. A camera was positioned high in one corner of the room, filming all that transpired. I was aware through conversations between Byrd and the Commander that de la Madrid had requested a video of the latest advancements in

mind-control technique being used to create his seven slaves. In reality, the camera was filming scientific methodisms salted with "comic" misinformation as a humorous "no" to his request.

Since I was considered "used up" and my death was imminent, the Commander told the scientists to "feel free to fuck the lab specimen", "But first," he said, "before you satisfy your mental and physical curiosities sampling the President's (Reagan's) wares, we must satisfy El President's (de la Madrid's) perverse intellect with a little space humor." He turned to one of the technical workers and said, "You're going to have to edit this tape for de la Madrid's benefit and take this part out while we prepare her for an 'off color' chameleon joke."

A live lizard encased in a glass test tube of sorts was inserted in my vagina. The camera was focused on the area while my legs were spread in a birthing position. Acting as though I had conceived while having sex with de la Madrid, the Commander said, "Now for the finished product, which in layman's terms equates to the reproductive offspring of a Lizard breeding machine." He dramatically snapped on a rubber glove and probed me as though he were giving me a gynecological exam. In fact, he was opening the trap door of the Lizard's tube to turn him out. Very slowly, the sluggish lizard poked his head out of my vagina and crawled out onto the metal table, "This concludes all of the experimentation demonstration of the cloning of a Presidential model," the Commander said, I apparently had been selected as the prototype for the seven programmed slaves de La Madrid had requested. De la Madrid was interested in NASA programmed staves that would be vaginally mutilated like I was. He was sexually obsessed with the hideous carving. I have no way of knowing what, if any, technological advancements were actually provided to de la Madrid via the film. I only know that deliberate misinformation tainted the methodologies depicted, and that I had never experienced programming or testing before or at the time by any such methods.

This video created for "his Royal Lizardry" was one of many cryptic lizard themes that NASA used in its Mexican operations. All of my programmed roles in Mexico involved the prolific, local, iguana lizards. De la Madrid had relayed the "legend of the Iguana" to me, explaining that lizard-like Aliens had descended upon the Mayans. The Mayan pyramids, their advanced astronomical technology, including the sacrifice of virgins, was supposedly inspired by the lizard aliens. He told me that when the aliens interbred with the Mayans to produce a form of life they could inhabit, they fluctuated between a human and Iguana appearance through chameleon-like abilities. "A perfect vehicle for transforming into world leaders." De la Madrid claimed to have Mayan/alien ancestry in his blood, whereby he transformed "back into an Iguana at will." De la Madrid produced a hologram similar to the one Bush did in his You Are What You Read initiation. His hologram of lizard-like tongue and eyes produced the illusion that he was transforming into an Iguana. While in Mexico, I was always ordered to wait by rocks where the abundant Iguanas sunned before being "trance-ported" to my scheduled meetings with "his Royal Lizardry," the Lizard of Ahs.

CHATTER 30: IN THE INTEREST OF TIME AND SPACE

Senator Patrick Leahy (D-Vermont), who served as vice chairman on the U.S. Senate Intelligence Committee in 1985-86, was a "friend" of Senator Byrd. Leahy's position on Byrd's Senate Appropriations Committee, coupled with his former position in Intelligence, afforded him an inordinate amount of power and influence. While I had cause to have contact with Senator Leahy on numerous occasions, Kelly was apparently more familiar with him than I. This was evidenced by our meeting with him in Vermont in the late summer of 1985.

Alex Houston was booked to "entertain" at the State Fair in Rutland, Vermont. The entire trip proved to be a whirlwind of covert activity for me, during which time I obtained a packet of papers from an unidentified operative with orders to hand deliver them to Senator Leahy. Kelly had been kept as busy as I, since Boxcar Willie and other CIA operative pedophiles were in abundance at the fair in Leahy's home state.

President Reagan had given me specific orders to carry out while in Vermont, which included delivering a message to "Patrick" for him. He also told me, "When you go to Vermont, be sure and go by ("buy") LL Bean."

Literally interpreting what he suggested, I asked, "The whole store?"

"No," Reagan laughed. "I meant stop by there. I didn't mean buy the whole store. I already own it. Just buy a few things, like an LL Bean Swiss Army Knife."¹

When Reagan said he "already owned" LL Bean, I thought he was referring to the amount of shopping he did there." He wore LL Bean shirts, sweaters, and slippers; slept on LL Bean flannel sheets in his LL Bean pajamas; and carried his "Presidential" black, LL Bean, Swiss Army Knife, with which he cleaned his fingernails. But I learned the real significance of Reagan's statement when I "stopped by" the Vermont LL Bean outlet on the final day of Houston's lengthy Vermont State Fair engagement.

The LL Bean outlet, located near the top of supposedly the highest mountain in the pristine forest, appeared to be a store front for CIA covert activity. When I asked the 'clerk' assigned to Kelly and me for a black, Swiss Army Knife, his response was indicative of familiarity with government covert operations. Using the old familiar statement (trigger), he ordered Kelly and me to "Walk this way," as he led us through a storage area and out the back door.

There, a black, unmarked helicopter was waiting on a pad for us.

The pilot flew us a short distance to the top of a mountain, where we landed in a clearing next to a house that appeared to have no other access. The place was run like a fortress, and two guards in suits met us as Kelly and I emerged from the helicopter. The guards escorted us into the house, keeping Kelly while I met with Senator Leahy.

I walked into an office-type room that had a panoramic view of the wilderness, where

Leahy was leaning against a highly polished, wooden desk.

He was wearing an orange flannel shirt that lost its purpose in crispness. It was my experience that Leahy's surroundings, like his appearance, were as sanitized as possible.

I delivered the documents and message as ordered. Leahy then proceeded to explain that he was aware that my death was imminent due to my groundwork participation in NAFTA, and that subsequently Kelly would be traded to the West Coast pornography operation. Not only did he obviously want to join in on "using me up" before my 30th birthday, but he had "tracks" to cover-up where Kelly was concerned.

Most of my traumatic encounters with Leahy were alien-themed, but he often relied on my Catholic upbringing to drive his points into my mind. From my perspective, Leahy was unquestionably one of the most intelligent criminals of this entire Shadow Government. His carefully contrived chameleon-like characteristics provided him the latitude of appearing to share the principals and beliefs of whomever he was masterfully manipulating on both a national and international level. He won Reagan's respect through their shared diplomatic ties to the Vatican, and his Irish-Catholic heritage. While he appeared publicly to oppose Byrd on Senate Appropriations issues, they actually worked together behind the scenes in their shared world dominance efforts. Again from my perspective, Leahy was a loner who had his own agenda and answered to no one I knew. Leahy's intelligence was often manifested to me by triple depth meaning to his words and actions. Everything he did was for a deeper purpose, and this trip to Vermont proved to be no different, Kelly and I had been given what felt like a sophisticated variation of the NASA CIA-designer drug, Tranquility, which turned us into the robotic mindcontrolled slaves that Senator Leahy preferred. As the drug was overtaking me, I attentively listened to what Leahy was saying.

"God condones that one," Leahy said, referring to both my role in NAFTA and his pedophile abuse of my daughter. "Of course, God is not the one you need to be concerned with. He is a passive God, One who's passed on and lives only in a Bible. The God you need to be concerning yourself with is the all-seeing, all-knowing God. That great, big, Eye in the Sky. It sees all, records all, and transmits the information right where it's needed. Let me give you some sound advice-Keep your mouth shut and none of this need be known anywhere. Only your Vice President (Bush) will know for sure, and he's been keeping secrets all his life. I'm not suggesting George Bush is God. Oh no, he is much more than that. He is a semi-God, which means he is straddling the heavenly and earthly planes in order that he take action on what he sees with his ever watchful Eye In The Sky." Content with his metaphorical manipulation of my literal mind, he finished, "Now, that's enough fore-play. Go get the kid."

Kelly was standing quietly and robotically just outside the door with the two guards. They ushered us down the hall, through an ornately carved door, and into Leahy's bedroom. The room was highly effeminate for a man, decorated in pastels, white eyelet, and huge billowy pillows. When the Senator walked in, Kelly groaned, "Noooo, not you

again", Leahy signalled Kelly with his hand, thus switching her into total silence and submission. Then, accessing specific personality fragments that previously recompartimentalized in my mind from Bush's and Byrd's sexual abuse of Kelly, Leahy began undressing. His pale skin looked even whiter against the white eyelet sheets, which seemed to accentuate the perversity of his pedophile actions with my daughter that I was forced to watch. His torturous abuse complete, Leahy ordered Kelly and me to follow him downstairs to his "torture lab", I had seen and experienced basement "spy conditioning" torture chambers before both in the U.S. and Mexico, and Leahy's "torture lab" looked more like a NASA lab. His access to the latest advancements in electronic/drug mindcontrol technology was consistent with his ability to use it. I was immediately strapped to a cold, chrome and stainless steel table by the two guards. Leahy began reciting, "Cross your heart and hope to die, Stick a needle in your eye".

A wirey "needle" was pushed slowly into my right eye while Kelly was forced to watch. This entire ordeal was directed for trauma purposes primarily at Kelly since Leahy figured I would be dead soon anyway. "If you holler, if you cry, Kelly will be the first to die. Pray to God and Bush will hear, because his Eye now has an ear." Leahy interrupted his poem to explain that I was now a "computer-eyesd" link-up to Bush's Eye in the Sky, with the needle-like "antenna" transmitting every word Kelly spoke. He continued with me, "Each word you speak, each breath you sigh, Your eye trance-mits to the Eye in the Sky". Kelly believed it, which locked her into silence. Leahy's secret was safe-for the moment.

While I was literally out of my mind from intense pain, Leahy utilized the opportunity to program me with what he said was financial information to deliver to Byrd. This required no "personality", therefore the shattered fragments Leahy had deliberately shifted me into when raping Kelly would be ideal to "computer-eyes" his message. He told me that my body was a conduit to link him up to the Eye in the Sky, where he was transmitting the information for storage until such time as Byrd accessed it. "Only the tiniest little prick can access the computer-eyesd' storage bank," Leahy said, laughing at his own double meaning mockery of Byrd's penis size.

This was not the first time Leahy transferred apparently sensitive U.S.

Government intelligence information to Byrd through me. I had photographically recorded numbers in my mind's "computer banks" ever since Leahy prepared me for the task some months before at White Sands Missile Base in New Mexico. It was there in the TOP SECRET mind-control area of the base that Leahy subjected me to extreme tortures and high-tech programming. Combining purposes as usual, Leahy was saying, "Funding will continue to be approved as long as (mind-control) Projects such as this continue to receive your full attention". I was treated like a lab animal with no apparent regard for whether I lived or died. I was put in an electrified metal walled and floored cell, referred to by some as the woodpecker grid, which provided inescapable physical torture.

In spite of his tortures, intelligence, high-tech methodism, and sophisticated mind

manipulations. Senator Leahy failed to cover his "secrets" including his sexual abuse of Kelly. He did succeed, however, in causing Kelly and me to be hospitalized from his torturous abuses upon our return to Tennessee. I had suffered excruciating pain and irreparable damage to my right eye, while Kelly psychosomatically suffered respiratory failure due to his extreme traumas. The physical manifestations of the psychological devastation wreaked on us by Senator Leahy failed to raise questions from outsiders as to the cause.

Equally worthy of mention, are numerous other high profile perpetrators that Kelly and I had exposure to over the years. These individuals, in spite of the CIA's "need-to-know" M.O. of maintaining "the left hand does not know what the right hand is doing," were in positions to be knowledgeable of Kelly's and my victimizations. All of them accessed our programming either for drug distribution, banking/message delivery, mind-control demonstrations, or, most often, for their perverse sexual gratification.

These too numerous individuals and events are significant chapters in my life who, in the interest of time and space, will be fully exposed in a forthcoming book. Rather than point a finger at these individuals for reasons of "vengeance" (there is none comparable), they must be publicly identified for all our sakes and, above all, for our children's sakes. Therefore, a list of perpe-Traitors has been compiled and strategically distributed for posterity, as well as to prevent these individuals from interfering in any Congressional hearings² that should be forthcoming as a result of this exposure.

1. Black LL Bean Swiss Army Knives were a coded indicator of White House-level operations. Red LL Bean Swiss Army Knives, and regular Swiss Army Knives were a standard CIA indicator with which I was also familiar.

2. Please support us in this effort by writing your Congressmen.

CHAPTER 31: THE KING AND EYE

Saudi Arabia threaded in and out of most operations in which I was involved, primarily due to their purchase and routing of weapons, drugs, and blond-haired, blue-eyed programmed children. According to George Bush's claims, Saudi Arabia was in essence a controlled financial arm of the United States. Saudi Arabian King Fahd and his Ambassador to the U.S., Prince Bandar, provided a front for the unconstitutional and criminal covert operations of the U.S. This included the arming of Iraq and the Nicaraguan Contras; U.S.

involvement in the Bank of Credit and Commerce International (B.C.C.I.) scandal; and funding of the Black Budget through purchase of our nation's children to be used as sex slaves and camel jockeys. Since the U.S. "won" control of the drug industries through the so-called Drug Wars, Saudi Arabia played an integral role in distribution. It was my experience that Bush's claim of having Saudi Arabian King Fahd as his puppet was, in fact, reality. It was only natural that criminal diplomatic relations with Mexico interface with Saudi Arabia under the circumstances. After all, King Fahd and Mexican President.

Miguel de la Madrid were active members of George Bush's elite "Neighborhood" in the New World Order. Before I left Washington, D.C., it, was "my duty as a (programmed) American Patriot" to participate in initiating the King and Eye branch of Operation Greenbacks for Wetbacks.

While plans were being finalized for a clandestine 3:00 A.M. meeting at L'Enfante Hotel which I would be attending, I was rushed around D.C. gathering last minute messages and information. I had no choice in leaving.

Kelly at Bush's Residence Office where Houston had dropped us off earlier in the day for my initial briefing. Congressman Guy VanderJagt was in Bush's office along with Dick Cheney when we arrived. Before taking Kelly upstairs to the residence area, VanderJagt told Bush his story about taking my virginity when I was a small child. He recommended Bush do the same to Kelly before someone else "beat him to it". Bush laughed and replied, "What makes you think I haven't?"

VanderJagt took Kelly by the hand and led her upstairs while Bush and Cheney began giving me my instructions. Bush joked about working "grave yard" in the "shadows" for "the White House night shift" of the King and Eye operation. Cheney began my instructions with the usual threat to Kelly's life, and was interrupted by a phone call ordering me over to the White House. The whole time I was gone, I experienced a sensation of panic and dread at having had to leave Kelly at Bush's. Although I could not think to reason, the Shasta experience had left me with an incomprehensible subconscious fear for Kelly's life that was compounded by Cheney's most recent threats. I was apprehensive when I was returned to Bush's house late that evening for completion of my instructions. A party was underway, and I was dismayed to see the place so crowded yet void of children.

As I made my way through the crowd, Cheney saw me and started across the room towards me, I spotted VanderJagt nearby, who had been drinking excessively, and anxiously asked him where Kelly was. He said, "Upstairs sleeping, George is expecting you". I wanted desperately to go to Kelly, but Cheney, who was drunk as usual, had reached me by that time.

"Walk this way," Cheney slurred. He imitated the Oz Scarecrow's walk as he led me through the middle of the crowd to Bush's office. Bush was busy behind his desk, and his tension was apparent. He said, "Phil Habib is doing a number on his highness' (Fahd's) head, I want you to do a number on his 'dick'".

"Please," Dick Cheney groaned at the term. "That means give him a Royal fucking. Wear him out. You're going on a magic carpet ride tonight, little Genie, down through the rabbit hole, through the minor and we'll meet you on the other side."

"Good. He'd better have a smile on his face when we walk in (to the 3:00 A.M. meeting)," Bush told me as I went out the door. "If you do your part right, he will."

I was escorted to L'Enfante Hotel where I was to be prostituted to King Fahd. I had been exposed to him sexually before, but this was my first time with him and his five young girls. Physical likeness characteristics strongly suggested that these Saudi Arabian girls were his own children. Their ages ranged from approximately ten to twenty years old. Indicating Genie-in-the-Bottle programming, of which Fahd was familiar, I bowed and said, "Your wish is my command", Fahd's first wish was for information, which I told him I would deliver later at the meeting. Fahd "disrobed" as his girls removed my dress. Then they "prepared" me as ordered by "washing me" with their tongues, while the youngest briefly performed oral sex on him. The girls were ordered aside while I proceeded to sexually gratify Fahd according to his instruction and those I had received earlier from Cheney and Bush. When I finished doing "my part" in the name of "Diplomatic Relations," Habib was at the door to escort me out. I was to meet with Fahd again at 3:00 A.M. in Habib's suite.

As I stepped out the door, Habib was impatiently hopping up and down like he was energized from cocaine. Using his role as White Rabbit, he said in Wonderland cryptic, "We're late! We're late! For a very important date!" He led me downstairs to the entrance of the hotel, where Bush and Cheney had just walked in looking ridiculously conspicuous in their trenchcoats. Bush immediately ordered Habib, "Call in" and gestured to the phone across the lobby. Habib turned and hurried for the phone. Cheney dashed up the stairs, leaving me alone with Bush. Bush said, referring to Habib, "Don't you love to see the wabbit hop?"

When Cheney returned a moment later, my (identified) Secret Service escort led me to the boutique area of the hotel to wait while the meeting in Habib's suite got under way. I had endured water deprivation for some time, which my escort noted as we sat near a fountain. He told me his orders were, "You can lead a whore to water, but you can't let her drink," He teased me further, stating that he knew I could "suck the humps of a thousand camels dry." At last, he took me on to the meeting in Habib's room, where Bush, Cheney, Fahd, and Habib were in the midst of discussion.

Bush accessed the messages and bank transaction details I was programmed with at Shasta, and ordered me to relay an account of my meeting with de la Madrid and subsequent opening of the Juarez border. The complexities of this meeting, compounded by my being privy only to certain parts, should not be documented here out of context. I do know that Bush was setting the stage for implementing the New World Order, using Mexico and Saudi Arabia's roles for cover and for further expansion of U.S. covert criminal activity. This included the arming of Iraq with weapons and chemical warfare capabilities. The message Reagan had me programmed with earlier that day was further evidence of this.

I delivered Reagan's message to King Fahd as ordered: "Greetings to King Fahd from President Reagan. The negotiations you are about to embark on are not only critical to the world peace process, but may solidify U.S.-Saudi relations beyond your wildest expectations. You have my word that what appears to be the building up of forces in

Iraq is but a mirage in the whirlwind. And when this operation is completed and the dust finally settles, you will see that the sands have shifted in time, running out on our adversaries and shifting all power and control to our unified effort. United we stand to conquer all in the name of world peace and world order, and I am confident that together we can not fail. The more Saddam destroys is that much less for us to do and deal with when we implement the Order. In the meantime, we all have much to gain and not a moment to lose."

It was raining by the time I was escorted back to Bush's residence where Houston was waiting to take Kelly and me back to Tennessee.

1. The Alaska state-appointed child sexual abuse physician's exam and photos corroborate that, for once, Bush may have told the truth.

CHAPTER 32: A PLACE TO RUN, NO NEED TO HIDE

Alex Houston had maintained his capacitor distributing business cover throughout the years, routinely changing company names and customers. By summer's end in 1987, Houston had stumbled onto a legitimate sales inquiry from the Peoples Republic of China. Unable to profitably manage a legal business, he look on a partner whom he said checked out to have a curious but inconclusive association in U.S. Intelligence. This partner was Mark Phillips. Houston had forbid me from meeting Mark until his background check was completed and his allegiances understood. As much as he was intrigued with Mark's past, Houston was enthralled with his propensity for conducting international business. In exchange for Mark's cooperation, Houston and he formed a legal corporation. Mark Phillips became President and CEO of Uniphayse. It wasn't long thereafter that he won Houston's confidence through repeated professional successes, and Houston permitted me to meet him.

I sensed right away that Mark was very different from the other men I encountered routinely. He treated me as though I were a person, and his eyes revealed no sexual interest in me at all. Instead of discussing world domination, slavery, pornography, drugs, and genocide like the other men I knew, he introduced me to the raccoons he had years ago rescued from certain death and then tamed. I was deeply impressed with how his "wild" pets loved and trusted him. I could not think to trust, ask for help, or even question at the time what it was that made Mark different.

In the fall of 1987, Kelly was enrolled in Nashville, Tennessee's St. Pius Catholic School. Her unusual behaviors were addressed in school counseling, but their causes and/or origins were never addressed. Kelly still laughs at the absurdity of being counseled to vent her "anger" by scribbling the source of her anger on a piece of paper and then jumping on it. With her "anger" being caused by extreme physical and psychological tortures and sexual abuse, it could not be so simplistically relieved. Houston had forbidden Kelly to display emotion, and had so conditioned her. Once, when he savagely beat her for laughing, I huddled in a corner holding her for hours. That did not positively affect her enormous nurturing needs any more than jumping on a

piece of paper. With tears streaming down her face, she opened her bedroom curtains and cried out to what she believed was "Bush's Eye in the Sky". "Why do you hate me? Why do you hate me so much, world, when I love you? I want to die now. I can't take it any more."

That, as evidenced by the near death asthma attack she endured, further proved that Houston's tortures were too much for a seven-year-old child to coexist with. In retrospect, that remaining part of her mind that could question why her existence was too horrible to comprehend was locked away- And so it goes in the "life" of a mind-controlled slave.

In December 1987, my 30th birthday launched the final countdown to my death. Houston was in regular contact with Michael Dante (as telephone receipts prove), and arrangements were finalized for Kelly and me to be transferred to California. There, I was supposed to be burned alive in a snuff pornography film and Kelly would become the property of Dante. But first, I had orders to conclude my part in Operation Greenbacks for Wetbacks by meeting with de la Madrid. Houston had booked a New Year's NCL cruise to Mexico for all three of us.

Kelly and I were walking among the Mexican pyramid ruins in Tulum, when Houston pointed out an iguana lizard sunning itself on a rock near the parking lot. As Kelly and I approached the iguana, two Mexican Secret Servicemen emerged from a dark blue Mercedes. They used the keys, codes, and triggers to our programming that had been provided them to hypnotically create the illusion that the iguana was trance-forming into de la Madrid. This control technique was to build an amnesic block to ensure against memory recall.

In reality, we were transported by automobile to de la Madrid's tacky museum-style house nearby. There, Kelly and I were taken into his all too familiar bedroom by a uniformed matronly woman. De la Madrid's bed was a king-size waterbed set in a dark wood canopy frame. This time the bedspread was a plush black-blood red, which de la Madrid pointed out to Kelly as he set her on the bed. It was my experience that de la Madrid's bed was in itself a NASA technology adventure.

Mounted inside of the canopy was a movie screen where de la Madrid viewed porn videos and/or NASA-provided films. From his bed I saw replicas of the NASA Goldstar multiscreen monitors that were routinely used in "experimental" mind-control conditioning. By filming the actual NASA multiscreen grouped monitors, the resultant video provided the illusion of seeing a Goldstar multiscreen when shown on a (single) screen such as was built into de la Madrid's bed canopy. For example, once when I was in his bed, the same light blue sky with moving clouds was depicted on the monitor screens that NASA had used to lock-in my programming "Somewhere in Time," de la Madrid showed on his canopy movie screen. He further enhanced the effect by having me hypnotically "float/drift" on his waterbed which he had covered with a spread of similar light blue sky with clouds print. My previous NASA programming was easily accessed "Somewhere in Time" through this simple, but nevertheless complex visual

triggering method. The pornography shown was of me from previous taping, alternating with a built-in video camera projecting our sex acts onto the screen as they occurred.

This time de la Madrid said, "Let us end where we began..." referring to my witnessing the rape of my daughter in Shasta. He ordered me to undress and recline against the headboard of his bed. At the foot of the bed, he began pulling Kelly's jeans off as he said, "You gave birth to her, just as you gave birth to the border agreement, and now your role is through on both counts. The tears she will shed as you burn cannot extinguish the flames of passion you have passed on to her. Your intense sexuality has been regenerated in her, and this hormonal experiment in genetics will successfully evolve for generations to come. Your role is complete. And thanks to my friends in Washington, NASA has perfected the formula and given birth to the technology of mirrored procreation using recreated bloodlines. The only detectable difference makes the blood run cold. Reptilian. See for yourself" De la Madrid gestured up toward the canopy screen, where the NASA created video of my "giving birth" to the lizard was depicted. By this time, the NASA provided designer drug for mind control, "Tranquility," had been administered and was kicking in full force. My eyes were hypnotically fixed on the video as he began performing oral sex on my daughter. She, too, was rendered helplessly defenseless by the drug and quietly complied with his every demand. Using specific commands, de la Madrid ordered me to spread my legs and display the vaginal mutilation carving. He positioned himself over Kelly's face, smothering her with his penis while he performed oral sex on my carving.

When at last we were returned to the NCL cruise ship, Kelly and I were vomiting sick from de la Madrid's abuse and the high voltage trauma that followed. An unusually large shipment of cocaine and heroin had been loaded, which was transferred into the walls of our custom built motor home once we docked at Key Biscayne, Florida. Houston supposedly stayed aboard ship for the next week of his engagement, while I drove the motor home full of drugs and my sick daughter to Houston's farm where we resided in Tennessee.

By the time Houston returned to Tennessee from his NCL cruise, Ken Riley had already emptied the motor home and dispersed the drugs as previously planned. The only business Houston had to attend was implementing the final phase of trance-ferring Kelly and me to Dante and being updated on Mark Phillips' latest successes.

Houston immediately began programming me to not take anything but Kelly's and my clothes when sent to Dante. At the same time, Mark Phillips and I had reached a level of communication that was new to me. Although I had no conscious understanding of what he was saying, the truths he spoke resounded throughout the depths of my being. For instance, when he showed me his "Back to the Future" DeLorean sports car, he wisely cryptically stated, "Sometimes you have to know where you've been in order to know where you're going."

Just before Kelly and I were to leave for California, Mark asked me to help him force Houston out of business by providing him with the files on suspected (corporate)

criminal activity that Houston kept hidden at our house. Not only did I gladly do so, but "somehow" I was able to ask for Help in return. I asked him to help Kelly and me get away from Houston before I was killed and Kelly was sentenced to a fate worse than death. Mark assured me that he would help.

The day Houston intended for Kelly and me to be transferred to Dante, I felt a strange compulsion to telephone Mark and notify him. That morning, Houston drove to Mark's office believing he was going to meet with him later that day. But Mark had brought a team of movers to the house, and rescued Kelly and me. He had brilliantly intercepted us as we were being passed to our intended destination! Mark even understood Kelly's and my need to rescue our farm pets from Houston's abuse. He not only found good homes for our livestock, but he had arranged for them to be loaded and transferred during our frantic rush to move out of Houston's house. Within two hours, Mark safely moved Kelly, me, our pets and livestock to freedom. Despite brilliant orchestration, pandemonium broke out when it was discovered that Kelly and I had been intercepted and detoured from our intended demise.

"Wake up, sleeping beauty," Mark said as he gently roused me with a cup of fresh coffee. "Welcome to a new day."

My eyes opened. I had never experienced such kindness before, and it seemed like a whole new world to me. Mark presented me with a beautiful watch, which he strapped on my wrist. Noting my wonder and surprise, he explained, "Now you will always know that I gave you the time of day." The time of day? No one had ever given me their time before. They only took mine. And I never wore a watch before. I did not even know what month or year it was, let alone the tune of day. I had no concept of time, which Mark explained I must always monitor from that moment on.

"You say someone is trying to kill you. Why?" Mark asked. I could not think to answer. I was totally amnesic. All three of us were now in grave jeopardy, literally dodging bullets while I desperately sought the answers. How could I have requested help when I did not even know who and/or what I was running from? Somewhere inside were the answers, and I intended to uncover them all. Fast. Now there were three lives on the line.

Mark understood that safety was tantamount to memory recovery. At the same time, none of us could be safe until I could recall who and what we were up against. Mark quickly sold everything he owned, including his DeLorean, retaining only basic necessities. He also sold the motor home which had been awarded me in my divorce from Alex Houston. Using these funds, Mark took Kelly and me to the peaceful wilderness of Alaska.

February 4, 1988 marked the beginning of life for Kelly and me, free from our mind-controlled existence. It also marked the beginning of a new kind of survival as we embarked on "The Most Dangerous Game" of international proportions. Despite death threats and attempts, intimidation and cover-ups, we have survived these past seven years by refusing to keep secrets-which is in itself "another story."

1. As quickly as the accuracy of my deprogramming notes were corroborated and/or verified, abstracts of various experiences and identification of abusers were vastly disseminated. Those who read these abstracts over the years, literally watched me gain piece/peace-of-mind (reintegrate.)

TRANCE FORMATION OF AMERICA

TRANCE Formation of America is the documented autobiography of a victim of government mind control Cathy O'Brien is the only vocal and recovered survivor of the Central Intelligence Agency's MK-Ultra Project Monarch mind control operation. Chiseled deep into the white stone of the CIA's Langley, Virginia headquarters is a partial verse lifted from the Holy Bible and writings of Saint John..." ami the truth shall make you free."

This statement, like the agency, is total reality. The building that it is engraved upon houses the world's most successful manufacturer of lies to facilitate psychological warfare.

The "Company" uses truth and technology as their raw materials to produce "pure" lies for control of you and America's allies. Within the pages of TRANCE Formation of America you'll find the truth.

US. GOVERNMENT MIND CONTROL

On August 3rd, 1977 the 95th U.S. Congress opened hearings into the reported abuses concerning the CIA's TOP SECRET mind control research program code named MK Ultra. On February 8th 1988, an MK Ultra victim, Cathy O'Brien, was covertly rescued from her mind control enslavement by Intelligence insider Mark Phillips. Their seven year pursuit of Justice was stopped FOR REASONS OF NATIONAL SECURITY.

TRANCE Formation of America exposes the truth behind this criminal abuse of the Unconstitutional 1947 National Security Act
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[Caylen Hartwell](#)

Posted on 2022, August, 30 by foxblog

Caylen Hartwell was interviewed by Emma on her podcast/radio/video. I am only aware of one other interview of Caylen's, it must have been a decade ago with Bill Ryan when Caylen was known as Kathy Collins. [1] Caylen had been very positive and talked a lot about healing, so I was looking forward to this interview, one of the few videos I watch. So many people need healing in these days as more people are waking up to their mind control and abuse.

I was intrigued by Caylen talking then, iirc about people getting serotonin fixes by reliving their past behaviour, and it dovetailed into experiences that I had had with people who afaik were not child abuse survivors, but definitely had had a physically abusive childhood. Time and again, they would jeopardise a more stable life and go back to a chaotic, out of their own control one, and I concluded this was what they were used to being brought up.

Overcoming her own experiences, Caylen tells the story of some of her healing in a funny and positive way.

I had realised that survivors have to be mega attentive to the behaviour of their abusers, I had not realised the extent to which this "codependency" behaviour was so debilitating, so I am researching more into the book she mentioned. Codependent No More – and she has told me it is Melody Beatty Codependent No More [10] and I look forward to reading that

I have included Emma's shownotes and the autotranscript for those like myself who prefer transcripts, and I have included a few relevant links, below Emma's shownotes. There is also a link to a 7 minute edit/excerpt, see after the shownotes.

The Imagination Podcast bitchute S2E44 | "Caylen Hartwell (aka Kathy Collins) – MK Ultra Survivor on Rising from the Ashes of Trauma" [4]

The Imagination Shownotes

This week I'm honored to have SRA & MK Ultra survivor and overcomer, whistleblower, mother, spiritual coach, child abuse and trauma advocate and educator, entrepreneur and owner of Positive Shifting, and self directed learner, Caylen Hartwell – formerly known as Kathy Collins – on the show today! There have been a few prolific survivors who have been speaking out for many years who have persisted in speaking out despite what opposes them and Caylen is one to add to list alongside other courageous women that have been on the show like Svali, Cheryl Beck, and Penny LA Shepard who have been paving the way for many years for survivors and victims to have a voice.

I was recently introduced to Caylen's story and felt so deeply in my heart that I needed to reach out and see if she'd come on the podcast and was SO honored when she said 'yes'! I find her and her life so inspiring because although she's been through horrific things that were meant to break her and that the majority of people can't fathom, she

chooses to focus on the redemption part of her story and now devotes her time to helping other people turn their own pain and trauma into power and purpose.

With the subject of 'trauma' being something every single person on the planet experiences in different degrees and kinds, it's shocking how little we truly know about this subject matter and how even Doctors of Psychiatry are not taught things like Dissociative Identity Disorder or satanic ritual abuse. Caylen truly bridges the gap in helping everyone from survivors of MK Ultra, to therapists, to helping those of us who are dealing with the everyday traumas and stresses associated with being a human being understand the complexities of how trauma is layered throughout the body and how we go about healing from these new understandings.

One of the things I fell in love with about Caylen is how centered she is on providing messages of hope to survivors. After all she's overcome, it is nothing short of a miracle from God that she is here with us today and that she can serve as a living testament of what is possible with the right knowledge, understanding, and action in regards to surviving and thriving after trauma. When she speaks, she is standing up for every victim and survivor and helping society as a whole understand the unthinkable in a palatable way. I know if you are here listening today that you are going to leave with so many take-aways and this may be an episode you might want to stream more than once.

CONNECT WITH CAYLEN:

Instagram: <https://www.instagram.com/caylenhartwell/>

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/CaylenHartwell>

CAYLEN'S RECOMMENDED LINKS:

Dream Dictionary referenced in the interview:

<https://www.amazon.com/Dream-Dictionary-Tony-Crisp/dp/0760765359>

ITNJ Judicial Commission on Human Trafficking:

<https://commission.itnj.org/>

Interview with Kristy Allen on SRA:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ixHC8lm82Qg&t=67s>

(Not all of the testimonies are available regrettably)

CONNECT WITH THE IMAGINATION:

All links: <https://direct.me/theimaginationpodcast>

Website: <https://standbysurvivors.com/>

SXS Merch: <https://my-store-c980d5.creator-spring.com/>

Survivor Store: <https://standbysurvivors.com/survivor-store>

—

There is also a 7 min edit/excerpt that I have not watched. The link will take you to Telegram.

I think it is a good idea in general for edits/excerpts to be made, even as short as twitter length of a minute ish to promote the longer interviews and pick out salient important points.

Telegram Caylen Hartwell [9]

I have added some more links of Caylen's

Caylen's Website <https://www.positiveshifting.com/>

Caylen's Blog <https://www.positiveshifting.com/blog>

A few links to topics Caylen mentioned – her previous interview, Ho'oponopono, Codependency book and Kristy Allen interview with ITNJ

Transformation – Healing from Child Abuse, Kathy Collins [1]

I am Sorry, Please Forgive me, I love you, Thankyou. Ho'oponopono [2]

Kristy Allen Mormon Ritual Abuse and MKUltra [UT62]

Melody Beatty Codependent No More [10]

Just a note on ITNJ, whilst I trust all the survivors who I have seen given evidence, I do not trust ITNJ See ITNJ thread archive on pingthread which survived my twitter ban. [8]

I look forward to Emma's next interview with Caylen. Thankyou to both.

Transcript

Links

[1] 2019 Oct 21 cathyfoxblog Transformation – Healing from Child Abuse, Kathy Collins <https://cathyfox.wordpress.com/2019/10/21/transformation-healing-from-child-abuse-kathy-collins/>

[2] 2013 Sept 9 cfoxblog I am Sorry, Please Forgive me, I love you, Thankyou.

Ho'oponopono

<https://cathyfox.wordpress.com/2013/09/21/i-am-sorry-please-forgive-me-i-love-you-thankyou/>

[3] youtube The Imagination Podcast S2E44 | "Caylen Hartwell (aka Kathy Collins) – MK Ultra Survivor on Rising from the Ashes of Trauma" https://youtu.be/u9Ltxi_TIE0

[4] 2022 Aug 14 Bitchute The Imagination Podcast S2E44 | "Caylen Hartwell (aka Kathy Collins) – MK Ultra Survivor on Rising from the Ashes of Trauma"

<https://www.bitchute.com/video/UQt115c9yQOA/>

[5] apple The Imagination Podcast S2E44 | "Caylen Hartwell (aka Kathy Collins) – MK Ultra Survivor on Rising from the Ashes of Trauma"

<https://podcasts.apple.com/us/podcast/the-imagination/id1526743863?i=100057608555>

[6] spotify The Imagination Podcast S2E44 | “Caylen Hartwell (aka Kathy Collins) – MK Ultra Survivor on Rising from the Ashes of Trauma”
<https://open.spotify.com/episode/2nwdJed0EYYmbrYtE71h2j?si=0Gy9iHhsSK2TQD9pKli6NA>

[UT62] UT5- Kristy Allen Mormon Ritual Abuse and MKUltra
<https://cathyfox.wordpress.com/2022/06/28/ut5-kristy-allen-mormon-ritual-abuse-and-mkultra/>

[8] Pingthread ITNJ thread archive <https://pingthread.com/thread/13740136479>

[9] Telegram Caylen Hartwell 6 minuter <https://t.me/mindcontrolmonarchmkultra/3159>

[10] Melody Beatty Codependent No More
https://www.amazon.co.uk/Codependent-No-More-Controlling-Yourself/dp/0894864025/ref=sr_1_1?crd=2LT0LZOSTH7Z5&keywords=codependency+no+more+melody+beattie&qid=1661862032&sprefix=codependency+no+more+bea%2Caps%2C107&sr=8-1

This post [11] 2022 Aug 30 cathyfoxblog Caylen Hartwell
<https://cathyfox.wordpress.com/2022/08/30/caylen-hartwell/>

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 Gab <https://gab.com/cathyfoxblog>
 Gab End Child Trafficking and Abuse <https://gab.com/groups/47785>
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 Transcript

heavenly father today we put on the full armor to protect us against attack we put on the belt

0:09of truth to protect against lies and deception we put on the breastplate of righteousness to protect

0:16our hearts from the temptations we put the gospel of peace on our feet to walk in your light

0:21peace and freedom with the holy spirit we rebuke anxious thoughts we take up your shield of faith

0:28for protection to block and destroy all the darts and threats thrown at us by the enemy

0:33we put on the helmet of salvation to cover our minds and thoughts reminding us that we are

0:38children of a mighty king we are forgiven set free saved by the blood of jesus we take up the sword

0:46of the spirit your living word that has the power to demolish strongholds and is sharper than any

0:51double-edged sword we come to you lord in prayer daily in jesus mighty name we pray amen what's up

1:00you guys welcome to the imagination i'm your host emma and this week i'm honored to have sra and mk

1:07ultra survivor and overcomer whistleblower mother spiritual coach and warrior child abuse and trauma

1:14advocate and educator entrepreneur and owner of positive shifting and self-directed learner

1:21kailyn hartwell formerly known as kathy collins on the show today there have been a few prolific

1:27survivors who have been speaking out for many years and who have persisted in speaking out despite what opposes them and kailyn is one to add to the list alongside other courageous women

1:38that have been on the show like spally cheryl beck and penny l.a shepherd who have been paving the

1:44way for many years for survivors and victims to have a voice i was recently introduced to kailyn's

1:50story and felt so deeply in my heart that i needed to reach out and see if she'd come on the podcast

1:55and was so honored when she said yes i find her and her life so inspiring because although she's

2:00been through horrific things that were meant to break her and that the majority of people can't fathom she chooses to focus on the redemption side of her story and now devotes her time to helping

2:11other people turn their own pain and trauma into power and purpose with the subject of trauma being

2:18something every single person on the planet experiences and different degrees and kinds

2:23it's really shocking how little we truly know about this subject matter and how even doctors of

2:28psychiatry are not taught things like dissociative identity disorder or satanic ritual abuse

2:35kalyn truly bridges the gap in helping everyone from survivors of mk ultra to therapists

2:41to helping those of us who are dealing with the everyday traumas and stresses associated with being a human being understand the complexities of how trauma is layered throughout the body and how

2:51we go about healing from these new understandings one of the things i fell in love with about kailyn

2:57is how centered she is on providing messages of hope to survivors after all she's overcome it's

3:03nothing short of a miracle from god that she is here with us today and that she can serve as a living testament as of what is possible with the right knowledge understanding and action in

3:13regards to surviving and thriving after trauma when she speaks she is standing up for every

3:19victim and survivor and helping society as a whole understand the unthinkable in a palatable way

3:26i know if you are here listening today that you're going to leave with so many

takeaways and this may be an episode you may want to listen to you more than once i'm incredibly honored to bring to you

3:35today woman of god verse voice for the voiceless healer educator child advocate trauma educator

3:43and absolute inspiration kailyn hartwell caitlin thank you so much for being here with me today

3:50well thank you oh my gosh i need a drum for that drum roll that was just

3:59thank you so much you're so gracious and i'm so uh blessed to be on this uh this podcast with you

4:06and i want to thank you very much for doing what you do um you're such a such a an open and pure heart and that is what is important so um

4:20anyway so where do i start yes yeah i mean i i'm just excited to be here talking to you so

4:27it's it's wonderful to be able to share this it's an honor to have you here like i said you know i

4:34when i read these stories and see what people like you have overcome like most people in society they

4:40look at celebrities like oh my gosh and i look at you guys like that i'm like gosh we have so much to learn about what we're truly capable of as humans what what can happen on the other side of

4:51healing our inner child if we're an adult and the importance of you know children and how to raise

4:57them and just bringing awareness in general to these things that happen whether or not we like to hear about them they do happen you know and all of us know people we might be that person that has

5:07experienced extreme trauma and we need to really start as a society understanding this and how to

5:13approach it how to recognize it how to heal from it you know and how to be there for people who

5:19have gone through it so i'm really grateful that you've been you know talking about this side of it and trying to educate people because like i said you know even in psychiatry a lot of

5:29doctors who are you know they go to school for four to eight ten years they don't learn about

5:34some of these things and so you know we're misdiagnosing people there's people walking around that just feel so helpless and it's really nice to you know listen to somebody like you

5:45that some people can listen to and say she understands you know and oh my gosh look at what she's done with her life she has kids she has a you know she has a thriving business like i can

5:55do that too if she can so i just can't thank you enough for everything that you're doing and for

6:00people who haven't heard of you i'd love for you to maybe just give us a little bit of background

6:06on your story and maybe at the kathy collins side that people might know you as and and just

6:12go into maybe a little bit of your past and kind of what got you here today to where you're at now

6:18yeah well it's it is like having uh as we were talking earlier off camera i feel like i just

6:26started a new life and um my uh life for me as kathy collins i was born kathleen aaron collins

6:36that was my dad was very proud of our irish heritage and um i had a different notion like

6:46you know other people on your show have have told that you know because of the suppressed memories

6:54um i thought i had one life and i was aware of some of the abuses but it was mixed

7:04up because i i was i knew that there were terrible things that happened in my family

7:10um but i still painted this picture of oh my family is perfect and um the memories didn't start

7:20coming out well a memory started to emerge at age 27 when my oldest daughter

was one year old and

7:33i dreamt that my husband had raped her i got up and i told this to my husband my then husband

7:45about this dream and he was so upset and he screamed at me he's don't you ever ever ever

7:54say anything like that to me again and i was so ashamed and i thought i don't watch anything like

8:01this on tv where did this come from so what i did is i shut it down like full force and almost

8:10the very next day i came down with severe tmj temporal mandibular joint syndrome extreme pain

8:22so i'm going to professionals to take care of the tmj they think it's because of a you know injured

8:28hip you know they're looking at structural things there was nothing structural wrong with my jaw

8:35i had this tmj for 17 full years that meant that during the entire

8:42childhood of all my three children they didn't have a mom who was present because

8:48i was in so much pain and three years later i contemplated suicide which might have been

8:55the programming because it was very strong for three months every day i was obsessed with this

9:04wanting to take my life but i go oh what am i my kids i need to find i need to find a mom for them

9:09but i couldn't go anywhere i was a vegetable here aged 30 i was a total vegetable because

9:14my i had shut down and i was married to a personality type that was

9:22perfect because you've got a real codependent is going to go with a narcissist so i had

9:30to have that compliment it's like a mathematical formula people say oh it's not fair

but it's

9:36it's like is two plus two equaling four fair you know that's just it's just a mathematical formula

9:44in our reality uh it's energetic and also that experience being married to this person

9:54was to teach me a really solid lesson that i could pass on to other people and it was

10:01to teach me the value of my self-sovereignty as a codependent i gave myself away i gave myself

10:09away to the point where years later my kids thought i was dying of cancer

10:15and i wasn't but i was near i could feel the um what do you call it i could feel

10:23the connection to life was very tenuous it was just like on strings that's what it felt like

10:31so how did i end up with this type of personality is i was uh born into this trauma

10:42it didn't uh i was born in 1957 in santa rosa california which is was one of the

10:50major mk ultra centers for project monarch according to kathy o'brien lovely woman by the way

10:58i i can't say enough about how much she has done to educate people and so aside but when i finally

11:06realized what all the constellation of things that happened to me i did email her and mark and i was

11:15scared because i thought well maybe they're trying to uh maybe it's it's a setup and they're trying

11:21to find me so there was this like no but i need to reach out i need to reach out so i did reach out

11:27and within 24 hours i got this lovely email back and it was just wow to get this email

11:36back that was so compassionate and uh it it just still resonates with me today so this is

11:44something that people can take away with them is you don't know how such a simple act

11:52can really help somebody and make them feel safe or safer right and not feel like you know what

12:01because i thought i was going crazy there was nobody i could talk to right now it's really cool that their people like you are talking we're talking about it in public space um so

12:16the reality of my uh my past came out when i was coming out of the tmj 17 years later

12:26i came down with severe chemical sensitivity um i was allergic to everything i was eating

12:36i could only wear cotton i couldn't get near anybody who had washed their clothes with thai

12:42detergent i mean i was extra i couldn't go into the grocery store just smelled like chemicals i couldn't take my kids clothes shopping because of the formaldehyde in the in the clothes

12:54so i was where i was near death and i got there's no place on this planet i can i can live

13:00and so i asked a neighbor who seemed to be well connected i said do you know where i can go and

13:08she said well contact baster university i wasn't up in washington state at the time

13:13and it's the university that trains naturopaths and so i called them i said can you give me

13:20a recommendation because this is my situation i said well we can't it's a policy and i understand

13:27that but i said i am near death i have to know um and so the person said well don't tell anybody

13:36that they gave me dr crean's name and i called him up and i went to him immediately he started doing the detoxing but he had some very curious questions

13:46on his questionnaire the reason i'm bringing this up is because people who are not aware of things

13:53their clues start coming in to their awareness when they're ready so i'm filling out the

13:59questionnaire and said has you have you ever been sexually abused and i thought what kind of ridiculous question we're talking about chemical sensitivity what does that have to do

14:11with sexual abuse well apparently it had everything to do with it so i didn't know

14:21and he could see it right there he could see it when he saw all my symptoms he knew my story he

14:28didn't know that about the sra right but he knew about the sexual abuse and sexual abuse alone is

14:34enough to really debilitate a person and he said you know you were exposed now he couldn't tell me

14:43directly because that would be too shocking the shock i wasn't ready for that shock of discovery

14:50because that would have taken me out of totally it would have bumped me totally out of healing

14:57so please therapists if you see somebody across from you and you have you know by their symptoms

15:05this is what has happened to them don't tell them because that's exactly what happened to my brother

15:11and he went crazy he he had to go to 18 therapists after that because he was told too soon what

15:20happened to him yes but this is because therapists were not educated were not educated but i was so

15:28blessed to be with people who are very very gentle and tender around this subject and so he asked

15:35me to uh he said you know there's this book you might want to read it's codependent no more you

15:41want it it's up on the shelf over there and so i reached up to get it and so i could look at it

15:50and i couldn't hear anything else he said after that because i was so uh worried

about how i was

15:57going to get the book back up on the shelf without interrupting the conversation so i couldn't hear

16:04anything he had to say that's how codependent i was i was so trained to be so in tune with

16:11the other person's needs i was in tune to you know my trainers my dad whenever i was there to just

16:19serve them and i didn't know how to undo i didn't know that this was the mechanism i had going on so

16:30i finally found a break and i put it up there and i wish i knew what he said because he was so full of wonderful knowledge but i did get the i did get the book and i read it

16:40and as i'm reading it i'm going oh my gosh there's stuff in here that i think my brother

16:47would relate to and now i was pretty estranged from my siblings this is very typical i mean

16:54we didn't outright fight but we weren't i i was just on the periphery i didn't interact with them

17:01a lot and of course i was far away so i called him and he said all he said was

17:09well you know what happened with our father and then this sensation

17:18came over my body and dr ukrainian had taught me he said now listen when your mind thinks

17:26something and your body tells you something different your body is telling you the truth

17:34so i had this body reaction my mind is saying okay and that's all he said you know what our father

17:40did so obviously my mind jumped there but i wasn't going to look but i had this full body reaction

17:49and i can't remember the rest of the conversation but after getting off the phone for a whole week

17:55i did this ping pong no can't be true my dad no he no no no no but then my body would say oh this is

18:04awful and i had this terrible pain all over like every cell in my body was screaming so by the end

18:11of the week of that process then i realized that that was true so that led me to the piece where i

18:21could start healing just the peace with my father and the sexual abuse the other thing dr cranian

18:28taught me was your digestive system doesn't work you have your overflow with toxins because you

18:34experienced trauma while your systems were being for formed and your digestive system never got to

18:43fully form so that's why i was so overloaded with toxins even though i wasn't drinking

18:49or smoking or you know i was eating a pretty clean i was having a pretty clean lifestyle according to

18:56my knowledge back then i didn't know about organic back then but you know as clean as it could be so

19:07what happened was that i kept you know i kept investigating doing you know journaling and uh

19:14then i became part of i had this over i lost my i had to quit my job because i couldn't

19:21function i had severe fibromyalgia nobody could touch me i mean we're talking extreme

19:27pain in every cell of my body on top of the the tmj so i go to this pain study in um

19:38back up i went to take my youngest daughter to get her braces and the prosthetic i thought okay i need a mouthpiece

19:46uh because i wear a night guard at night so why not have him check me out so i went to

19:53have him check me out and he said oh um you don't have anything structurally wrong with your jaw

20:03and he said i know somebody who can help you though so he sent me to dr love
don't you love

20:09that name at um the pain study uh institute clinic at university of washington in
seattle that meant

20:17i had to drive and i was really dissociative so it was really difficult for me to do
this but i got a stipend uh for going there and they would um do all these tests but
then

20:28i went in this one time for him to for dr love to check my mouth and um he had a
couple

20:40of students there and he says is it okay if the students know watch and learn and
um i said okay

20:49so he did this experiment where he opened my mouth he says now you just relax
and let

20:56me open your mouth and so he did and then they measured how wide my mouth
would open he says now

21:04open your mouth on your own let's see how wide you can open it and they
would measure it and they did this three times consistently when i opened my mouth

21:15myself it was 10 millimeters wider than when he opened it

21:22so then he turned to the students he said yes and this is indicative of sexual
abuse oh my whole

21:31body is just like oh i was flooded i felt my my face turning red and because you
know we're in a

21:41learning institution it's all about learning i'm not the client you know so it's just
like

21:46i'm feeling it now again just reliving that experience so i'm sharing this because
when

21:53we we suppress the the information for so long and so hard it can produce these
effects

22:02i was able to get over the tmj in three weeks after learning that piece of
information

22:11so it was completely psychosomatic and all these dentists over all these years

22:17were drilling on my teeth and doing all kinds of fancy stuff because they have no clue they have

22:24no clue except for this guy and the prosthodontist that i went to so

22:31as you pointed out we have gaps we have big gaps in our medical establishment the people who are

22:36front in the front lines who ought to be able to let poetic she has nothing wrong with her jaw

22:43why is she having all this pain they were even talking about giving me surgery but it would have

22:49cut off the nerves to my mouth and i wouldn't have been able to i wouldn't have been able to smile oh

22:55my gosh so i'm very lucky that uh we didn't do that uh so that's that was the very beginning of

23:02that so then i went on this journey of healing all around my memories come like right away after that

23:09or was it what happened is i would have memories of being underneath the house and these creatures

23:20chasing me under the house and i would tell dr crane and i go this is what's happening i feel

23:26like it's icky icky feelings and it was because my mind he said your mind is protecting you

23:34you can't you can't see what actually happened you can just just get hints you're under the house

23:41the house represents you that means you're in the subconscious you just can't break out of

23:46the subconscious because it was so horrifying to you so um he performed naet on me i can't

23:54remember what that acronym stands for but this is the first energy healing that i i received and of

24:00course we had to go off to some clandestine place because oh you know a naturopath is not supposed

24:06to be doing energy work and then he released you know certain points that he said well your biggest

24:13issue is fear of abandonment which is basically almost everybody's you know but it was huge for me

24:21um so this set me on this journey of healing around my father i just did lots of

24:28work on that i could never get solid memories of it but it was just like notions notions

24:38and um so we'll fast for a few more years i moved to paris because my husband gets he gets

24:47transferred to paris for a couple of years and um and my two younger kids got to go to the american

24:54school of paris and it was cool that i already spoke french so like wow thank you that's a safe

25:00but let's see how the universe how it all gets set up like this we've gone to germany i couldn't have

25:06spoken and i was dissociative so it was really you know it was really um it was really hard

25:12to just do anything but i go okay i can function i know french and um so my brother

25:19comes over to visit they said the saying goes when you move to paris everybody visits you

25:25so that's what happens i came all the way to see me there wasn't going to come up to

25:30washington but oh de paris paris yeah so he came now this is the one where uh we were

25:39talking earlier about half truths right discerning whether something is a full truth or half truth

25:48so he comes to visit and i'm telling i said i'm feeling better i think i got over stuff

25:53 i'm feeling more energy and i that summer i was able to function and it was really cool

25:59 and he said well there's more are you ready i go hey i want to heal just tell me just tell me

26:09 okay well we were prostituted and used in satanic rituals

26:17 again the whole body reaction again but he said two things in that sentence

26:26 so i could believe being prostituted because i remembered being put in suitcases and potato

26:33 bags we're talking from two years old i was taken out and used by both men and women

26:41 so i remember being put in the trunk of the car um and then it turned out it took me several

26:49 years later to figure out the definitive moment when i quit my job my last job because i lost my

26:57 teaching credential status we just moved over the border and so i was working as a teacher's assistant from the business school and i was in the candy store and i was stalking candy and um

27:11 and then i had this notion i had to go answer the phone i'll remember i'll get back to my brother in a minute i went over to the phone and i saw it was off the hook and i lifted it up oh a vendor uh

27:24 with an order oh yes yes yes so i went over to the business teacher i said did you know there

27:30 the there was somebody on the phone she says yes i came in and i had this whole conversation with you

27:36 to tell you about it and i said if we were in a court of law i would swear that i don't remember you coming and talking to me so i had total missing time total missing time

27:48 from an entire experience so i thought oh my gosh what else am i not remembering you know i

27:56 hear i had somebody to verify what happened and the evidence was there the phone was off the hook

28:04years later it took years later to figure out what happened

28:09stocking the shelves with candy triggered the memory of my dad luring me to the car with candy

28:18so you see how the most benign thing with this kind of background the most benign thing like m m's

28:29um could make you just go and i went totally i would go possum they say

28:36fight flight i did the freeze that was my go-to mechanism was freeze so get back to my brother

28:48and he had these two things in the sentence so i thought okay i can but oh they say tank rituals

28:54he's you know my brother i think he's a little bit you know i don't think he's really got it yeah but

29:01i'm not going to say that i love him i'm not going to say we've been through this stuff and so i didn't say anything to him but privately i thought this is you know but then i started to have some

29:14interesting experiences my husband's iranian we went to iran and i came back and i

29:19came back with a curse from somebody who was jealous in the family so i went to a bodytalk practitioner who removed the curse and i'm going okay this is really weird i mean

29:30uh because i was getting all these symptoms i'm very sensitive so i thought okay i didn't

29:36see how that was related to anything uh all that's related to is that i'm very sensitive

29:42and so we moved to connecticut after that my husband's on a business trip

29:51and as i'm starting to fall asleep there's this entity that comes from 20 feet away

29:58now the room is only 10 by 10. but this entity how do you know it came from 20 feet away

30:06and its face was within six inches of my nose and i knew it wanted my soul

30:13and i thought oh my gosh i jumped out of bed i go okay that wasn't my

imagination that when i'm turning on all the lights and i am i'm freaked out totally freaked

30:24out and i go oh my god oh my god oh my god my brother he's right he's right he's right

30:29and that was the experience that i had to have so i'm going oh he's on the west coast i can't

30:35talk to him yet so i'm waiting i couldn't sleep all night um so i waited until the morning to

30:42to call him and he said oh yeah yeah that happened to me for seven years i had to deal with it i go

30:48what because yeah portals were opened while we were going through these things so this

30:54was like i'm going okay i need a healing team i need to be with people who understand this so

31:02that's when i made the intention that okay i need a healing team i i'm humpty dumpty

31:08i need all the king's horses and all the kings because this is just i have no idea you know

31:15what to do but in the meantime i'm learning to do bodytalk which is an energy healing system

31:21and i'm trying to help my kids overcome you know the issues of our family because

31:27you know i married somebody who was like my father no not as bad right or nothing

31:35physical or sexual happened to my kids but you know the emotional trauma happened and um so

31:43we get back to washington and uh then i find out i need to divorce because i realized that um that

31:56my husband was with other people

32:02and i could hear him on the phone and in the meantime he was you know he was telling me well

32:07if you can't if you can't keep up with paying the bills then we're gonna have to just sell the house you know and here i'm on disability and i'm really scared and and so any kind of threat it was really

32:21easy to threaten me because i was so trained fast forward today man is absolutely scared of me

32:32i love you too you are so powerful and just so resilient

32:37just because i i stood up to it you know i got narcissists worst nightmare

32:43well what it was is the angels i believe that angels came and brought me evidence and i said no no no no this can't oh i'm sorry we didn't finish the thing about the half truths when my brother

32:54presented two things in one sentence i thought that was a half truth that one happened to be a

33:00whole truth so see this is where half truth can get sticky so i wanted to button that topic up

33:08so so anyway angels were showing me you know this is what's going on and you know you're in a bad

33:16situation and you gotta do something about this and my daughter's about to get married i'm going

33:23why does this all have to come out before one year so i went through the whole marriage like

33:29thinking i was gonna either throw up or cry at any minute so i kept you know hiding because i'm going

33:34i got a divorce i got a divorce and i i gotta do it on the slide because he's gonna deny everything

33:41whatever so so that set me on this course of of doing this wonderful divorce uh which in itself

33:49was a huge um event uh and it went on for three years because you don't threaten a narcissist

33:57with divorce i found out i didn't know what a narcissist was until you know i started going

34:03then i started okay hey i'm going into debt paying all these lawyers i'm gonna get all the healers

34:09and so it turned out that all the people i needed showed up i went to this woman she was a family

34:18family therapist or something like that that i had been referred to earlier because um i went

34:24to this cranial sacral therapist thought you know things aren't going too right in your situation maybe you want it but i i didn't want to face that i didn't want to face that so i go to her finally

34:36and then i go you know what i don't care what she thinks i'm gonna blurt everything out i told her

34:42about the sra i told her about you know getting um you know being prostituted i told her about

34:49the sexual abuse and here i was ready for her to just throw me out the door and she goes oh i know

34:58just what you need you need a soul retrieval and i just met the person that can help you

35:06so i was like what i was you know prepared for this you know really awful reaction so then

35:13she sent me to this guy this medium uh and so then i started uh healing with him

35:20and uh because he can see your guides it's like you lay there and he's talking to these

35:26invisible beings whatever so i go to set up my first appointment and this is something

35:32for your audience to know if you're dealing with somebody with uh who's had satanic virtual abuse

35:40he said now there might be some voices in your head they're going to tell you that i'm evil or

35:48that you couldn't you shouldn't come to see me or your car might not start or whatever there might

35:57be something that might try to prevent you from coming you need to resist that

and push through it

36:07well i've got a real stubborn streak in me so that it served me well i go okay i'm gonna anchor in

36:15and sure enough you know the fears no i shouldn't go oh yes yes i'm going i'm going i'm going

36:21so i went and uh my first appointment lasted eight hours which was unusual and um

36:29he said oh my gosh i've never seen anybody release so much excuse my french the ssh

36:37in one session and um and so people healers like that work with um

36:46in the world of spirit language is through images and animals and things like that so it's not always with words and

37:00symbols lots of symbols right right and so he's trying to tell me about all these fantastic things

37:06but what he does is he puts the protective you know the the the christed light brings it in

37:14makes everything protected whatever he goes to open up the energy it was booby-trapped it

37:22sent him onto his knees and he said if he didn't think quickly enough he would have died um but

37:30he was able to he goes oh my gosh i should have but he'd never dealt with somebody like me before

37:36he'd never dealt with satanic ritual abuse and then later i don't know how far down the

37:43rabbit hole we could go but there were a lot of fantastic things that happened

37:48there so in my journey uh discovering all i went through the shock of discovery for two and a

37:55half years of just discovering all these really gnarly things and um but i couldn't make it out

38:02i can't remember how far into that those two and a half years i think it was like

maybe six months

38:08i was calling uh to make the appointment with him i can't understand why would somebody go have all these things happen to them would think that one of these

38:17things would be enough and she said well haven't you heard of mk ultra like everybody knew about it

38:24and i go no and she said and so she's the one who directed me to listen to kathy o'brien so then i

38:31started listening to that and then that's when i started now i'm going through this

38:38divorce at the same time i'm going through all of these discoveries so i'm feeling like how am

38:45i going to be able to hold this all together so i'm generating a lot of fear i mean i was

38:52experiencing re-experiencing terror terror can be like your cells just exploding it can also come

39:01as your blood just turning cold like ice so i go oh wow i get i know all about fear and

39:09terror isn't how wonderful is it oh my gosh and so you know you have to have some comic relief

39:18along the way or else you're gonna you know you're gonna give up so i've having all all this creepy

39:25stuff is happening in the house and um we get a cat i'm there just with my youngest daughter now

39:33because the other two were off in college during this divorce the divorce era so we get a cat

39:39because we think okay if the cat's bumping around will go oh there's another oh it must be the cat

39:46so we're sitting at the kitchen counter and we're both feeling like this cold

39:54like coming up our back and we could both feel and how did we know the other one is feeling

40:00the same thing this is this is the ministry of how we're all connected right so we look at each other

40:06didn't have to say anything so we go to look back at the cat because we're thinking we're both thinking that okay if the cat's chill it's fine we look back at the cat and her first

40:20and we go no no no no

40:29not supposed to happen that way

40:34so there's this one night i'm laying in bed and i hear this knocking in the wall really

40:41loud knocking and i'm scared half out of my wood so i call the next morning i call the

40:47medium so what's going on and he goes that was you you created elementals with your thinking

40:57you see you've got to stop those fear thoughts i'm going yeah i remember reading years earlier

41:04in the hindu tradition they're talking about how thoughts were things oh my gosh i was living that

41:10reality he goes you need to go into non-fear so my whole education with this guy was as we're going

41:21and discovering things and that and then i went to another therapist was bringing up the memories

41:28and what their their back and forth they were working in tandem with each other i would go to her i would journal i got this wonderful

41:41dream interpretation book um by tony crisp oh amazing i got it for a dollar at a book sale

41:51and so i was interpreting my dreams and i'd go to the therapist and she says where are you getting this information i said this book i only spent a dollar for it she goes that is i've been doing

42:00this for 20 years this is the these are the best interpretations so i i was getting really into

42:07digging deeper i finally got out of the basement of the house and i was getting

into the house

42:13and the house represents your your body and going into the different rooms and so forth

42:19and having experiences in that but then sometimes they were actual like memories and then i would

42:26um remember people doing things like i felt so guilty because i knew they were doing stuff to

42:34my brother who's five years younger but the way it came up in the dream is there were these big bears

42:41and they were eating and i'm not and then i was going oh i can't save them from the bears because

42:48i couldn't go there to the literal but then when i woke up i go oh i know what that was representing

42:55so when people have these if if the trauma is too great and they're highly sensitive so

43:02me being very sensitive that means that all the torture i went through

43:08was magnified oh yeah or than the average you know an average person so i go to the the therapist

43:18and oh i was going to cranial sacral therapy the same not cranos visceral manipulation

43:24then they work with the viscera i don't know if you've heard but it's very very gentle very and so he's working on me one day and he asked me oh were you involved in any rituals by any chance

43:37i said well yeah uh i was and this i knew right i was in the knowing and i said yeah i was uh used

43:46in satanic ritual abuse he goes oh because i see you laying on a slab with your hands and feet tied

43:56so that's all i needed i go okay so i took that i go i'm not gonna i'm not gonna process this on

44:03my own so i went to the therapist she did emdr and she did it with the selenite stone which

44:10doesn't if you know about selenite it doesn't absorb any negative energies oh
yeah i have one

44:18um they're just cool looking by the way um so i go in there and i told her about
this

44:26and she goes okay let's let's do this let's go into there so we go into the memory
now

44:32how this felt like it was when i was five years i felt like did you ever watch the
movie the matrix

44:39yeah you know when neo gets sucked down that tube that's what it felt

44:45like i felt like this memory was physically sucking me in down this tube to this
place

44:55and there i saw myself as a five-year-old i was naked tied down to this stone
altar which was

45:07exactly the same altar by the way that they put in the opening scene of sherlock
holmes the movie

45:13what the exact i go when i saw that movie i go where how do they know what
that's supposed

45:19to look like how do they know anyway so but then i'm standing outside of myself

45:29and i'm wearing clothes and my five-year-old stuff and there's this beautiful
woman standing next to

45:35me in this gossamer gown oh it just makes me want to cry she's so beautiful so
gracious

45:43and but i'm looking down at the child there on there and then i see the three
hooded

45:48figures i can't see their faces and they're saying well we can't break her we can't
break her

45:55but when i saw myself i saw two of me i saw my head

46:01one head going this direction and the other had going that so there was there
were two of me one superimposed on top of the other and one was going one
direction the other one was going the other

46:13that's really weird so she helped me through the experience it was really i was so grateful

46:19there was somebody there i was thinking man this woman isn't running out of the room yet you know

46:25and um so we got through that i calmed down it was really nice to release that and so then we knew i was right to go see the medium and have the energy removed so this is how it works

46:38they can't release the the healer can't take that energy from you until you've learned the lesson

46:50until you got it okay so i learned well this was i learned what happened and i got it

47:00and there's a lot of stuff that's not at the cognitive level so but anyway i go into him

47:07and i said i saw two of me and he said oh you saw two of you because one of you

47:15you were separating whenever a a child or anybody goes through trauma a piece of their soul leaves

47:21and you are watching a piece of your soul leave your body i said why is that they said that's to preserve innocence so by me going through that reliving

47:35it and understanding and by the way the woman who was standing next to me was my higher self

47:41so um so it was just it was it was a very beautiful very beautiful scene so

47:48he was able to do the soul retrieval where not only was i able to retrieve my soul you don't

47:58do your entire soul right a piece of your soul so we were able to bring back that piece of my

48:04soul from that incident and then he said and then he brought in all the pieces from my

48:10soul from all the past life because i've been tortured every single lifetime up to this one

48:18that's the kind of soul i've got i guess i don't know but anyway he said was like a light he said i wish you could see it all the lights are coming in and he's saying yeah and he's he's having a

48:26wondrous time and i'm feeling really good i go oh wow this is so cool i get to be whole again well

48:35that was just the beginning because there was so much i had to do to become whole um

48:42but that's it's just an amazing amazing thing to happen to be able oh he said that um

48:53yes this can only happen because the energies of course this was in 2007 or eight

49:01so the energies finally opened up for us to be able to do this this was not possible until now

49:08so this is a message of hope to everybody and since then the healing energies have been opening up and opening up and oh and the consciousness of

49:20everybody going through their traumas i know that was is was not fun like it wasn't fun for

49:27me to go through the divorce and everything but you know i learned i go wow i cannot be a victim

49:34i have to stand up for myself nobody's going to stand up for now i'll go back to the matrix

49:40again i love this scene it's one of my favorite movies the scene where neo is uh going to rescue

49:49morpheus morpheus is tied to the chair and he can barely just he can just barely function

49:57that's a really good analogy for us because neo the one could save him only when morpheus

50:08tried to save himself he had to get up out of the chair and meet him halfway

50:17beautiful metaphor beautiful metaphor and so this is where we have to you

50:22know as individual no matter what we've gone through and everybody's gone through stuff recently everybody and if you haven't personally know somebody and

that affects you

50:34and to just know that this is part of our actually you know we're growing up we're growing out

50:41of it you know it's uh you know a child when they're growing how they'll have growing pains you know so we're having growing pains i've gone off on tangents so please uh help me

50:54oh my gosh all that was so valuable no thank you okay because i want to make sure i'm not just rambling on and not giving me i want to be giving uh useful information

51:05uh that will empower people because there was so much i learned along the way so much because

51:12i was there wasn't a day that didn't pass that i wasn't focused on healing because i so badly

51:19my entire adult life i was in utter pain and um you know i've come recently

51:28i was able to let go of the ptsd and the last piece of that was nutritional

51:37because so what with the fires here in california uh three was it three and a half years ago i

51:44was i came down with dementia because of the toxins in the air you know the when you have

51:51med heavy metals in the brain is what causes dementia and i knew that i'm like oh my gosh

51:58i need a detox system i'm not around healers here um who can help me i've got to do this on my own

52:04and so that's when i came upon medical medium and i started using his protocols for detoxification

52:11i was able to reverse the dementia in three months oh my gosh in three months and the bonus was

52:21my ptsd fully lifted because and then i read it in his books i go oh the neurotoxins in the brain

52:28don't let you completely heal from the ptsd i did all the spiritual and emotional work

52:35but i wasn't able to you know i things would still like you know startle me and i go whoa

52:42and oh i don't have photophobia anymore i thought i was just born with photophobia

52:48and photophobia is when lights hurt your eyes you know any overhead light would just i was always

52:55the house was always dark because the lights would hurt my eyes the sun wouldn't hurt my eyes and go oh the sun is oh and i don't have acid reflux anymore so it was you know when you do the

53:07holistic thing so here's another message is that we've got to address we've got to address

53:14our well-being at every level of our beingness our nutrition our thinking our beliefs and

53:24we don't have enough time to go into that into the belief thing but the beliefs are

53:29this time uh the beliefs are the drivers of our you know if you've listened to bruce lipton and

53:36all of those people they definitely are the drivers uh so i'll give an example of this one so yeah i tell people who become like a sherlock holmes

53:48uh when you have curious things going on in your life and they're unexplainable

53:53uh try to find out well what is the what is going on in my subconscious that's driving this and um

54:02this is before the divorce area era and this is when i was sick on the couch a lot and my oldest daughter was in high school she invited me to go to this really cool

54:13you know um bookstore in seattle and so we were going to go there and look at the tarot cards and

54:20fun stuff and and um and then go out for a hamburger so we went out together i had

54:28a lovely time i was going wow i'm having such a great time this is wonderful oh and we get home

54:34not only like 10 minutes after getting home i get this immense pain all over my

body and i

54:40have to go to the couch and i'm laying down on the couch and i'm going wait a minute i wasn't

54:45exposed to any toxins i was going through my checklist i had a wonderful time oh my

54:50gosh i got to be with my you know with my teenage daughter who wouldn't want that you know we went

54:57there was there were no negatives like how is it that i am just so sick

55:04and then i laid there and i call it tuning in that's some people call it praying opening up

55:11meditating then the information came in oh i had the belief that it was forbidden to have fun

55:21so i automatically punish myself with physical pain the brain will just it's like

55:28oh okay i'm on to you so i use the eckhart tolling method where you'd be the watcher

55:34and i invite anybody who hasn't read his stuff go read his stuff amazing so i read

55:40him for he was he was my guru for three full years every day just listening to him and um

55:49so i thought okay the next time this happens i'm going to catch it and so it only happened

55:58just a few more times and each time i didn't get as sick and it didn't last long so i was able to

56:05undo but i had to shed the light of knowledge onto that belief we have these beliefs that we really

56:14were totally unaware of and i didn't think when i went to the pain study they had me go through

56:21cognitive therapy i don't know if you've heard of that right so it's very left brain you write

56:26down what your thoughts are whatever and they had me have this little timer that would go off and

56:33i had to write down whatever was in my mind when the timer went off i was so shocked because i thought i was a positive thinker because i was i was listening

56:43to zig zigler and all these positive thinking people brian tracy tony robbins you name it right

56:52and i couldn't believe the thoughts i was i was embarrassed in front of myself so that's another

57:00exercise that i'd invite everybody to go through to go out and clean out that library because guess

57:07what it is uh it can create disease or it can create problems in relationships problems with

57:16money you name it it's gonna it's gonna pop up as a problem somewhere because why because then

57:24the problem is just the messenger hey you see this you see this this is not the way we're meant to be

57:33we're meant to be in balance we're meant to be in harmony but um coming out of this era that we

57:42learned through opposites we learned love by experiencing hatred we learn

57:49loyalty by experiencing betrayal etc etc we're letting go of that the new way is coming and the

57:59new way of teaching we don't teach so much at the way like instructing we teach by example being an

58:09example and then people will say oh and that's what happened to eckhart tolle you know he just

58:18he was this example of total bliss people said well how did you do that he goes i don't know i

58:23guess i gotta go get this out so then he started studying so he could have words for it and um and

58:31so he's in another another amazing uh guide for there's so many beautiful souls out there giving

58:38us the information for when we're ready for it the teacher arrives when the

student is ready

58:49and um so that's where we're at you know we will come because i mean i wasn't ready people

58:55there were clues about my past there were clues about my marriage all the you know when i started

59:02reading the books i'm going oh my god oh my god it was right there it was right there oh my god it was right in front of my nose but it's so unconscious you know and one of the things that

59:12i love that that you talk about is you know two things the how you talk about serotonin and how

59:21people are chasing that unconsciously and looking for chaos in their life chaotic relationships

59:28and don't realize that it's serving a human need that they can replace that habit and that belief

59:33with something else but they're so tied up and unconsciously you know seeking in relationships

59:39are these patterns you know and not understanding the physiology of why they keep making those

59:45same choices over and over again you know so many of us get caught in that even people you know i've done that in my life where i've repeated you know the same patterns and dated

59:54the same people even though in the beginning i'm like oh this person's so different and then you know a year down the road it's like wait a minute how did i end up in this exact same spot you know

1:00:05do you have anything to contribute to that i love how you talk about the serotonin aspect

1:00:10and how oh yes yeah well the patterns it's the we have these vibrational patterns so for me because

1:00:18i had all this trauma and the type of trauma i had i attracted all kinds of bizarre weird

1:00:26things and people but at the same time okay i i have to give the message this is a little sidebar

1:00:34that you know talk about all these awful things but along the way there were these i was being

1:00:39protected when i was two years old or going through this kind of thing the child will try to

1:00:47annihilate itself instinctively so i kept trying to kill myself and my poor mother was trying to

1:00:54she was if you could just stay alive till you're five could get you to kindergarten um so but i

1:01:01we were the family went to uh visit uh my aunt in petaluma who lived on this really steep hill

1:01:09uh back then the breaks were this like a little stick that you would just pop and then it would oh

1:01:18it would release the break my older sister got in to to play in there you know she wouldn't let me

1:01:25have a turn because i was the younger sister right so i got down my turn when she was out of the car

1:01:31i'm in there two and a half years old the car starts rolling down the steepest hill in petaluma

1:01:39going across the busiest road and i remember going because i was steering like this i was going up

1:01:46one side walked out so i slowed down a little bit i went across the intersection without hitting a car jumped the curb uh went head-on into a tree totaled my dad's

1:02:01it wasn't his car it was his company car um of course there are no seat belts back then if i was

1:02:08if there were i wouldn't put them on anyway right two two and a half years old they run they find

1:02:14out what hap what's happening they see the cars missing out oh my gosh and my mom had just lost my my god my sister linda to she was a blue baby she was going oh my gosh i've lost another child

1:02:26they ran down there and they found me all curled up on the seat my mom

thought i was dead

1:02:33when they reached in i didn't have a bruise or a scratch and i swear there was a cat on the

1:02:42seat with me my memory is that there's a cat and i ran this my doctor couldn't he said oh yeah we all

1:02:49have these little spirit guides so anyway that was a a side remark i wanted to bring up that

1:02:54we have these these beautiful experiences along the way if we're meant to stay alive

1:03:04the universe is going to find a way to keep us alive right and if it's time for us to go it's

1:03:10time for us to go so that's where we can let go of the fear of death it's going to happen when it

1:03:17is supposed to it's never going to be an accident you might have an excuse

1:03:24oh you fell off the cliff or whatever that might be the excuse but the timing is is something that

1:03:31has been like programmed if you will so you can just let go of that fear of death now i

1:03:39forgot where we were uh i forgot the trail so get me back on that troll oh the series

1:03:45yes so um the serotonin yeah i kept attracting uh all these people and then when i was told that i

1:03:54was gonna continue to have uh by this time it was you know it was one stop shopping with my husband

1:04:03because i got out of him what what i got from my dad from my mom my older sister she was set

1:04:09up as a as uh my enemy you know she wanted to be my friend uh and look at the outside

1:04:16world there see what happens to us yeah but she wanted to be my friend but it was the control

1:04:21issue so anyway he was able to trigger me in all you know from all of these these memories

1:04:30and so i'm being taught okay i'm going through the divorce so i go okay i decide to let go of

1:04:35that but now i was still having all of the pain and the anguish and the fear

1:04:41and um i'm still working on non-fear and this is when i was told that yeah my serotonin i was

1:04:48getting my serotonin because how can i get rid of i finally make the decision i'm doing what i'm supposed to how come all this stuff keep happening and um it was because i had to keep producing

1:05:01aces so you need to find ways to pull back from that need and that's when i decided that i would

1:05:10get excited whenever i saw a butterfly or a sunset now people want proof what about this serotonin thing there's a really interesting experience

1:05:21i had i was working with somebody who had one of these really advanced biofeedback machines

1:05:30and the biofeedback uh said that i was addicted to the victim on i went into i was so upset i

1:05:41go oh my gosh when can i just be addicted to alcohol or something normal like that

1:05:49don't they know what to do with that don't they but when you're addicted to victim how do you so that's how i kept bringing in experiences to make me a victim and

1:06:00uh and so she said hey but there's this button here where you can reverse that

1:06:06i go okay well let's try this now it wasn't in her training um so we were experimenting

1:06:16and i almost lost my life because it turned out to be my core personality

1:06:22was victim and so i stopped producing serotonin and i could hardly lift my arm

1:06:34so i check in with the healer and he says well you were lucky you didn't die because but you're an old soul so you got through it but so that's my proof when when my core identity was reversed

1:06:49and of course it didn't stick because i wasn't ready for it i didn't have the lesson

1:06:55and so here i'm going to hound it in when you get the lesson things have the permission to disappear

1:07:03from your life so i had to get the lesson to stand up for myself i knew i needed to

1:07:10do that but i had to pray and it is so hard it was excruciating to stand up for myself when i wasn't

1:07:21when i was trained to do otherwise and people who are brought up in more uh sane families uh

1:07:31more healthy families where they teach the child to have a sense of self they can't relate to

1:07:37that and they can't relate to why would a woman go back to an abusive relationship and it's like this

1:07:44magnetic thing you you don't you know you see it you and you but then your mind has to excuse it oh

1:07:53well he'll get better and so your mind will come in and make the excuses but it's not your

1:07:58mind that's doing it it's this it's just like this magnetic attractor that you need that to

1:08:06stay alive and be safe in an insane way and in the case of a woman who's with an abuser well

1:08:16she sometimes she ends up getting killed but she was safe in the sense that this is where she felt

1:08:25familiar yes so we feel safe around that which is familiar that's why we have xenophobia

1:08:34you know when you're in a room full of people who are not like you you know you you don't feel if they're all dressed different or whatever is because they're

1:08:44not familiar maybe there's nothing wrong with them but that's part of our programming that we need to

1:08:53mindfully deconstruct so that we understand when something truly is

1:09:01a threat and it truly isn't a threat but you can apply this to like refugees people you know i

1:09:09have a daughter living in sweden and they were bri they've been bringing refugees up there for quite

1:09:14some time and the people there would complain they go wait a minute these these refugees they don't

1:09:21they're bringing refugees from the middle east where they're going through tons of trauma bombs you name it you know um and they bring them up to sweden where i don't know if

1:09:32you've ever been to sweden but there ain't much going on there you know it's just like oh you know

1:09:39everything's nice you know they're very even-tempered you know

1:09:46they would never invite tony robbins there believe me he's too out there for them so

1:09:55but they don't understand when they bring these refugees and they go well wait a minute they're in this safe place and they're going bananas this is because when you you took away too much

1:10:07of their trauma too fast without training their nervous system to adapt to this new form of safety

1:10:22and so i was just pulling right when i was seen and people hearing people on the new you know talking about you know complaining about them how they were ungrateful

1:10:31or they're just you know impossible or whatever but some of them you know did adapt but it was

1:10:38a big it's a big problem and it's a big problem around the world because we have lots of refugees

1:10:43and so and then they end up being a lot of them will end up being um mugged they're the ones who

1:10:51are getting mugged and so forth it's not because they're bad or they deserve it it's because they still have this energy pattern of trauma so as a species we need to recognize cycles of trauma and

1:11:07stop the cycle of trauma and heal the people and we don't discount anybody's story no matter how

1:11:16wild because when you invalidate somebody that's what happened to me i went to the

1:11:22psychiatrist i just did that because i was in the divorce you can only go to the people who are

1:11:30um certified by the court right you know as bona fide uh what they call experts and of course

1:11:40i went to him and and because i needed i needed something for my nerves and um he said well point blank he says i was taught that that's a fantasy there's no such

1:11:49thing as satanic virtual abuse and that it's all your imagination he told me point blank and he was a very good soul a very good-hearted person but he believed his training

1:12:02so this is where we've got to do the education and also you know like when i meet a schizophrenic

1:12:11now i don't believe the story that they're telling me that all these people are after them and all these wild things are happening but i i take it in as if okay that's really real to them

1:12:26and they need to feel safe by somebody just listening the act of compassionate listening

1:12:34can be so healing and so this gets to what i do in in my practice um it's this

1:12:44it was explained to me by the the term placticus which is an aztec term for heart heart and so

1:12:55the aztec shaman understood that if somebody's been through a trauma and they've completely

1:13:02healed from it then when somebody comes to them to simply talk to them and relate their experience

1:13:11just by the act of communicating heart to heart the wisdom of that healing

1:13:18transfers to that person because that's the way we're designed how beautiful is that

1:13:28so that's why i got so excited that i go oh i got clear though i don't have any demons no no no that stuff i got i was vetted by more than one healer i said are you sure

1:13:40are you sure i'm not going to do anything crazy i don't have any programming left or you know and and also that i forgive them and see what does it mean to forgive

1:13:52is that my goal just like eckhart tolle explains the goal wasn't to forgive the goal was to heal

1:13:59the forgiving comes as a natural byproduct because you're no longer placing blame on that person i

1:14:09could see i could heal first like when i realized that my father had to go through horrendous things

1:14:18to do the horrendous things to me because we don't do this

1:14:24you just don't find a human being who will do that naturally why do they have to train soldiers

1:14:31to kills because it's not our instinct to kill okay so i had to go into that and go and then now

1:14:40this might be a little bit much for some people but i i do believe that we make soul contracts

1:14:48and um and i did have a soul contract with my father to do this um and he actually did a service

1:14:58because this was the excuse that got me to the healer so that i could go and retrieve all my soul pieces from past lives and that i had worked with him in lives prior

1:15:10where we were what do you call it uh we were supports for each other this time

1:15:19he had to play this role unfortunately when we come into these roles sometimes we forget

1:15:28well most of the time we forget and we can get distracted by the role and we can go a

1:15:34little too far whatever and um but he did wake up when i was around 11 12 and he realized

1:15:47what he was doing and so he got both me and my brother out of the program

and he knew it would

1:15:55mean his death so he died of cancer a very slow long slow death which people will say that was a

1:16:08good way for him to release karma from what he did now this is an interpretation not everybody has to

1:16:14buy into it but it helps me feel more at peace and i've communicated with him many times uh since my

1:16:26deepest healing and i'm grateful to him because he in my view he made the greater sacrifice because

1:16:35his soul had to go through so much healing at the soul after doing when a soul performs these types

1:16:45of acts here you don't just go back to your review board and they say oh bad jobs you do it you know

1:16:54oh we think you know this might be you know no you have some things that really

1:17:00deeply need to be healed and of course you're supported by angelic beings uh

1:17:07but it was it's taken him a while and i'm so grateful because now i understand that this was

1:17:19our agreement now of course to die you told if you told me this when i first started that i go what

1:17:28but it took this evolution where i could see this and i start i read the book uh sacred contracts by carolyn miss also if you read louise hay you can heal your life

1:17:40she talks about this and so when we we realized that we are more in command than we

1:17:50think we are and then we can understand that we're truly not victims and that we can okay i'm not a

1:18:01victim anymore okay this doesn't just reverse just by thinking that you have to retrain you know and

1:18:07there's certain circumstances where i go like okay i'm an older person right the computer sometimes

1:18:18i have issues with the computer my relationship with the computer and that will set me off and

1:18:26i have to be careful because i'll affect it so i go okay i'm sorry i'm sorry sorry

1:18:34yeah i can yeah i don't want to blow up my computer it's my friend but sometimes you know getting on websites and trying to negotiate them uh but we're here for experiences

1:18:46uh but how can we support the people who are going through these experiences right now

1:18:51we can surround them if you're not in the front lines okay we're not in the front lines

1:18:58if you're not in the front lines send everyone compassion all those

1:19:05involved for me to be able to see to be healed i had to look down at my abuse and i had to look at myself

1:19:14as an equal with all the other players and i had to send compassion and forgiveness because then i

1:19:22forget i i would uh feel blame you know why did i allow this to happen you know these human selves

1:19:31these ideas that we get we get these really crazy crazy notions and we beat ourselves up

1:19:39and i became an expert at beating myself up so i know and it doesn't take severe trauma to do that

1:19:50a hundred percent that's so beautiful and i love that you you know it's always controversial when

1:19:57i talk about not just forgiveness but in looking at multiple different lenses

1:20:06whenever we think about abusers right because when you say i'm going to forgive somebody

1:20:12or i'm trying to understand how that person got to where they are people misinterpret that as

1:20:18we have empathy and excuse what they did right but that's the piece that's really missing for

1:20:24a lot of society that does know that this goes on is and it's very justified the the emotions that

1:20:31stir up when people learn are you know anger and you know just being so mad and enraged

1:20:36and infuriated and i think that's justified but when we don't sit here and say we need to have a

1:20:43better understanding of this we need to understand how a perfect innocent child that's born without

1:20:50hate without any notion of abuse what happens between then and when they do become abusive

1:20:58right and so we're kind of at the point where we we can understand what an innocent child looks like we know what abuse looks like but bridging that gap between what happens

1:21:08that's where i think the compassion comes in is to realize oh my gosh what makes a person be so evil that it's beyond the comprehension of people who hear about it

1:21:19you know these are people that were inflicted with so much trauma had no idea what love was you know

1:21:25that's not like you said a natural thing for you know somebody to grow up and say i'm just gonna

1:21:31perform horrific you know rituals on my children and prostitute them out you know and again it doesn't excuse what people do but i love that you're shedding light on that just because

1:21:41i do think that in healing as a society and in being there for survivors survivors are always the ones i've never had a survivor on my show who was like i freaking

1:21:51hope that that all my abusers die and that they die these horrific deaths you know they're like i hope justice comes i want to get justice but you know that was my dad or that was my somebody in my

1:22:01life that i loved not somebody that i wish would heal i wish they would come to the side that i'm

1:22:06on you know and i wish i could understand or pull them out of that and so i really appreciate you

1:22:13talking about that just because i think that's really hard for people who haven't gone through that and who have never traversed such a deep level of healing to understand the layers of

1:22:24how to come out on the other side and to be able to look at the world in a l with a lens that is

1:22:31with compassion and love and empathy and to have that be the frequency that you want to remain on

1:22:37instead of continuing to dip into these anger and fear patterns you know because like how you said

1:22:43that stores in our body you know manifest even if it's not trauma that we took on if it's a reaction

1:22:49of something we're continuously reacting to that's i mean they want that you know abusers want us in

1:22:55a low vibration and even if that means that we're angry at them that's narcissists get off on you

1:23:00know us having a negative reaction to what they do so it's like our fear and anger reactions feed

1:23:08what they want it makes them more powerful like we're connecting those emotions to them you know

1:23:13and and i really appreciate that you kind of talk about hey we need to we need to cut that cord you know we need to focus on how do i become the best version of me how do i raise my frequency and

1:23:24not have these attachments to people other than trying to understand while remaining in a place

1:23:30of healing and you know higher frequency myself well that this is what jesus came to teach yes

1:23:38when he was okay if you're you have a problem with forgiveness then what about when he's on the

1:23:44cross in the middle of being tortured and he says father forgive them for they know not what they do

1:23:56he knew how to hold compassion even while abuse was being perpetrated

upon him

1:24:08in the moment so i thought okay i learned how to forgive something in the past now my goal

1:24:15is to be able to forgive in the moment the way it's portrayed in this beautiful story

1:24:21and that and we focus on all the trauma and you know the nails and we get all we get all um

1:24:29distracted by the story and you go wait you forgot the whole point the whole point look at what he's

1:24:36doing his most beautiful thing he's saying at this time and we're not talking about that part of the

1:24:45story that that is the big part of the story and it's compassion you know what compassion is and i

1:24:54love i got this definition from anthony williams compassion is love that understands suffering

1:25:06yes so the world needs compassion so if a person sees a terrible thing and they're feeling like

1:25:17oh i'm so angry or they want revenge whatever if they couldn't leave but they're sending actually

1:25:23it's eating themselves right so when we anybody that we destroy it's actually affecting anybody

1:25:30else so when you're imploding on yourself you're doing a disservice to humankind so you're not

1:25:37you're not separate from everybody so be good to yourself be kind to yourself and go okay

1:25:43i went through this anger i've got this i get to process it how can i transmute it to at least a place of neutrality so that i'm not feeding the flame

1:25:56okay and um we can still talk about these things there are to be able to talk about

1:26:05things without getting overly emotional we get overly emotional when we still

1:26:12have unhealed pieces when i listened so one of the things i wanted to do to vet myself to see okay

1:26:18can i really help people is i watched uh several of the trials of the itnj have you heard of them

1:26:28no i don't think so the international tribunal of natural justice and they interviewed um the gal

1:26:36from australia wow i forgot her name but i saw her name listed on your website um so they interviewed

1:26:47is it it's an international tribunal now the people these sra survivors mk ultra um

1:26:55this survivor and the people from the other side who came to this side came in with their

1:27:01documentation and said this is what i have the documentation the police records this this this

1:27:07this so i could and they would go explicitly into the tortures and what happened to them

1:27:17and i found that i was able to hold compassion around that and i didn't go into reaction so

1:27:24that was my test for myself i'm going okay i did heal that i did heal that and even if i don't do

1:27:33anything further with that healing because i'm connected to everybody that's helping everybody

1:27:43in some way so we all can be of service just by as michael jackson says no look the man in the mirror

1:27:53take care of the man the woman in the mirror take care of that person in the mirror give that

1:27:59person compassion give the fur in order to get to forgiveness now this was the hard part of the path

1:28:05for giving the self that's why i like the ho'oponopono prayer because it's very

1:28:10general and um it's like you're talking from both sides when you're saying the ho'oponopono prayer

1:28:19i am sorry please forgive me thank you i love you this is from the hawaiian tradition

1:28:27and it's just i sing it it says it and oh my gosh i'm going to tears you know and i had to

1:28:34do a lot of healing around my father and with all the over this is the other thing i want

1:28:39to pass on that was very fascinating to me in my healing with all the over-the-top stuff my dad did

1:28:46whereas my mom was just kind of like a she was there she had her hands tied if she said

1:28:52anything she'd get thrown in the loony bin she couldn't you know yeah he's threatened

1:28:58to to put her away your mom wasn't involved she was being abused also yes and she was 15 years

1:29:05younger so she was like one of the kids i mean she was so she was in that category but my mother

1:29:16rejected me because um she got married to my father because she got pregnant with me

1:29:28so she blamed me for all of her problems so from the very get-go she rejected me in my healing

1:29:41the deepest hurt was being rejected by my mother it wasn't the satanic rituals it wasn't the

1:29:50prostitution it wasn't being abused physically and sexually by my father it was being rejected

1:29:56by my mother hurt me more deeply so folks take that one and understand the power of the mother

1:30:07and if you don't love your child please allow somebody else to love that child

1:30:18so um that was i i just i was flabbergasted now this took years of of healing but that was really hard that was really hard and it's so

1:30:30understandable you know that's something if people just had a great relationship with their mother

1:30:35you know you don't realize like you know one of my guests that i had on john paul rice he talks about

1:30:42children babies the the mother and the father those are like god to the child you know the child

1:30:47doesn't that's their hold they eat breathe live their parents they're dependent on them that's the only things that the child knows and depends on every day are the parents and the mother you

1:30:57know that connection and when you don't have that the different side effects that end up

1:31:03unconsciously you know holding performing and being created in that in that child's young

1:31:09impressionable mind you know it's that's another thing i don't think as a society we we've gotten

1:31:16away from that you know there obviously is an agenda to break up the family unit which has been very successful in a lot of ways but then there's also you know women empowerment which is so great

1:31:27but at the same token it it's putting pressure on women to say you're worthless if you are at home

1:31:32being a mom you need to be out working and be you know a badass woman and you know a boss babe and

1:31:39you know again not that i have anything against women who work but that

1:31:45that young baby and that young child just needing that i don't think people realize you know

1:31:51the extent of damage it does when that mother's not there for the child so i appreciate you

1:31:57talking about that a little bit yes and there's something energetic called the mother chord that

1:32:04doesn't exist there's no father chord the child it's it's like an uh an energetic embolical

1:32:15psychological level we say that the child needs attachment you know that's the good form of

1:32:22attachment we're talking you know in the religious spiritual sense we don't want to be attached right

1:32:27but we're talking in the psychological um form with uh children is that the small

1:32:34child attaches and so this is an abuse that just is absolutely awful is corporate daycare i had i

1:32:45i ended up working corporate daycare a few years ago and i'm going why spirit why did you send me

1:32:50here and i go oh my gosh i felt like i was at the other end of the abuse here i'm with the clipboard

1:32:58and what they did is they had it i was in the infant room and i can't remember if we had

1:33:0510 or 12 babies uh for two adults every two hours we had to change the diaper every two

1:33:13for each child every two hours we had to feed each child and we had to record all of this

1:33:21on two on a piece of paper and also on a tablet and send the information to the parents so the

1:33:27parents knew in time real time your child just pooped and this is how much they so we

1:33:33had no time to hold the babies they're crying i thought the first three days i thought i'm gonna

1:33:40i'm gonna lose it i'm gonna cry i mean oh my god i feel like an abuser and everybody think nobody

1:33:46thinks anything is wrong with this and i'm going so we have to open our eyes where we go

1:33:54wait a minute we really have to understand what it really means to be in a human body i do believe

1:34:02that we're spirits that live in human bodies but when we're in this body we need to respect

1:34:09what i call our the is the setup and the setup is this bonding that happens

1:34:15with the child and is specifically with them now the father is important but the mother is like if the mother rejects the child it is it runs deeper and uh so

1:34:33i i thought that is something that people really really need to know and we need to support

1:34:38motherhood yes we need to support it and that women don't have to go out there and they make

1:34:45great managers uh this is the time of the divine feminine energy is rising but we need balance we

1:34:52need we need the divine masculine as well as the divine feminine and this is what comes together

1:34:59and this is where we have the father the mother and the child the first the first

1:35:05trinity the father mother child and um if we don't solve that triangle the spiritual okay

1:35:15let me talk about the spirit path directly that if a person wants to heal from this

1:35:22abuse they have to be on a spiritual path there's no no it doesn't matter what religion you're

1:35:32okay i'm not telling you have to be this religion or that religion spiritual meaning

1:35:38you're connected to the source to god whatever you want to call it something bigger than yourself

1:35:47and understand that you are more than you extend way beyond the limits of your skin and people are

1:35:57telepathic it just you know it's i can just keep talking and talking i am so sorry we're going on a

1:36:03bit over time here so we have no i appreciate you and i would love to have you on again i feel like

1:36:10we just kind of scratched the surface on some things and i know like how i told you before we started recording you're somebody i could have on 500 times and always have something to talk about

1:36:20so i appreciate you i think this was a great you know way for people to get to know you who

1:36:25maybe haven't heard your story yet and i i mean i've learned a lot from listening to the other

1:36:32interview that you sent me and then just how you word things i think you take really hard concepts

1:36:37and break them down in ways that people can digest and understand you know and i love that you're out

1:36:43there talking about a lot of this because not many people are and and hopefully that'll change

1:36:48i know more and more people are out there talking about it you know but it starts with people like you that are willing to be first and to pave the way even if for years and years and years just

1:36:57like with kathy o'brien like i can't imagine coming out and talking when when she started

1:37:02or even you know when you did or some of these other amazing women who started talking

1:37:07way before you know these last few years when people like me have woken up to it you know so i just i honor you for everything that you've done because i can't i can't fathom what you've

1:37:17been through and i'm so sorry for everything you've been through and i'm so inspired by what you've done with it you know you've done more with your life and understand more in your life than

1:37:26most people who haven't gone through trauma you know and i just think as a world we have so much to learn from all of you on what we're capable of and healing and these really complex things

1:37:37that happen as a result from trauma and abuse and you know i'm grateful that that you came

1:37:42on and shared space with me today and i'd love for you to if you want to just talk for just a minute about positive shifting where people can find you and connect with you with that

1:37:52and we can obviously bring you one again and talk more in depth about it but i think that's really special that that you know you're doing this work and i'd love to share it with people

1:38:01oh thank you oh well um it's positiveshifting.com uh i do spiritual coaching um and basically um

1:38:11the vast majority of people come to me have no idea what my background is they just know that i

1:38:17have a trauma background i don't go into detail because it's it's still not very relatable and

1:38:26um and i didn't want to make that my identity either it's something that happened to me

1:38:34it's like you know do you say that since you went to this gym and now you're a bodybuilder you know

1:38:40forever you know you went i went to the gym and i worked out you know i'm not a bodybuilder so um and and i just it's for people who are serious about

1:38:52becoming what they were meant to be you know uncovering that diamond i believe that everybody's

1:38:58like got this diamond uh inside that's shining uh but we can't see it because it's just been

1:39:07you know layered over with experiences and we've layered it over with the with beliefs

1:39:13and things that hold us back so um it just is so liberating to watch people

1:39:21uh get those aha moments to know oh this is who i really am and to but basically i have to

1:39:31honor where they are at and i meet people where they're at and um and some people are just wanting

1:39:39to just do better uh at their job and they want to progress spiritually uh that way uh because 70

1:39:53of the spiritual path is emotional processing so people who are in his self-help and learning about

1:40:01themselves are on the spiritual path and they really well actually we all are on the spiritual

1:40:06path you know whether we declare it or not but um the people who are mindfully on the spiritual path

1:40:13um is just most of it is because our connection our interpreting devices are emotions

1:40:23we we know what's going on through our emotions those are what give us cues and if we didn't have

1:40:30emotions then we wouldn't this is the way we're set up as human beings right and we have very

1:40:36intense emotions so we have to learn how um how to use them as tools for our benefit instead of

1:40:45becoming victims of our emotions so it's all about reframing i like to reframe things so

1:40:52when somebody comes in i watch their speech pattern and then i'll go oh i see the theme

1:41:01do you see the theme and then we pick up the theme it's not about the details we get caught

1:41:07in the details just like jesus on the cross we go oh my god the cross the thorns the blood

1:41:14wait a minute what did he say what did he say that was so profound you guys that was

1:41:21it he came there with this beautiful message so i want to end with that that you know um

1:41:30like to send everybody compassion and i invite everybody to uh move into their compassion

1:41:37for all the beings uh that exist here so that's just beautiful and are you on social media at all

1:41:46or is your website the best place for people to find you the website is the best place um

1:41:52i'm not really good at social media i started doing instagram but on instagram i just post

1:42:00all of mostly uh my healthy food it kind of like we had we didn't talk about the um personality uh

1:42:11disorder thing but it's just kind of fun for me that okay now i have this personality on instagram

1:42:17and it's all but it's all about helping people and i am going to i'm trying to figure out how to

1:42:24put things out in snippets so that um it's digestible for the average person

1:42:30not just for no i get to speak openly about sra because of you but i don't do that

1:42:40uh i'm still sorting out how to to do things without getting put in a niche

1:42:46so i'm i want to reach as many people as possible to tell them that you know

1:42:52no matter who you are no matter what your your background no matter what your journey

1:42:57is healing is possible and joy is possible and the rubber band effect is true i've talked about

1:43:07that in the past but i got to experience it and you've heard about the rubber band effect right

1:43:13and so for listeners you know the the farther back in darkness you go when you let go of

1:43:18the rubber band the further you get so in in november i was dealing with excess joy

1:43:29i was so ungrounded for a few weeks ago well okay this is like anxiety because i still can't

1:43:34get pipe but it's really cool

1:43:40that's an imbalance and i went to my naturopath she said well i think that's a good problem to have everybody else has been coming in with depression so

1:43:51so there it's like it these experiences clean you out they scour you out

1:43:58and if you can appreciate that and appreciate your new vessel if you will then you can go and and help other people and spread the joy and um and the hope

1:44:14well i'm so grateful for you you're such a beautiful soul and your heart just radiates so brightly and and so does everything about you and i'm so grateful that you chose to come on here

1:44:23today and for people listening i will link her website and then if she's able to give me her

1:44:28instagram handle do you have a handle are people able to follow you on instagram or is that more of like your personal page kind of no i i made it public but you know it's not going to be real

1:44:38exciting stuff it's going to be just fun little things so it's okay yeah i'll have to figure

1:44:47out how to like me and technology oh it's always a work in progress there's so much and then once you

1:44:53learn it they add new features and do new stuff it's just you know never ends so i'll link all of

1:44:59her information below in the show notes please everybody continue to say prayers for kaelyn

1:45:04as she continues to sort out how to best present this information to the public and then speak out

1:45:11on platforms like this i think everybody that listens knows that spiritual attacks are real

1:45:17and there's a lot of opposition that doesn't want people like kaelin to have a voice and to be able

1:45:22to to share this information so people like like you and me can learn so continue to pray for

1:45:28her go support her business follow her on social media reach out to her contact her on her website

1:45:34hire her and just shower her with love and and compassion and take everything that she learned

1:45:40and spread that love and compassion with everybody that you come in contact with that that i think is the best way that you can honor kaelyn and the legacy that that she's creating and gonna leave

1:45:50behind so thank you all for listening god bless you and we will see you all next week

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Human Hunting

Posted on 2020, July, 26 by foxblog

A common theme of many survivors and illuminati whistleblowers is of human hunts, often children. These children are stripped naked, then given a small head start and then hunted with guns and either raped or tortured when found and /or shot and killed.

This article will almost exclusively cover human hunting. The horrors of other but related depraved illuminati Luciferian practices of child trafficking, child cannibalism, satanic ritual and sexual abuse and mind control only briefly touched upon.

If you have any doubt as to how the bloodline families regard the rest of us, this comment makes it clear... "They're children of a minor family, they're orphans, they're just trash, it doesn't matter they were killed" Kees van Korlaar

Cathy O'Brien described this in her book Tranceformation of America and she describes various incidents which are summarised in this article – A Most Dangerous Game – Human Hunting [37]

It is done

as training for the children

to reinforce programming that there is nowhere to hide

for the sadistic pleasure of the hunters

Cathys hunting occurred at

hunting lodge near Greybull, Wyoming
Swiss Villa, Amphitheatre in Lampe, Missouri
Mount Shasta, California compound
If caught children are beaten, raped by hunter or a dog, or killed.

Brice Taylor also describes being hunted, by George Bush Senior at Bob Hopes ranch in the Jordan Ranch area, after being injected with a drug. When Bush found her, he played “William Tell” and shot an apple from the top of her head and reinforced her “Shhh, don’t tell” monarch programming. See Brice Taylor was Hunted by George Bush Senior [38]

Clive Driscoll, an ex police Detective Inspector tells in his book how he followed up on leads from Operation Middleton from a girl called “Vicki” from Kent, whose story was that children were hunted, some were killed but she survived.

Police had superficially investigated, and they concluded that the evidence on the ground did not match her story. Years later Clive checked properly and found a bridge she talked about had been washed away, an old well she detailed was now just a deep hole and the blue lake she talked about bodies having been dumped in, had been a blue colour from cement factory waste and body parts of 5 people had in fact been found there!!

Vicki had also told stories of ritual abuse of children from a local children’s home in a church. Police had in fact filmed groups of people there, but tapes had gone “missing” by the time Clive came to investigate years later. Hunting Children in Kent [39]

Incompetent policing as an excuse only goes so far and when this happens time and again, it points to organised cover up.

Jessie Czebotar, an illuminati whistleblower previously predestined to be the Queen Mother of Darkness, tells her story of human hunting in this blog, adapted from her tweets How Deep The Magik Well Goes (SBFISong Part 5) [41]. I adapt it further here.

We gathered at Rothschilds Hunting Mansion (in the Black Forest) My training partner and those my age of bloodline had some free time to roam before the hunt began. Hunt is generic term used for the quarterly ritual wood game with children.

We loved exploring the Mansions, Manors, and Castles of the elite, The places hunts were at. So much to discover, So many hidden places to find. One of the Rothschild children was a living, walking tour guide commentary. He knew everything and was more than obliged to share it. As he took us on a private room to room tour, we were busy looking for all that he did not share – entrances, exits and places to hide. We did this everywhere we went because we knew it was vital for survival. The night hours pressed on after dinner. We got to watch the hunt begin from the balcony above.

One had to be careful to not find themselves on the property ground, that would make you fair game if caught, for rape or death, depending on your captors mood that night. One also had to be careful not to be caught inside the house. That was where the older men and women, no longer as limber and swift as they used to be, prowled.

When the host ushered everyone from the balcony indoors, the full game was on. It was better to be indoors than outside. That night, the littlest Rothschild we found crying in a corner. Since we had found an exit on the second floor, which would give us a hiding place till daybreak, we took the risk, picked him up, hushed him and carried him along.

As we got to the second floor we heard voices. That of the head of the estate and one of his grandsons. The grandson was fighting, resisting, trying to get away. We were in a hall with doors on both sides. Going back down the stairs was not an option, So we picked the closest room. We ran in and saw a large wardrobe. Little did we know that we had picked the wrong door to run into. That was the exact room the head of the estate dragged his grandson. When they entered the room, The three of us in the wardrobe barely breathed.

The youngest child sat on the left, my training partner in the middle, I was on the right. As things in the room progressed, Such anger overtook me I looked straight at those wardrobe doors with all intent of bursting out through them, and helping the grandson fight. My training partner caught the sheer dread upon the littlest ones face. He knew we might be excused for such an action, but we could not protect the littlest or the grandson from more severe consequences, should we decide to intervene.

So as he watched me, Seeing the determination, he made a split second decision that could have ended in consequences for himself. I felt his hand come around me. Then his hand across my mouth. His hand and arm remained firm and in place, signalling I would have to fight him to get out. In anger I surrendered to the call he made. The three of us hearing, listening, knowing the evils done to the grandson that night.

I hated the depths of evil I saw. It gripped the core of my heart, With an unexplainable pain. Depths of sorrow I could not allow. Those depths only led to death.

Silence became my fiercest enemy. Death of others my strongest foe, The price of defying. What was the price of being good?

The rapes are not just about the pedosadism. They use hunts, rituals, and daily life to train children to use the physical abuse to access the spiritual realm. The man who owned the estate used sexual intimacy and sex Magik as a means to relate and connect himself and his grandson with spiritual beings ie demons. Read this post and her series for more of Jessie's experiences. How Deep The Magik Well Goes (SBFISong Part 5) [41]

Unwelcome Ozian

[Update 2023 Nov 27 – I have conflated two stories mistakenly, one Chainless Slaves by Unwelcome Ozian and one Breaking the Chain by Svali , <https://deprogramwiki.com/programming/breaking-the-chain-a-book-by-former-illuminati-trainer-svali/> This will be corrected on a new post on human hunting currently in draft form]

In his free ebook U.W. Ozian written in 2014 Chainless Slaves [42], he describes the training of being hunted with dogs...

Hunting and tracking games where the prisoners are given a half hour lead are frequent. These may also involve the use of specially trained dogs taught to knock the quarry down but not kill them. Older children are taught to handle the dogs, and use them. Youth are taught to help the adults train the dogs.

Teens may be rewarded by becoming “youth leaders” who are allowed to plan the weeks activities. The military training will closely follow the principles of Nazi military and S.S. training. The trainers often speak in German to the children, who must learn the language. All C.O.s and high ranking adults speak in German during these exercises. They may also speak in French, since linguistic ability is encouraged in the Illuminati.

Exercises for older youth will include games where groups compete against each other, and the older teen leads, with the help of an adult advisor. Groups that win are rewarded, groups that lose are punished. The youth are taught to leave behind the weak, or slow members. Unfit members are shot or killed, and the youth leader learns to do these tasks.

They are taught to bring their unit through simulated battles with other units, and cool, cognitive logic under these conditions is rewarded. The goal is to create cognitive leaders inside the military systems, who are dissociated from emotions under the stress of battle conditions.

The youth and their followers are taught and trained in all manner of crowd control. They will see special films, that address all possible responses to a military takeover, and the crowds’ response. These situations are then acted out during exercises, and the older Youth leaders and their units are expected to deal with the different responses. The “crowd” is coached by their trainers to act in different ways.

The ultimate goal of all of this is to create an organized army of children, youth, and adults, who will know exactly what to do during the coming takeover of the world. The training that I described is going on not only in the U.S., but in every country in the world. Top training centers are located in Germany, Belgium, France, and Russia. Military trainers are often sent to these countries, to learn new techniques, then sent back to their home countries.

It is important to realize that military alters inside are extremely hierarchical. They will

often be ranked inside, with lower “foot soldiers” accountable to inside alters with increasing rank. Usually, the higher the military rank, the higher the alter will be inside the system. A soldier with no rank may not have much knowledge about, or pull, inside the system. Its only job is to blindly obey others, after years of conditioning to do this.

This helps explain what some of the training is for, the coming New World Order, which is being orchestrated now. If you look what is playing out in the racial divides that have currently been created, it may help explain that this is what many of the street leaders have been monarch mind controlled and programmed for, and extensively trained for.

Remember the book was written in 2014. They have been training for these times far longer than that. Jessie was chosen and arranged to be born on 24 April ready to be main character in the raising of the antichrist on 24th April some 40 odd years later. The illuminati plan in decades and centuries...

David Shurter

I and others, such as Fiona Barnett- who was trafficked from Australia, were taken to the Bohemian Grove as children, and we have witnessed pedophiles hunt for children amongst the redwood forest.

Hunting, raping and killing children for sport is a common feature of elite pedophile gatherings.

Concerning the Ranch Anton Scalia was Murdered at [58]

David Shurter and his book Rabbit Hole

Fiona Barnett, another whistleblower and survivor is covered extensively in my blog. A summary of her posts is here, and also the updated version of her free ebook. Fionas Barnetts Eyes Wide Open, updated, Lockdown Edition [44]

She describes one hunt.

[They] took me to national park land situated on the coast, between the Sutherland Shire and Kiama. I recall subtropical looking trees and foliage, and a picnic table laden with sweets and coloured cordial. A group of blond children were gathered around the table. The cordial was laced with drugs.

Later that night, a group of men from the local hunting clubs arrived in pick-up trucks, dressed in caps and gingham shirts, carrying hunting and surveillance gear. The children and I were stripped naked. I was taken aside and instructed to take the children and hide them.

Their lives were my responsibility, and if I failed – they would be killed. They painted something on my back before I briefed the children best I could. I had just turned six,

but my mental age was far older. I desperately told the children they were to run for their lives, stay as quiet as possible, and find somewhere far away to hide.

A gun was fired to mark the start of the hunt. I shouted at the kids to run. I drove them from behind like a cattle dog and pushed them up over the first hill. We were halfway up the second hill when I heard gunfire. Kids began dropping around me. When I realised all hope was gone – I took off. I dissociated from the pain and ran for hours and miles over hill and dale, through the wild fauna. A search party did not find me until the following afternoon.

Fiona also writes

USA Ritual Abuse victim David Shurter and I were trafficked to Bohemian Grove as children. There I was dressed as a teddy bear and made to participate in a pedophile hunt amidst the redwood forest, and was drugged and raped by Reverend Billy Graham in a pink bubble themed cabin.

Hunting, raping and killing children for sport is a common feature of elite Luciferian pedophile gatherings.

In 1966, the USA branch of the Bohemian-founded all-male secret Order of Saint Hubertus (aka the American Knights) held its first ever meeting at the all-male secret Bohemian Club in San Francisco. The Bohemian Club owns Bohemian Grove. So, Bohemian Grove is a Luciferian pedophile club that provides opportunity for attendees to engage in their favourite pastime – hunting children for sport. This is the real hunger games.

Sue Arrigo, another whistleblower, who worked for the CIA, tells the story of a hunt and killing of a black man, on the streets of Washington DC, by a person from the White House who was seen doing it... See Dr. Sue Arrigo and the CIA: Timeline, Links, Torture Photos [19]

I then enquired about their methodology of hunting a man in a city the size of DC. He said that they picked a black person by name, and used satellites and sophisticated equipment to track him through the city as he left work. Then after their meeting they went out to a bar and got loaded. Then they went out and “painted the town red”.

I objected and said that he had said one man. He said that one got more points if one killed that man, but that one could get points for killing any black person, less for a Hispanic, or Oriental. He pulled out the scoring sheet. It gave more points for killing with a knife, and more points for biting into the heart. I asked him about the risk of his turning HIV from that. He said the virus was safe for a “blow job” and for “big cherry picking” (the euphemism for cutting the heart out of the chest to perform the ritual cannibalism that supposedly allowed you to gain the personal power of the victim).

He told me one cover-up horror story in which the VIP was not wearing a mask and because of his position in the White House was recognized by about 20 people as he shot a boy and then sodomized him as he was dying on the street under a street light! He said it took the CIA and FBI a couple of months to kill all the witnesses and most of them were not even black. The VIP was coming out of a DC Party on an estate in a nice section of town. The fallout was truly massive. A lot of DC socialites got listed as committing suicide in short order. It was remembered in the CIA as the Summer of Blonde Suicides.

The HIV positive man that I did the autopsy on was a homosexual CIA officer who doubled as a Vice Squad cop on the DC streets. His file showed that he was a pedophile who was stealing kids from bathrooms, if they were good at giving him a blow-job with his pistol cocked to their temple. He had “accidentally pulled the trigger once too often” and caused the CIA’s clean up teams to come out to public bathrooms. The man was into his next kid and still getting a blow job when Clean Up came.

Dr. Sue Arrigo and the CIA: Timeline, Links, Torture Photos [19]

Sue Arrigo wrote that “big cherry picking” was the euphemism for cutting the heart out of the chest to perform the ritual cannibalism that supposedly allowed you to gain the personal power of the victim. [77] Knowing that then read Vigilant Citizen’s good article on the Meaning of Netflix’s “Brand New Cherry Flavor”: A Celebration of Occult Hollywood [74]

FieldMouse on twitter @lone_horse has also experienced hunting children See FieldMouse [57]

Hunting Testimony in the Belgium DuTroux Affair

This had very little to do with Dutroux but as usual the main perpetrators were not tried. However after the affair, for the first time victims knew who could be trusted and came forward...

See

Belgian X Dossiers of the Marc Dutroux Affair [51]

Belgian X Dossiers of the Marc Dutroux Affair Appendix [50]

Sarah Ashcraft, illuminati whistleblower...

Sarah Ashcraft’s drawing of child hunt

Becki Percy has also claimed to be a victim of human hunting in England Human Hunting of Becki Percy [40]

ICLCJ Common law court has also heard testimony from witnesses about human Hunting. Judy Byington, on whom I did an article several years ago Twenty Two Faces by Judy Byington [32] , has confirmed to me that she has listened to the tapes European Royals Killing Naked Children for Fun at Human Hunting Parties? [55]

Four eyewitnesses confirmed that as children and youths they were forced to attend human hunting parties where they and other children were raped, with some killed, and deceased boy's penises were cut off. Allegedly there was a Dutch countryside palace where boys' penises were displayed like trophies on a wall. Some hunting parties were hosted on the grounds of Netherlands Queen Beatrix's Palace.

Boys penises as trophies on the wall

(Illustrative only [76])

Alleged to be present during the human hunting parties were the late Prince Johan Friso and his wife Mabel Wisse Smit, former ministers, the top man of the Dutch army, the under secretary of the Raad Van State in the Netherlands, the Viceroy next to Queen Beatrix and other global business and political leaders including some from the US. "Surely the present King Willem Alexander and King Filip and their wives know about this abuse and murder of children" said one eyewitness. "They do nothing about it and likely are the ones to stop investigations and prosecutions."

Teens were drugged, stripped naked, raped, hunted down in the woods and killed by European royals according to this week's latest eyewitness to testify before the International Common Law Court of Justice in Brussels. The woman was the fourth eyewitness to give accounts about these human hunting parties of the global elite Ninth Circle Satanic Child Sacrifice Cult network. A former member of the Netherlands criminal drug syndicate known as Octopus testified that victims were obtained for these human hunting parties from juvenile detention centers in Belgium and Holland.

"In 2004 I was an involuntary witness to torture, rape and murder sessions of drugged children performed for a group of high ranked people of the Netherlands" stated a woman. "I was taken to a hunting party in Belgium close to Brussels where I saw two boys and a girl ages 14 to 16, hunted and killed by global elites. The human hunting party was heavily guarded by the Netherlands Royal Guards. I was told that King Albert of Belgium was present."

Human hunting parties were said to take place on the grounds of Dutch Queen Beatrix's Palace in the Netherlands. Two witnesses have named former Pope Joseph Ratzinger and Queen Beatrix's father the deceased Prince Alfrink Bernhard, as being present at child sacrifices. Both were said to be Nazi sympathizers.

Dick Cheney, a veteran of child sexual abuse, torture and child human hunting reportedly extends this to adults also. Lawyer Harry Whittington was a pretty big-wig in Texas politics. On February 11th or 12th 2006, on the Armstrong Ranch, Cheney did

not give him a head start, and it is debateable whether this was a human hunting accident or attempted murder...

Harry recently decided to clear up some of the misconceptions. First of all, Dick Cheney was NOT his friend, and he was NOT on a quail-hunting trip with fellow enthusiasts. It appears that he had received an 'invitation he couldn't refuse' to be the guest of honor at a remote private property just minutes from the Mexican border.

After teaching him the rules of the hunt, VP Cheney unloaded his Perazzi-Brescia over-under 28-gauge shotgun directly toward Harry's face and shoulder. Although he claimed to have achieved the enviable shot (all pellets within an 18" grouping) from 30 yards away, other hunting experts suspect he may be bragging just a little.

After the shooting, the VP and his staff decided to not bother the local authorities, and to take care of Harry themselves throughout the night as he lay bleeding. This gave them additional time to discuss some of their disagreements and come to a better understanding of how politics works.

Miraculously Harry lived through the night, and by the next afternoon had agreed to apologize to the Vice President and his family, to keep the bloody vest as a reminder, and of course to never give an interview or discuss their trip. Cheney's staff then transported Harry to a hospital.

See When Dick Cheney shot Harry Whittington – the most dangerous game [52]

Justice Scalia, his suspicious death and the Order of St Hubertus

Torturer and paedosadist Cheney often goes hunting with other political figures. He went duck hunting with Justice Antonin Scalia in Louisiana, a trip that drew criticism because the Supreme Court had just agreed to hear a case involving Mr. Cheney's energy task force. However they are all in the same club, and we are not. [52]

Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States from 1986 until his death in 2016, Scalia himself died in suspicious circumstances at Cibolo Creek Ranch, a 30,000-acre VIP resort located in West Texas, 100 miles from the Mexican border, in the Chinati Mountains and owned by John Poindexter.

It is often frequented by international 17th-century hunting society Order of St Hubertus, and many members were present when Scalia died.

Scalia's family refused an autopsy, and a Texan judge ruled Scalia's death 'natural causes' without even viewing the body.

David Shurter ranks Scalia as “one of the top three worst” pedophiles who abused him throughout his youth. So when news broke of Scalia’s strange death, the monster’s former victims got talking. News spread fast among this group that Scalia had in fact been murdered by a 13-year-old boy at a Texan ranch. The child apparently took a dislike to Scalia’s approach to rape, was triggered – and slit his perpetrator’s throat. [44]

The USA branch of the Order of St Hubertus, aka the ‘American Knights’, held its first ever meeting at the Bohemian Club in San Francisco Concerning the Ranch Anton Salia was Murdered at [58]. It is said that the Bohemian Club owns Bohemian Grove, and both places feature images of the pagan god Molech which is depicted as an owl, but elsewhere it is claimed that Somerset Belanoff owns it.

People assume the word Bohemian stems from the club’s artistic origins. The true origin of this name formed the basis of my 2016 article Bohemian Grove, Pedo Hunting Parties and Rent Boy Ranch, written in the wake of USA Chief Justice Antony Scalia’s untimely death. See – Pedophiles Down Under Bohemian Grove, Pedo Hunting Parties and Rent Boy Ranch [28]

An Omaha child trafficking and ritual abuse victim, Shurter described USA Chief Justice Scalia as a violent Luciferian pedophile. When news broke of Scalia’s odd death, the judge’s former victims got talking. News spread fast among this group that Scalia had in fact been murdered by a 13-year-old boy at a Texan ranch.[59]

The child victim was apparently triggered by Scalia’s sadistic approach to rape – and slit his perpetrator’s throat. This version of events might explain why Scalia’s family refused an autopsy, why a Texan judge ruled his death ‘natural causes’ without even viewing the body, and why the FBI declined to investigate Scalia’s death after the marshals told them he died of natural causes.

This scenario gains credibility when we consider the history of the Cibolo Creek property where Scalia died. An article in Veterans Day online magazine originally referred to the property as, ‘Rent Boy Ranch, playground for Mick Jagger and Charlie Sheen.’ The article was promptly blocked in the USA and later edited to exclude any reference to it being a pedophile establishment. So, what is it about this property, and why was it nicknamed ‘Rent Boy Ranch’?

Bohemian Grove, Pedo Hunting Parties and Rent Boy Ranch [59]

Fionas Barnett’s Eyes Wide Open, updated, Lockdown Edition [44]

Whilst there does not appear to be direct public evidence of the Order of St Hubertus being a human hunting club, nor that Scalia is involved then according to a first hand witness, USA Chief Justice Scalia was a Luciferian and a violent child rapist, and certainly Scalia and the order of St Hubertus are suspected of human hunting.

Artwork at Cibollo Creek Ranch

Another version of the Bohemian Grove is what I believe this ranch to be – a place where rich people are able to hunt children down like animals- which is just one small aspect of their perverted and dark activities. David Shurter [58]

Anne Marie van Blijenburgh.

This is the wife of Kees van Korlaar, who tells of her experiences in the Netherlands of her husband and the psychopathic elite. Although titled human hunting, it appears to be less hunting than child killing, sacrifice and rituals. The sound on the video is not good, so the transcript is included below.

Prominent Dutch figures including Queen Beatrix and many named others, at the killings. This former Dutch 'queen' Beatrix, mother of current Dutch 'king' Willem-Alexander.

2014 YouTube Eye witness of the human hunting parties of the worlds "elite" with transcription [602]

Transcript from 2014 of Anne Marie van Blijenburgh's testimony about child murders in Belgium Human Hunting Parties [34]

Same video I think, on bitchute

Bitchute Puf Mijn naam is Anne Marie van Blijenburgh. Ik ben 24 jaar getrouwd geweest met Kees van Korlaar [66]

My name is Anne Marie van Blijenburgh. I have been married for twenty four years to Kees van Korlaar. Together with his three brothers, Kees van Korlaar forms a criminal organization known as the Octopus Syndicate (ed. Note: This is a slang term in Holland for Ndrangheta, the modern Italian -based Mafia). They have worked from 1960 on to today. By order of Queen Beatrix they have organized the murder, torture, rape and killing of children in a public setting. They organized that through youth detention centers in the Netherlands.

The youth detention centers were told by the criminals that they were asking for the Dutch court for children who could work for the Dutch Queen for a certain period. The detention centers were very happy, they thought that Queen Beatrix was a very social person, and they gladly volunteered in giving files of certain children to the criminals. When they wanted to verify what the criminals told them, they were given a name and a phone number of a high ranking officer in the court of Queen Beatrix, and that high

ranking officer would tell them that indeed the criminals were seeking children to work for a certain period at the Dutch court.

After receiving files of approximately three children every time, the criminals selected a child that had no relative or family. They told the youth detention center that those are the ones we want, the youth detention center would give clothes to the child and put the child on the train to Zwolle.

In Zwolle, the criminals fetched the child from the station and brought it to a building that was equipped like a hotel but was not working as a hotel, although there were people in the lobby as if the hotel was working.

The child was put on a table and was given something to drink and with that drink the child was drugged. Beside that hotel was a building where the performance took place.

In that building there were people were sitting down and at a certain moment the child was brought into that building by the criminals, was tortured, raped and brutally murdered in front of those people.

The audience was around Prince Johann Friso, the second son of Queen Beatrix. I was told that Johann Friso was quite insane and had an unhealthy interest in young children and had a psychiatrist with him every day of his life.

That psychiatrist's name was Guus Pareau Dumont. The criminals organized those killings in accordance with Queen Beatrix, she paid for the killings.

And the criminals asked Johann Friso to bring his relatives and friends with him, so the whole building was filled with very important people from the Netherlands: ministers, high ranking officers and all kinds of people that the criminals could photograph so they could blackmail those people and get criminal advantages from that.

Question: Could you name some of the people who were present?

The people who I recognized there were Prince Johann Friso, his psychiatrist Guus Pareau Dumont.

I recognized Johann's wife Mabel Wisse Smit, she was there with an old man – I think it was George Soros.

I recognized a Herr Donner, a former minister of the law department, the viceroy of the Netherlands,

I recognized Ernst Hirsch Ballin, a very important former Minister of Justice,

I recognized a Mr. van den Emster, he was for years the head of all judges in the Netherlands,

I recognized Dick Berlijn, he's a former head of the military department in the Netherlands.

I recognized a very important journalist.

I recognized Carla Eradus, the wife of Friso's psychiatrist Guus Pareau Dumont, Carla

is the President of the Court in Amsterdam, a judge.

I recognized Mark Rutte, he's at this moment the President of the Netherlands.

I recognized Geert Wilders, he is at this moment the head of the political party PVV and head of the Dutch Parliament.

There were about fifty people every time I was taken there. I have been taken there three times.

I have seen every time that they killed a child, I have seen two boys killed and one girl killed. I presume they were children from the Netherlands, I presume they came from detention centers and were recruited in the way I have told.

Question: You said that officials at the detention center thought that the children had been eaten?

I asked a journalist of the paper De Telegraaf in 2005 or 2006 to look that up for me and to publish in the newspaper what was happening.

The journalist told me he had checked my story with all the youth detention centers in the Netherlands and had spoken to people who had indeed given those files to the criminals and they thought that the children they put on the train were going to be solicited to work in the court of Queen Beatrix.

And some of those detention center people told the journalist that they thought that Queen Beatrix was eating those children up because they were putting them on the train to Zwolle and they never saw those children again or ever heard about them anymore.

Question: Do you know what happened to the remains of the children who died, where they were buried or what they did with them?

Yes unfortunately I know, yes. They were first thrown in a container behind the building where they were murdered, a cooling container. After certain performances the container was brought to Belgium where they had a piece of land where they put the children in a hole.

Question: What is the name of the place in Belgium, do you know?

I must look it up, I found it but I must look it up.

Question: What is it that you'd like to see happen about all of this?

I want to see those criminals forever locked up.

Question: You haven't received any help in the Netherlands, you said.

Not one thing, no, it's terrible, from 2004 to today. I have spoken with every policeman I

could find, and every law official, I've talked to INTERPOL about this, I've been to court to try to get a the prosecutor to convict this and investigate the matter.

The court told me it wasn't my problem, it was a problem of society, and the court didn't want to give an order to the prosecutor to investigate. I have done literally everything to clear this up. I have the idea that everything is stopped because Queen Beatrix is involved and the Dutch court is involved. And every time somebody wants to investigate they slap him on the shoulders and say don't do that because Queen Beatrix doesn't want it.

Queen Beatrix with Marina Abramovic

Question: Are you willing to give this testimony in another court, say a Common Law Court?

Yes. I have no objection about that. I am very very angry, if you've seen what I've seen, it always stay with me. I can't put it aside because it's one of the cruelest things I have seen, it's horrible, it's really horrible.

The idiots. One time when I was going back to my home, my husband who took me there, he drugged and he let me see that and he brought me back to my home a hundred kilometers away. And during that ride I suddenly came to my senses,

I suddenly discovered that it was a child that I had seen killed.

I burst out into tears.

My husband [Kees van Korlaar] was driving and he put his arm to me and he said, "Don't bother, they're children of a minor family, they're orphans, they're just trash, it doesn't matter they were killed." It's horrible. I can't describe it.

Kees van Korlaar

It's horrible those people were sitting there and looking and not doing anything.

Question: And your husband is still alive.

He's still alive and he's still killing people.

If you just think how many people since 2004 have been killed, it's been ten years, they kill perhaps ten or twenty people a year if not more, it's horrible.

I have shown the police four places in the Netherlands they use as grave yards for people they killed. Never, never, has any policeman ever taken the trouble to look.

Question: Can you name those four places?

Yes I can name them, I can show them, but I will put them to you by email. But the criminals know I have told the police, they've had every opportunity to let the bodies disappear, I know two places where it is difficult for them to disappear...

But normally in the Netherlands when you find a body in a house with blood, the police go with 20 or 30 people to investigate. But when I say to the police I know four places in the Netherlands they use as a graveyard, and every graveyard perhaps 20 or 50 perhaps 100 bodies are buried there, nobody is looking, nobody goes to those places.

Question: Can you tell us your name please and the date today?

Today is the fifth of June 2014 and my name is Anne Marie van Blijenburgh.

Transcript from 2014 of Anne Marie van Blijenburgh's testimony about child murders in Belgium Human Hunting Parties [34]

This IS how they view us – “They're children of a minor family, they're orphans, they're just trash, it doesn't matter they were killed”

Chaurisse, in the following video, describes being with young children on a human hunt at 1hr:10 mins – 1hr:13min

progbyfreemasons

Odyssey Programmed By Freemasons You Won't Believe What She Survived! [65c]

Chaurisse describes a human hunt in this harrowing interview at 1hr:10 mins – 1hr:13min . Cheney is mentioned in passing. For transcript see Chaurisse Programmed by Freemasons. You wont believe she survived [65y]

These videos also appear to cover human hunting but I have not watched them

Disclosure Library Royals Hunting Children For Sport 1 [46]

Royals Hunting Children For Sport Part II [47]

Royals Hunting Children For Sport Part III [48]

I have recently come across Cheryl Beck's hunting experience...

Screenshot 2022-01-07 190225Screenshot 2022-01-07 190313Screenshot 2022-01-07 190335

“I was in a “Pan Man” Hunt that originated out of the dungeon level of the Catholic Mission near my hometown in S.Calif. Tunnel under busy two lane hwy to Private Park they owned.

Naked men, incl. priests, painted their bodies in green camo. We little ones were...scared by them and told to run through the tunnel and out into the black night of

the "Park" which was simply a wild forested area at the time. We were naked "little pigs", cutting our feet, falling down, etc...in the dark. I think I was 5yrs old. I didn't run far, what was.....was the point? I just sat on the ground against a tree trunk and waited for the inevitable. When I hear branches snapping nearby, I got up to try to run...because IF you don't "play" you end up dead. I was grabbed and raped, then hauled to the center area where they had poles...and ropes. 2 children per set of poles tied like game at our wrists and ankles with our two captors on each end. Others hoisted the poles up and put them on the shoulders of our rapist Pan men (boys and girls). They took great delight in jostling us roughly as they carried us...back through the tunnel and into the dungeon. With this Pan Ritual, plenty of alcohol flows constantly, and fruits/vegetables are piled onto a large heavy wooden table.

We children were then untied from the pole and placed in dungeon cells where the men could select a ...

...different child to slap down on the banquet table and rape incl. making us eat... ad nauseum.

Then came the ritual child sacrifice(s), we were just scattered around the floor OUTSIDE the Ritual Circle with the Pan Men Captors who were very intoxicated at this point.

You do not...make mistakes in a Ritual Circle, so sober men did the sacrifice(s). They had made we children drink alcohol, or made us eat alcohol-infused fruit, so everything that happened after the Hunt gets blurry.

There's always the blood/flesh orgy after sacrifice(s), but some were far...too drunk to continue to rape.

One year the Pan Man Hunt took place in a remote Lagoon where the men lurked in the water, and all of us sent out into the murky water could at least float.

Obviously, I was not put in the bow and arrow hunts or rifle hunts, but I overheard their...gloatings over their preferred victims of those the N-word Hunts. They liked "the sport" of using grown men obtained from prisons that "nobody would ever miss", i.e. no family visits/contact on a regular basis. Some of these hunts took place on horseback with "hounds treeing..

..those g.d. 'coons'. God, I hated those men! My bloodline Family were American Nazis. Sorry.

I must stand as a witness for all these who did not survive."

Islington Survivors list suspicious Night Walks in Forests which were opportunities for abuse or even ritual abuse... Islington Survivors Holidays [70]

Night walks in forests

The numbers of night walks in forests after having been abandoned and left to their own devices to find their way back to a campsite or vehicle is nothing short of shocking.

These 'trips' are on record from Conewood St, Elwood St, Gisburne House, Grosvenor Avenue and Highbury Crescent and to different forests. The stories from survivors, both women and men, are similar. They speak of absolute terror, of men trying to pick them up in cars and of hearing children crying. Some cannot even speak of what happened. ISN think that this was a very specific way of exposing children to abuse. One woman has described to ISN a boy returning to a vehicle with his hair 'literally standing on end'

and slumped over the bonnet of the car – she never knew what had happened but knew it was something terrible. [70]

Anneke Lucas briefly mentions a hunt

“...it was in the kitchen of a castle, it was after a hunt in daytime and their prey was lying on the floor and um the subject came up that i was a freebie...” Anneke Lucas Pimped by her mother to the Belgian Network [71] There is ore in Anneke’s book

Jeannette Archer – Hunting games, they play them. Children are brought in by the van loads from children’s homes, from the satanic families like the one Jeanette grew up in. Taken from captivity and stripped naked. Wristbands on the children told the satanist whether they could kill them or they had to be left alive. Jeanette got the wristband that said she couldn’t be killed because she came from a Satanic family. Older girls would be silent, because they knew not to make a sound. The younger kids would be crying. They would wait for the sounds of the bugle. They don’t just hunt foxes, they hunt kids. They would take the younger children’s hands and run. Men would chase, women would watch on and cheer. The men would hunt, rape and kill the children. Children left alive vs killed was 1 in 10. She would have to walk over the dead bodies and go back to the starting point. Some of the children were not quite dead, and would be still wiggling as she walked back. The hunting games were easy compared to the rituals. In the hunting games they were only raped by one person in the course of an evening, vs. the rituals where there would be 10-40 people raping the kids in one evening. Worst memories was watching the young children that got killed in the woods. Lifting the Wool Jeannette and the Shapeshifter Queen [72]

James Rink – They would hunt us at the Burnworthy Mansion in the UK where Jacob Rothschild took particular interest in me.... – Supersoldier Talk Human Hunting [73]

Svali, ex Jesuit and Illuminati mind control programmer, exposes the trafficking industry – Svali Speaks Again Exposing the International Sex Trade [75]

Kristy Allen mentions human hunting c.36 mins

36:14 he took us up to the los alamos and wrote entrance of the tunnel we were all strip naked and taken to the beach where

36:21 we were told that we would we had to make it to Guadalupe Beach without being

36:26 shot or we would not live we were going to be hunted we had to swim or climb around the first set of rocks to get to

36:32 the beach it was a low tide so it was fairly safe to swim the moon was out so we could see but then so could the

36:38 people who were hunting us we all stuck together at first but the slower ones who

couldn't swim very well were shot

36:44 with a tranquilizer gun but we thought they were real guns and we were terrified we used the shadows we helped each other

36:50 as much as we could there was one part of the rocks that we couldn't get around or over without a rope and dr was tall

36:56 so he found a rope and set it up for the rest of us when we got to Guadalupe

37:02 Beach we used the sand to cover up in we then rammed through the sand dunes as a shortcut down the road we were running

37:07 down the road naked and had escaped there were six of us who never were shot at that night now it started out as a

37:13 lot a lot larger group and there's the names now I don't remember this but I

37:20 can corroborate that we hung out and did a lot of place together we were kind of the smart kids and called ourselves the family so as I look

37:27 back and have now become aware of technology used in the MKULTRA programs I feel that it's more than probable that

37:33 a Mindwipe had occurred when we woke up on the beach early in the morning dazed

37:38 and anxious and all I could say is Erik you've got to get me home Erik get me home I was really worried about what my

37:45 mother was going to think what I do remember is that made us memorize the Jabberwocky that

37:51 was written by Lewis Carroll who is a famous pedophile he also wrote Alice in Wonderland now

37:57 this comes in handy a little bit later in my research I found that children have been used in all wars so for me

38:04 it's not hard to believe that adolescent super soldiers were used for the Vietnam War

itnjkrystyallen

[https://odysee.com/@WakeUpMirror:3/Kristy-Allen—MK-Ultra,-SRA-Survivor-\(ITNJ-Sea ting\):1](https://odysee.com/@WakeUpMirror:3/Kristy-Allen—MK-Ultra,-SRA-Survivor-(ITNJ-Sea ting):1)

See 2022 Jun 28 UT5- Kristy Allen Mormon Ritual Abuse and MKUltra [UT62]

I have not included sacrifice in this blog, just human hunting.

Human Hunting in the Art, TV, Movies and Media

Of course the mockingbird corporate media does not cover the real stories of human hunting unless it is someone of no importance to them. Police found shackles, stun weapons, and tapes and DVD's about "murder, sexual deviance, and 'hunting humans,'" according to an affidavit posted by the Morning Call. It would be interesting to obtain the footage, if it has not gone "missing".

Washington Post Man with 'hunting humans' videos charged with killing colleague whose bones were found in his yard [18a]

If anyone has any doubts that part of the job of the corporate illuminati controlled media is to normalise human hunting this Mail article should disabuse you.

The Mail is entirely uncritical of the idea that human hunting could be a sport in the future... 2016 Mail Could Hunger Games become a reality? Hunting HUMANS may be a hobby for the rich in the next 100 years [27]

The paper is by Daniel William McKenzie Wright – a tourism expert from the University of Central Lancashire.

It is published somewhat unsurprisingly by Elsevier, who own many journals. The corporation is one of the main reasons present day science has become so perverted from the idea of "study of knowledge". They control what is published, and therefore what science "is" and what "peer review" is, and hence what is funded. Also think coronavirus...

Science Direct (Elsevier) [61]

The illuminati always delight in portraying their psychopathic paedophilic paedovore behaviour in art.

This serves many purposes

1. Show their invincibility and control

2. Show and laud it over the people
 3. A wink and titillation to their supporters
 4. To gradually inveigle their depraved behaviour into society.
- This is “art” from Aleksandra Waliszewska showing naked child hunts, and children wearing the red shoes made of human skin.

Unique Things [2]

Art and ownership of art is also a multipurpose

Money laundering

Flaunt their membership of the single eye club

Blackmail – they are told to buy it for large sums and display their “guilt”

Assimilate the ideas into society

Wink to their supporters

Movies on human hunting has been covered well and in different ways by

Anonymous Sage twitter thread [20]

Fighting Monarch Hunting Humans: The Most Dangerous Game [45]

The History That Inspired Movies About Humans Hunting Humans [13]

Fighting Monarch also details some actual human hunting stories [45]

It surprised me that there are so many movies, this is not a complete list...

The Most Dangerous Game follows a big game hunter being hunted by an aristocrat, and established the format for these movies in 1932 though the novel it's based on goes back even further. It set the precedent for films of this ilk. Another version released in 2017. It concerns the mad Count Zaroff, who hunts human beings.[45]

Surviving The Game rich people chasing down the homeless

Deliverance rednecks targeting city slickers

Turkey Shoot people hunting criminals

Death Race 2000

The Running Man

Hard Target

Gymkata

The Man with the Golden Gun

Apocalypso

Hunted – A window into a bloodline family that has an occasional hunt for humans when a new family member is added.

Hostel A trilogy – a mysterious organization that tortures and kills kidnapped tourists

Hunger Games A slight twist on the theme, more gladiators but still enjoyment of the hunt and kill for the perpetrators.

The Hunt is the latest movie to adopt the formula, as rich liberals set out to kill rural conservatives.

Ready or Not 2019

Samara Weaver covered in blood just as the Illuminati like...

Samara of course, like many victims of the hunts as well, is a Monarch mind controlled slave, her beta kitten programming shown by cat tattoo and catprint shoes...

They are good actors as they have many mind controlled alters (alternate personalities)

It is no doubt worth someone studying further and making a comprehensive list and of those who act, direct, and produce such depravity.

I am also told that Game of Thrones Ramsay Bolton hunts girls for fun with his hounds.

Vigilant Citizen has written this good article on the Meaning of Netflix's "Brand New Cherry Flavor": A Celebration of Occult Hollywood [74] Sue Arrigo wrote that "big cherry picking" was the euphemism for cutting the heart out of the chest to perform the ritual cannibalism that supposedly allowed you to gain the personal power of the victim. Dr Sue Arrigo and the CIA, Timeline, links and Torture pics [77]

Human hunting is part and parcel of the psychopathic, parasitical, predator, illuminati "elites" way of life alongside, satanic ritual abuse, magik rituals, cannibalism, torture, monarch mind control, and other sick depraved practices.

They flaunt their invincibility in partaking in this human hunting in many forms. What are we going to do about it and when?

Children mind controlled since birth, drugged, hunted, then raped, tortured and killed –

this is what your Luciferian leaders do.

Thankyou to all who participated in the Open Source research for this on twitter

The research threads are here

Human Hunting research twitter thread 1 [62]

Human Hunting research twitter thread 2 [63]

My old human hunting thread of only 4 examples is here – Human Hunting Thread 1.

#AMostDangerousGame #CathyOBrien #GeorgeBush #DickCheney [35]

I will be making a new thread here, including the information in this post – New human hunting thread [36]

The Human Hunting thread...

New human hunting thread [36]

(note one typo mistake, in the thread I put Dutroux as Dutch and of course it should be Belgian)

and Human Hunting thread on @threadreaderapp [64]

end of Human Hunting article.

Current Affairs

Just to finish on a few items in the news since last article and about to come up...

Do not take them as definitive or comprehensive, I am just trying to start marking some key events.

Timeline

2020 March 23 UK Coronavirus fear psyop lockdown, other countries vary

April 24 Antichrist takes his position at head of Illuminati

May Obama takes over from Soros as head of Satanic Council []

May 25th Race Riots BLM/Antifa fear psyop

June 22 c. Bubba Wallace fake noose subplot, part of divide by race #fearpsyop [80]

June 24 c. Flynn case dropped, almost ending the conspiracy to frame Flynn, as he knows where the Illuminati have buried the bodies, and start of a counteroffensive using

the documentation now achieved through this Michael Flynn case dismissed: Judge Sullivan's novel actions served injustice [81]

c. 2020 June 27 It appears relaunch of Russia, Russia, Russia, psyop /Afghanistan

2020 Jul 2 Ghislaine Maxwell Arrested []

2020 July 17 Broward County wear mask in home
<https://webapps6.broward.org/newsrelease/View.aspx?intMessageId=12297>

2020 july 20 Full moon/
<https://www.sott.net/article/438349-Family-on-house-arrest-after-mother-tested-positive-for-coronavirus-forced-to-wear-ankle-tags>

2020 jul 20/21/22 Kanye presidential bid, breakdown tweets etc 20/21/22/

2020 Jul 21 Facebook bans mask groups Facebook is suspending #antimask groups... Who are these corporations to censor the truth and dissent to false mockingbird media narrative?
<https://theverge.com/2020/7/20/21331060/anti-mask-groups-facebook-misinformation...>
#facebook #censorship

2020 Jul c. 19/20 Teigen hysterical meltdowns over people calling her out of pedophile tweets. Reckons she blocked over a million.

2020 Jul 21 Twitter says they will ban Q accounts, day before they have to give evidence to court of and 4 days after Q leaked their shadowban /ban app. part of Social Media crackdown on truth psyop over (Last 4 days at least i have been shadowbanned)
[]

2020 July 22 is the day that Twitter is supposed to provide documentation to Jim Jordan regarding Twitter censorship of conservative accounts. Link to docs below.
<https://republicans-judiciary.house.gov/wp-content/uploads/2020/07/Twitter.pdf...>

2020 July[]
<https://www.breitbart.com/tech/2020/07/20/verizon-att-t-mobile-shut-down-trump-campaign-texting-program/>

2020 July[] <https://prayingmedic.com/2020/07/22/the-social-media-purge-of-qanon/>

2020 July[] 2020 Jul 22 EonOnline Kim Kardashian Speaks Out About Kanye West's Mental Health
<https://www.eonline.com/news/1172698/kim-kardashian-speaks-out-about-kanye-west-s-mental-health?source=twitter-enews&medium=link-post&cmpid=social&content=organi>

c Damage limitation psyop over Kanye and Illuminati

2020 Jul 25 [] Guardian Extinction Rebellion protest on River Thames [gearing up for September psyop protests]
<https://www.theguardian.com/environment/2020/jul/25/extinction-rebellion-protest-river-thames-sadiq-kahn-silvertown-tunnel>

2020 Jul 27th Jack of Twitter to appear in Congress [] (with other social media CEO's?)

2020 Jul 30 Maxwell docs released []
<https://www.miamiherald.com/news/state/florida/article244432782.html>

2020 Jul 30 Julian Assange ?[]

2020 Jul 30/31 Rihanna launches some crap [only interested to RT Rihanna thread]

The proposal to scrap jury trials is an assault on the cornerstone of our justice system

Operation legend It is up to you to spread the word. There is a Deep State plan to kill a small child during Operation Legend, triggering massive chaos. Using one federal agent and one gun to bring Trump down. Be Loud.
<https://twitter.com/ETheFriend/status/1286461749043101703>

Fear and Division Psyops

The illuminati are desperate not to be wiped out and to implement their plans for an earth controlled by the satanic illuminati.

To this end, now they have installed the antichrist in position Antichrist Rising – The When and Where and How... [63] and replaced Soros with Obama as Head of the Satanic Council Obama is now running the Satanic Council [69] They are carrying on with their fear psyops to achieve their ends, including the introduction of the New World Order, with one of their primary weapons the mockingbird corporate media.

Fear and Divide by Race Psyop Riots, violence, Defunding Police, autonomous zones, Gun Control of the people, Statues, Subplots- Nooses (Jussie and Bubba)
Fear and Divide by Climate Change Psyop Greta, Extinction Rebellion and Corporate Scientism dressed up as science and concern for the environment, in fact controlling people via green tax and insisting that it is peoples fault (not corporations!) The climate change psyop is due to restart at the start of September.
Fear and Divide Families by the Trans Agenda Psyop. Diminishing men and women in

name of Trans Rights, leading to TransHuman Agenda, and chipping people to control them. then comes monitoring and control by 5G.

Fear and Divide People by Coronavirus Psyop, Social distancing, mask wearing, Divide by geographic area eg Leicester England, divide by treatment cheap hydrochloroquine v patented chemicals, track and trace leading to dna altering vaccine for all

Fear and Divide – by any Anti Trump Psyop scenarios eg Russia Russia Russia, eg Anti Barr, impeachment of anyone they can, on false evidence

This is all backed by Mockingbird Media and dark forces still in Government, Judiciary and Intelligence Services and corporations.

Yes, some aspects of criticism of the system are justified. In this article I attack the judiciary and police. Yes they need vast reform.

But why have our systems got into this state?

Precisely because they were designed like this by the iluminati themselves. they were designed to be corrupt and unfair, and act for them not us.

Why do the illuminati want to defund the police at this time?

Precisely because they know that a sudden change will cause chaos and disorder in itself and enable the most violent to take over, and they control the most evil and violent forces.

They want to bring in order from chaos as their plan to introduce the New World Order. Why do they want masks?

They want a compliant population – hence the extraordinary fear emphasis about coronavirus and on unnecessary masks. The mask is a symbol of your compliance, as well as your part in the ritual of accepting the New Abnormal.

They will continue operating all their fear psyops, because this ensures the most compliant population so that they can bring in their plans.

FEAR = COMPLIANCE

The climate change psyop will start again 1st September, and they will try and integrate and mix the pysops and people operating them as much as possible. Multitasking fear psyops.

These sites may be useful for people wishing to deprogram...

Deprogramwiki [Q]

How to Integrate Alters – Fiona Barnett [P]

SurvivorsJustice Triggers post [E]

Emotional Freedom Technique Tapping [V]

For other resources and links check at the end of this post after the transcript.

These are posts that are part of, or related to illuminati whistleblower Jessie's series Silence Breaks Forth into Song...

The Five Child trafficking Networks of the Illuminati [60]
You are a child... [52]
Silence Breaks Forth Into Song (SBFIS Part 1) [53]
Queen Mother of Darkness's Special Pot Roast (SBFIS Part 2) [54]
Equilibrium (Silence Breaks Forth Into Song Part 3) [55]
Forged Through Brokenness (SBFIS Part 4) [56]
How Deep The Magik Well Goes (SBFISong Part 5) [57]
Masters of Magik (Silence Breaks Forth into Song Part 6) [58]
Montauk Boys – Blood Ritual Monarch [59]
Illuminati Signalling Decodes [61]
Gloria Vanderbilt and the Rising of the antiChrist [62]
Antichrist Rising – The When and Where and How... [63]
14th Satanic Illuminati Bloodline – Muslim Brotherhood [70]
The Drawing of Men's Hearts (Silence Breaks Forth into Song 7) [64]
Lucifer and Luciferians – Masters of Deception [65]
Obama is now running the Satanic Council [69]
Jessie Czebotar with Dave Zublick Interview 2, 5th June 2020
Illuminati Sacrifices, Magick, Rituals and Gloria Vanderbilt also including Jessie Czebotar with Dave Zublick Interview 3 [67]
Illuminati Midsummer Ritual including Jessie's Interview 4 with Dave Zubrick [68]
What can you do to help?

We need more and more people working on our side. Remember we are the vast majority, the 99%, but so many of us are trauma based mind controlled, soft mind controlled by the mockingbird media, ignorant of what is happening, cognitively dissonant or do not care. We need to change that.

Our strength will come from working together, in joining up against the illuminati few. Our strength is truth, and in spreading the truth, and let the chips fall where they may. Our strength is in realising we are sovereign and spiritual beings with immense power, more than we can currently imagine.

The information about the true situation in this world IS shocking. How can we have lived our lives not realising we were controlled by a satanic cult, who rapes, sacrifices and eats babies and who have set up societies structures to feed this insatiable desire?

The illuminati's whole philosophy demands the use, abuse, sacrifice and consumption of children.

It is so shocking that we hope desperately for it not to be true, that it is not the truth, but more and more evidence comes forth from insider whistleblowers, victims, symbolism, even the illuminati themselves, that we are forced to believe it is true by the sheer weight of the evidence.

However do not be angry, afraid or guilty, or any of those negative emotions. That will only help the evil side. That is also what they feed off, what gives them energy and turns them on. Try to get over negative emotions quickly, take stock of what decisions you made through incorrect and incomplete information, but do not blame yourself. eg vaccinations, you made those decisions with the best intent at the time, learn from that and move forward.

If you have awoken to the grim reality, then the world is already in a better position. We have one more person who is working with us and against the illuminati. Try to help that cause in whatever way you can to bring forth the truth and spread the information.

Our side against the evil illuminati agenda is getting stronger at an ever faster rate. Fit in where you can with this – art, music, writing, humour, spreading truth, supporting others, whatever is your strength, and develop new strengths!

We also need to raise the vibration, pray or meditate...

This post and others of mine and other peoples, answer why so many bad things happen in this world, when so many people are good. It is also the simplest answer to explain events, Occams razor...

Trigger warning for conspiracy deniers – this article was likely to make you have palpitations and search frantically for your tired ad hominem attacks, pictures and gifs. The mentally frigid are best avoiding this article and I suggest you buy a goldfish to converse with :)

Other resources are immediately below and later after this posts links

The Sanctuary for the Abused [A] has advice on how to prevent triggers.
National Association for People Abused in Childhood [B] has a freephone helpline and has links to local support groups.

One in Four [C]

Havoca [D].

Useful post on Triggers [E] from SurvivorsJustice [F] blog.

Jim Hoppers pages on Mindfulness [G] and Meditation [H] may be useful.

Hwaairfan blog An Indigenous Australian Approach to Healing Trauma [J]

Survivors UK for victims and survivors of male rape or the sexual abuse of men [K]

Voicing CSA group [L] helps arrange survivors meetings in your area

A Prescription for me blog Various emotional support links [M]

Fresh Start Foundation Scottish not for profit group, helping child sexual abuse victims & survivors [N]

How to Integrate Alters – Fiona Barnett [P]

Deprogramwiki [Q]

Jessie Czebotar Illuminate the Darkness [R]

PsychCentral The 5 Stages of Loss and Grief [S]

Researching Reform [T]
Maggie Oliver Foundation [U]
EFT Universe Emotional Freedom Technique Tapping [V]

Links

[1] Podesta pic <https://www.pinterest.com/pin/520588038179754850/>

[2] Unique things
<https://unquietthings.com/a-depraved-brutality-the-art-of-aleksandra-waliszewska/>

[3] Cathyfoxblog thread Human Hunting
<https://twitter.com/CathyCathyFox/status/1159764808083939328>

[4] 2020 Apr 1 How Deep the Magik Well Goes
<https://cathyfox.wordpress.com/2020/04/01/how-deep-the-magik-well-goes-sbfisong-part-5/>

[5] Illuminati Resistance Eye witness of the human hunting parties of the worlds “elite”
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0Vj8YWZcBOM&feature=youtu.be>

[6] 1994 Surviving the Game
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6SdUm-xFu38&feature=emb_logo

[7] Man Forced Into Crazy Human Hunting Game (True Survival Story)
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pNEkFRUy9Ow&feature=youtu.be>

[8] 2019 Nov 18 Justice Heroes Royal Human hunting parties are real
<https://thejusticeheroes.wordpress.com/2019/11/18/human-hunting-parties/>

[9] <https://t.co/EWcKM4njDj?amp=1>
<https://isgp-studies.com/belgian-x-dossiers-of-the-marc-dutroux-affair-the-accused>

[10] Ramsay Bolton in Game of Thrones hunts people (girls) for fun with his hounds.

[11] 2019 Apr European Royals Allegedly Killing Children in Human Hunting Parties — 4 Eyewitnesses Testify
<https://stillnessinthestorm.com/2019/04/european-royals-allegedly-killing-children-in-human-hunting-parties-4-eyewitnesses-testify/>

[12] Shocking Link Between Nicole Kidman’s Dad And Pizzagate
<https://steemit.com/pizzagate/@thevoiceofreason/shocking-link-between-nicole-kidman-s-dad-and-pizzagate>

[13] The History That Inspired Movies About Humans Hunting Humans

<https://filmschoolrejects.com/humans-hunting-humans-movies/>

[14]

<https://supersoldiertalk.com/nicole-kidmans-father-suddenly-dies-while-fleeing-pedophile-child-sacrifice-cult-charges/>

[15] aria and phoenix ?

[16] I always had a bad feeling about films like Hostel. I mean, the Elite's wouldn't pay to hunt and torture regular people would they. Truth in plain sight

[17] hunted

[18] 2016 Oct 14 Washington Post Man with 'hunting humans' videos charged with killing colleague whose bones were found in his yard

https://www.washingtonpost.com/gdpr-consent/?next_url=https%3a%2f%2fwww.washingtonpost.com%2fnews%2fmorning-mix%2fwp%2f2016%2f10%2f14%2fman-with-hunting-humans-videos-charged-with-killing-colleague-whose-bones-were-found-in-his-yard-police-say%2f

[18a]

<https://web.archive.org/web/20200718224858/https://www.washingtonpost.com/news/morning-mix/wp/2016/10/14/man-with-hunting-humans-videos-charged-with-killing-colleague-whose-bones-were-found-in-his-yard-police-say/>

[19] 2020 Apr 21 cathyfoxblog Dr. Sue Arrigo and the CIA: Timeline, Links, Torture Photos

<https://cathyfox.wordpress.com/2020/04/21/dr-sue-arrigo-and-the-cia-timeline-links-torture-photos/>

[20] anonymous sage <https://threadreaderapp.com/thread/1169546647455576064.html>

[21]

<http://themillenniumreport.com/2017/01/why-was-antony-kidman-at-the-middle-of-an-australian-pedophile-ring/>

[22] The Dark Future of Tourism

<https://web.archive.org/web/20200718224731/https://medium.com/@orge/the-dark-future-of-tourism-8f02c647ada1>

[23]

[24] Scalia

https://www.salon.com/2016/02/26/scalias_elite_hunting_pals_meet_st_hubertus_patron_saint_of_rich_guys_with_guns/

[25] @lone_horse Here you go. This is a trauma memory I had of a hunt at a royal festival. Ages and date are estimated. (The trauma memories surfaced involuntarily in a process psychologically similar to vomiting.) pic
https://twitter.com/Lone_Horse/status/1284626516228419587

[26] Dan Duval Bride Ministeries Programmed by Freemasons: You Won't Believe What She Survived! Chaurisse describes a human hunt in this harrowing interview at 1:10'-1:13' (marked). Cheney is mentioned in passing. <https://youtu.be/vqydQ-7VtYc>

[26a] <https://www.invidio.us/watch?v=vqydQ-7VtYc&feature=youtu.be>

[27] 2016 Jun 22 Mail Could Hunger Games become a reality? Hunting HUMANS may be a hobby for the rich in the next 100 years
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